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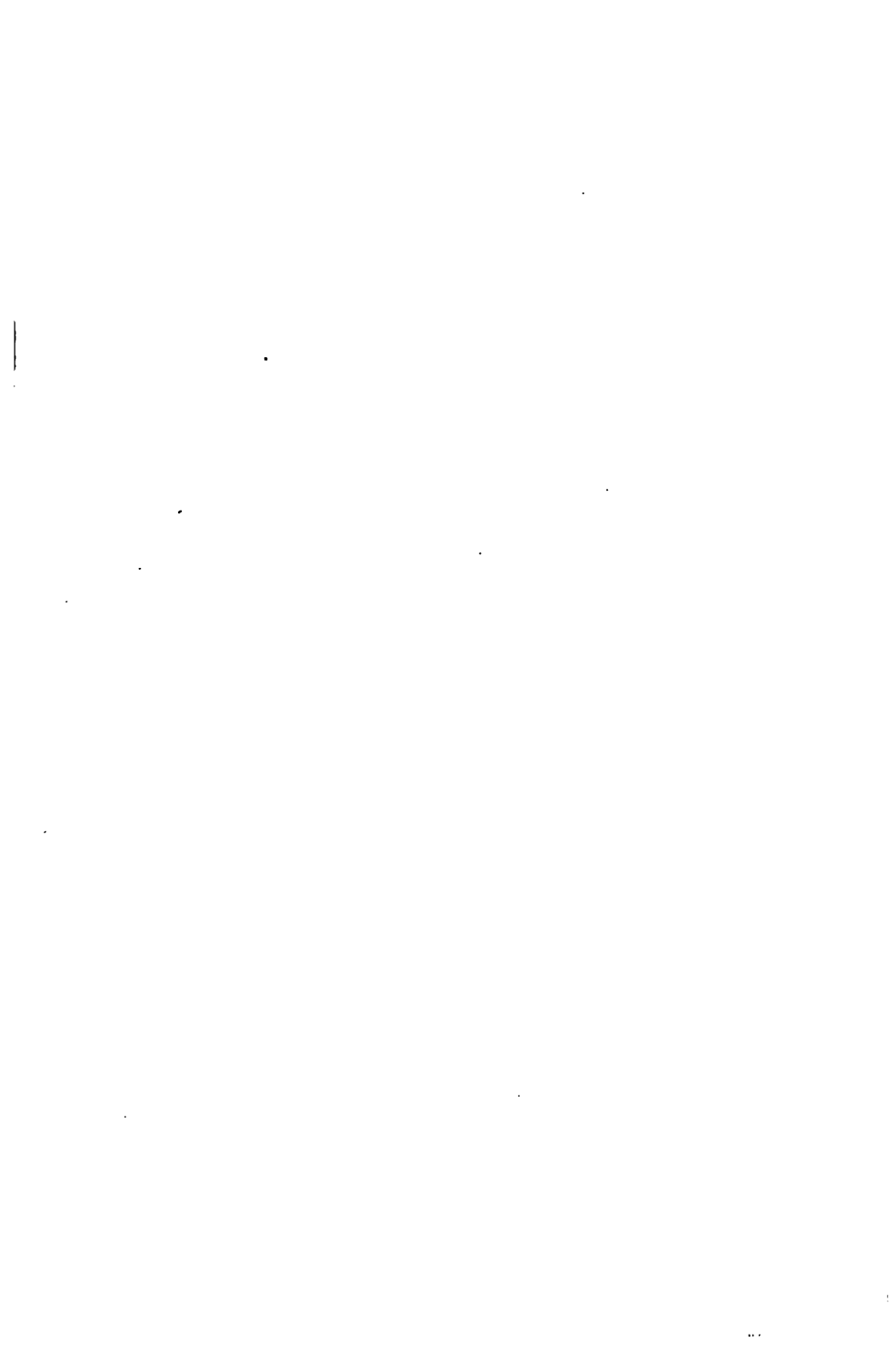
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SEPTEMBER 25, 1947









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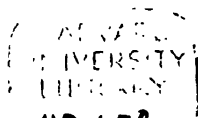
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*TO*  
*MY MOTHER.*



## P R E F A C E.

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FIVE of the essays in this collection have already appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine'; one in the 'Atlantic Monthly'; and one in the 'Quarterly Review.' Most of the shorter papers have appeared in the 'Spectator.' My thanks are due to the various proprietors for permission to reprint.

J. B.



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## SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BYWAYS.

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### PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

IN the Goupil volumes the reader has a double aid to the interpretation of history, for each is a portrait-gallery as well as a study, and in the contemporary delineation of features there is, as Carlyle thought, a surer guide to character and conduct than in an acre of documents. As we turn the leaves of this sumptuous book,<sup>1</sup> the futile history of Jacobitism stares at us from the plates as well as from the text. There is James with his thin beautiful Stuart face, his kind mouth, his shifty eyes; there are the princesses of the House, plump and ponderous; Henry, the true *dévot*, has a weak refinement alien to his race; while in the many portraits of Charles it is hard to find the Stuart features at all. His is a Sobieski

<sup>1</sup> Prince Charles Edward. By Andrew Lang. London: Goupil & Co.

face, from the charming boyish paintings to the last melancholy miniature. A full oval, a delicate high colour, bright hazel eyes—it is a countenance without obvious weakness, but lacking masterfulness and gravity,—the face of the adventurer, chevalier, and man of fashion, for ladies to sigh after and men to follow, but assuredly not created for the overturning of governments and the iron discipline of war. In this gallery of shadows Mr Lang tells his mournful story, and tells it with such sympathy and grace and honesty as to make the book final of its kind. For we are travelling far from the atmosphere in which the Jacobite wars were fought, and in a few years that strife in the mist will seem to us a dull and inexplicable affair. It is unlikely that any future historian will be able to write its history with modern accuracy and yet preserve the glamour. For this is Mr Lang's achievement. He has laboured to construct from pamphlets and manuscripts the true story of Prince Charles's life, and at the same time he has written the history of Jacobitism, that war of opposing nationalities, of different civilisations, of feudalism and whiggery, which was only accidentally connected with the Stuarts.

The story of Jacobitism can best be told by weaving it round the life of its most conspicuous figure. But it must be remembered that Charles, though the central figure, was not the sole, or

indeed the most important, cause of the movement. It was a complex business, built up of many subtle instincts which had been long waiting in the North. It was the last assertion of a separate national existence in the smaller country. It was the last word of feudalism and the middle ages, partly in favour of exploded fictions, but partly on behalf of a real theory of politics. Medievalism and tradition against a bald eighteenth-century rationalism, the little organisation against the big, nationality against interest, the eternal Tory against the eternal Whig, the old coloured side of Scots life as against monotonous Presbyterian ideals,—such is a small part of the meaning of the '45. And to the strife of powers which he could never comprehend, there enters in the orthodox fashion the Fairy Prince from over-seas—a dazzling figure, but intangible and unpractical in his very charm. It is Mr Lang's greatest claim to our admiration that in the sober texture of his book he has this strand of pure romance. He has succeeded, rightly and intentionally, in giving his story something of the atmosphere of a fairy tale. "A nature kindly but never strong," he calls the Prince, but one to be remembered "as the centre and inspirer of old chivalrous loyalty, as one who would have brought back a lost age, an impossible realm of dreams." "His kingdom is not of this world," wrote a French lady; and while we speak the painful truth about Charles, let us remember

that fantasy of the spirit and that generous ardour which became so tragic in their decay.

In 1745 the hope of Jacobitism was to all intents a thing of the past. The '15 was a feasible enterprise grossly mismanaged, and while Charles XII. of Sweden lived there was some chance of a foreign alliance to upset the shaky Hanoverian throne. But in the thirty years' interval things had changed in England and abroad. The Presbyterian Lowlands of Scotland had had time to forget their grievances and settle into a humdrum content, and the national party were as owls in the desert. The Jacobites in England were too comfortably settled, like Moab, upon their lees, to do more than toast the White Rose. In a letter of Charles, dated in the September of 1745, he told his English adherents that they would be inexcusable before God and man if they deserted him. But they went on hunting and drinking healths, when Beaufort should have raised the West, when Cheshire and Wales should have risen, and Sir John Hinde-Cotton should have called out the sentimentalists of the City. Religion could no longer be made use of. Charles was a Catholic and a tolerant one, but had he been a Protestant and a bigot it would have made small difference to his cause. A conversion to the Episcopal creed would have still further estranged the Lowland Whigs and lost him the Catholics; while a change to Presbytery would have pleased nobody. What the Cameronians

thought of Charles is seen from a pamphlet, 'The Active Testimony of True Presbyterians,' where he is abused in unmeasured terms and then accused, as a crowning charge, of "a foolish Pity and Leniency in sparing the profane blasphemous red coats, . . . when by putting them to death, the poor land might have been eased of the heavy burden of these Vermin of Hell." Indeed his position was untenable from the first, unless there had been enough of Squire Western's "honest Frenchmen" to install and maintain him by force. The Highlands and Lowlands had many grievances, but no sufficiently large party had one which could be cured by the restoration of the Stuarts. The war, to be sure, when it came, was a war of opposing interests, but they were not the interests of nations but of cliques, even of individuals. And so we are forced to the old conclusion that the rising was in the first instance an affair of sentiment. Its origin lay in the intrigues of certain Jacobite diplomats—notably that sinister Tweeddale laird, Mr John Murray of Broughton, and his Highland counterpart, Mr Drummond of Balhaldy,—and it owed its strength to old loyalties. Murray and the English defeat at Fontenoy decided Charles, and after the fashion of his self-willed family he did not turn back. A sentiment in favour of the exiled house, the Royal clan, united the Catholic people of the West, the Macdonalds of Moidart and Knoydart, the Macleans, the Camerons, and

the Prince's namesakes in Appin; and once the fire was kindled it naturally spread. But it was a pathetic and futile enterprise at the best, for it is now clear that there could have been no serious foreign interference, and the nation at large cared little about the matter. But for those interested in the science of hypothetics, here is a point for speculation. Had Charles been willing to make Scotland alone his kingdom, as the Chevalier Johnstone suggests, he might have been successful. He might have revived the old detestation of the Union, and stood on the defensive at the Borders, while France assisted by sea. It would have been a wild thought, but with a far-away chance of victory; while as for the other, it was a mere matter of staving off by weeks a certain disaster. In attempting to conquer England with foreign help he brought a new national spirit into being. It is doubtful if he could ever have reached the throne without French aid, but it is quite certain that he could never have reached it with it.

The charming little boy whom we see in the early portraits was placed from the beginning in a society little fitted to correct his natural faults. James, kind, upright, and unwise, was perpetually engaged in family squabbles or senseless fault-finding towards his adherents. The pious king was no proper guardian of a high-spirited child, and beyond the family circle there was a Jacobite

society where the atmosphere was too often intrigue and dissipation. Hay's chief charge against the Chevalier Ramsay was that "two glasses of wine unhinged him," and hard drinking was an indispensable attribute of loyalty. Charles was given a good, if superficial, education, and by all accounts was an affectionate son to his somewhat exacting parents. In a letter written at the age of eight he promises "to be very dutiful to mamma, and not jump too near her," which tells us much about the nerves of that unhappy lady his mother. He was very handsome, and Captain Redmond saw him with curl-papers in the morning, which Murray begged him not to tell in Dublin, lest it might be thought effeminate. But he grew up unspoiled, hating, we are told, the society of ladies and the opera, and loving golf and long winter walks with his gun. He became ambitious of military renown, and eager to strike a blow for his friends. "Had I soldiers," he says repeatedly, "I would not be here now." But for an exiled Stuart there was only one chance of service—on his own behalf, for no Court in Europe would accept his sword. The idea seems never to have left him, the land "by rights his ain" began to usurp the larger share of his thoughts, and when he was not wearing down his restlessness by violent exercise, he was scheming to bring about an enterprise which should end in a throne for his father and renown for himself. We need not enter into the many



disappointments of his early manhood, the intrigues and counter-intrigues, the months of weary waiting. Always some turn in the tide was expected—England would at last show herself ready, France would at last act vigorously, and always the hope was deferred, so that when the step is at length taken it is in something like boyish despair and against the judgment of many friends. When he sailed in the *Du Tellier* with the “Men of Moidart”—“old allagraguous-like fellows as ever I saw,” wrote Mr Bissatt—it was without certain hope of support, with a weak and distracted party, and after months of tortuous intrigue. On no side was there a single gleam of promise.

At the Raising of the Standard the Western clans, excluding the Campbells in the South and the Macleods in the North, rallied to his side,—the great clans and some odd little remnants, such as the MacUlrigs, a sept of Galloway Kennedys settled in Glengarry’s country. The following increased, as the northern clans came in and the Jacobite gentlemen of the Midlands and the South heard of the rally. Take certain conditions, and joining the Prince became a matter of conscience. To the old High-Tory, High-Church, or Catholic lairds, with romantic traditions behind them of the many hopeless loyalties of the seventeenth century, not to rise for the Cause meant either a commercial eye to self-interest or a base fear for their necks. In this case it was the better Whig the worse

man, and because it was largely an affair of conscience, because, save in a few instances, the Cause was not the cause of interest and prudence, we find higher types of men on the losing side. Save in the case of Sir Peter Halket of Pitfirrane, the Whigs could show few pieces of heart-stirring gallantry. Lochiel, Pitsligo, Kingsburgh, Cluny, even Lord George Murray—they have no parallels on the other side. Lochiel in especial was the Bayard of his times—a man of enlightened culture, a soldier of skill, a type of stainless honour, compared to whom Colonel Gardiner was little more than a morose fanatic. But if certain of the leaders stand honourably forth in history, there were some whom it is well to keep in the back. Lovat, who was to be Duke of Fraser, Mr Lang calls “a bad man, a bully, a traitor from of old, vain, sentimental, and a braggart.” He was also a scandalous rake, little behind Colonel Francis Charteris, and perhaps the subtlest brain in the kingdom. His real creed seems to have been a kind of belated but consistent nationalism, for he always maintained that, though he might betray the cause of the Stuarts, he was ever loyal to the cause of Scotland. There is no doubt of his treachery to the Prince, to his son, and to his friends, and yet he was loved after a fashion; and Mr Drummond of Balhaldy could write after his execution that “his country has lost one of the greatest and best patriots it had at any time, and his relations and intimate acquaint-

ances a most faithful friend in all their necessities and wants." Of the others, Lord George is still a puzzle. Mr Lang believes him able and faithful, and if he holds a brief for any one in the book, it is for the Atholl Murray. As for the second Murray, him of Broughton, he was as indisputably a man of talent as he was an arrant bodily coward. It is probable that the source of his later treachery was sheer dread of hanging, that he remained faithful in spirit to the cause which he had organised, and that he sorrowed bitterly for his tragic cowardice. He had always a difficult part to perform, for he had to keep a sharp eye on treachery and check-mate it in time, knowing all the while that he had no assured position, and was himself the object of suspicion. He was one of the "little people" whom the great lords jeered at, and yet he held the purse and had the Prince's ear.

The march to Edinburgh is full of picturesque details. When they came near Newliston, where lived Lord Stair, the grandson of the author of the massacre of Glencoe, the Glencoe Macdonalds claimed the right to guard the house. Meanwhile in Edinburgh the defence was conducted in a spirit of comic opera. A corps of volunteers was enlisted, but their relatives hung upon their necks; and the Kirk, in the person of Dr Wishart, adjured them by all they held sacred to bide at home. Some of the brave fellows, who seem to have been chiefly divinity students, scattered over the surrounding

country and got drunk at ale-houses in honour of the Protestant cause. "Two were surrounded and captured over their oysters and sherry by a Jacobite writer's apprentice." A more preposterous company never existed. "As they marched down the sanctified bends of the Bow, a young militant minister, the reverend Mr Kinloch, said to Hew Ballantine, 'Mr Hew, Mr Hew, does not this remind you of a passage in Livy, where the Gens Fabii marched out of Rome to prevent the Gauls entering the city. You must recollect the end, Mr Hew, *Omnes ad unum periere* — 'They perished to a man.'" So much for the courage of the young burghers and probationers. When Charles entered the town he was burdened with care, unlike the gay young man he afterwards became when his cause was lost and the heather was his kingdom. He was in Highland dress, wearing the garter and the white cockade, but Home thought him "languid and melancholy, more like a man of fashion than a hero." The beautiful Mrs Murray, most sad-fated of Jacobite ladies, sat on horseback at the Cross with drawn sword distributing white cockades. And then the army went east, and in a little there came news of Prestonpans, and Charles returned a conqueror. Mr Lang has told the story of the battle with great detail, in the light of the late Sir Robert Cadell's researches. He finds no reason to discredit the ordinary account of Gardiner's death, and he gives a full account of the excellent con-

duct of Sir Peter Halket. That gentleman first kept his company together, fired from a ditch, and got terms from his assailants; and later, when Cumberland bade the captive officers break their parole, nobly replied, "His Grace commands my commission but not my honour." The victors behaved with the utmost humanity, which was a virtue Cumberland declined to burden himself with after Culloden. The English newspapers believed that the battle was won by dogs trained to fight; and Nick Wogan or some other humourist invented a really admirable dog-story about a force of 700 Dutch at Berwick who were devoured by gigantic Orcadian hounds, who attacked to the sound of the bagpipes.

But Edinburgh was to be no continuing city for the Prince, and preparation was begun for the disastrous march to the south. Kenmure and Nithsdale remembered the '15 and retired to their own country, leaving a command for the unhappy Balmerino; while Traquair, incapable and fickle, hid, as Murray said, his cowardly head among his own hills of Tweeddale. Cluny, Tullibardine, and Lord Lewis Gordon, arrived from recruiting in the North; and Kilmarnock, high-born and desperately poor, marched after many supernatural warnings on that enterprise which was to cost him his life. It was an ill-assorted force, a "*mélange de paresse fataliste*," says M. Portalis, "*et d'action furieuse, de résignation passive et d'audace il-*

limitée." At Jedburgh the father of Dandie Dinmont arrived as a recruit, but the Prince had gone and he returned to Charlieshope. In Cheshire the last of the old Cavalier gentlewomen came to Charles, having sold her plate and jewels for the Cause. She had sent half her income yearly to James, concealing her name, and she kissed the Prince's hand, saying, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Then came the necessary turning at Derby. Charles, with whom it was St James's or a soldier's death, would have gone on. Lord George, looking at the affair as a general, and considering the future of the army, saw the need for retreat. It was a deplorable incident, for it still further increased the disunion. Henceforth Lord George, the only competent soldier, is suspected by his master, without doubt unjustly, but not unnaturally. The character of the Rising changes in a twinkling, and from a bold stroke of invasion it becomes what Horace Walpole thought the feeblest of things, "a rebellion on the defensive." Somehow or other the army struggled back over the Border, pursued by Cumberland's dragoons, and saved only by Lord George's brilliant check at Clifton. Then came the odd fight at Falkirk, a battle as crazy as Sheriffmuir and as indecisive. The pipers, we are told, flung their pipes to their boys, and charged with the claymore, so that they could not sound the recall. Both sides won in parts of the field, but

the victory was of use to neither. On the whole, Hawley showed the worse generalship, but he in turn complained of his men, the heroes of Fontenoy, and lamented that his heart was broken. But the Highlanders proceeded at once to a perfectly fatal blunder, for the chiefs, nervous and ill at ease in the South, insisted on a retreat beyond the Grampians. The retreat meant famine, the loss of much Lowland support, and time for Cumberland to recruit and train his demoralised troops. The Prince protested, but his reasonable arguments fell on deaf ears, and he was compelled to join in what was less a retreat than a flight.

When the armies faced each other on Culloden Moor, Charles was compelled to oppose to a well-fed, well-trained, and much superior force a little remnant of famished and quarrelsome men. Cumberland had over 8000, excluding Campbells and militia; the Prince had scarcely 5000, for the Macphersons, Cromarties, Mackenzies, Barisdale's Macdonalds, and about half of the Frasers were absent. The officers had no food but bread and whisky; while the men slept on the wet heather and went breakfastless. There is no corroboration of the common story of the conduct of the Macdonalds on the left wing. It seems that the main body of the clan were too distant from the enemy to cover the ground before the turn of the battle; but Keppoch and Scottos with their immediate followers died gallantly in the charge. Meanwhile

on the right, “‘like a whip of the whirlwind,’ came the onslaught of Camerons, Stewarts, Mackintoshes, Frasers, and Macleans. No more desperate or resolute attack was ever made than by these outwearied, famished, and valiant clans.” But all the fiery valour in the world could not prevail against discipline, and in a little the Prince’s army had melted away, and the Prince himself was riding hard towards the blue hills to the South. It is a vexed question what was Charles’s conduct immediately after the battle. He seems to have hesitated between different trysting-places, and then to have cast all to the winds and fled in ill-directed haste. Fort Augustus and Ruthven in Badenoch were named at different times as the rendezvous. Johnstone accuses Charles of breaking faith and deserting men who sacrificed all for him, but Lord George’s letter from Ruthven shows that all hope was gone. The worst we can accuse the Prince of is a blind instinct of self-preservation which led him into desperate straits; for if he had gone to Loch Arkaig, as Murray and Lochiel begged him to do, he might have left for France at once and taken with him the French treasure, which proved such a snare to honest gentlemen.

The Rising was over, and the leaders went to their different fates. The Duke of Perth died on the voyage to France, whither Lochiel, Ardshiel, and Lord George escaped in the end. Murray of Broughton probably gave himself up, and became



the Judas of the forlorn cause. Lovat, Balmerino, and Kilmarnock died on the scaffold, Tullibardine in prison, Strathallan on Culloden field with Keppoch and Scottos. Pitsligo and Cluny escaped by the loyalty of their friends and clansmen. Others of the Jacobites had happier fortunes. James Keith, the Earl Marischal's brother, and a son of the author of "Lady Keith's Lament," lived to lead the armies of Frederic the Great and lie in the Hochkirche at Berlin with the proudest of all epitaphs on his tomb. And a certain Neil MacEachain, a companion of the Prince, was the father of Napoleon's Marshal Macdonald. As for Charles, he became once more the gay and gallant prince in the heather, the hero of fairy tales. That Odyssey of the Western Isles is a better piece of romance than most story-tellers have ever woven. He was befriended by a Campbell, a Mr Donald Campbell of Scalpa, who did not hold with the politics of his clan. "He informed the Reverend Aulay Macaulay, minister of Harris and great grandfather of Lord Macaulay, who came hunting for Charles and the reward, that he would take sword in hand to defend the Prince from the clergyman and his party,"—an incident which shows the Kirk in an unpleasing light. The Prince kept up his spirits to the admiration of all his followers, showed himself an admirable cook and a noted brewer of punch, and at these rough meals used to give the toast of the "Black Eye," "by which he meant the

second daughter of France." He was a capital sportsman, shooting grouse on the wing, which the cautious Highlanders thought an incredible feat, and gathering the plovers about him by imitating their call. Like most good men in adversity, he found consolation in tobacco, and had the leg-bone of a bird for stem to his old broken cutty. And all the time he was befriended by men who owed him no allegiance, and by poor followers who never thought of the reward on his head, and by noble women whose names are still a sweet savour. In the broken picture of his wanderings there come the figures of Lady Margaret Macdonald (of the house of Eglinton), Lady Clanranald, and the heroic Flora, the Nausicaa of his Odyssey. On the west coast of South Uist, after a long mountain journey, Charles, O'Neil, and Neil MacEachain were met by this lady. "Here," says Mr Lang, "romance reaches a happy moment. The full moon, and the late lingering daylight, showed to each other two persons whose names live together as innocently as immortally: the fair and beautiful girl, brave, gentle, and kind, and the wayworn wanderer, the son of a line of kings. About them were the shadowy hills, below them the vast Atlantic plain. It was the crisis of Charles's wanderings, and he knew not how to escape from the hunters on the island, and the cordon of vessels in the creeks and along the shores. Here, in the doubtful lights and in the dim sheiling, he met his preserver." At last,

after many hairbreadth escapes and many hardships, came that 19th day of September when from Loch Nanuagh Charles, with Lochiel and Lochgarry, embarked for France.

It was a change from the sea-caves and the heather to the trim gardens of Versailles, the King's levees, and suppers with Madame de Pompadour. It was a change in every way for the worse; and all who have ever loved the dazzling figure which shows at Prestonpans and in the western solitudes have regretted that he had not been dear to the gods,—

“To have fallen where Keppoch fell,  
With the war-pipe loud in his ear.”

He returned to family quarrels, to much petting from silly Court ladies, and to a mock independence in Paris, where he perpetually insulted the King of France, his only preserver. To his honour be it said that he did his best to provide for the Highland gentlemen who had followed him overseas. His father trusted Balhaldy and Sempil; his own friends were Sheridan, Strickland, and Kelly; and the little Jacobite party broke up into cliques. His petulance drove his brother Henry into taking a cardinal's hat, which was the final blow to the hopes of a Stuart restoration. Lord George, who deserved better things, was insulted and neglected—treatment which he bore with a perfect courtesy. Petulance and arrogance became the keynote of

a character which had promised nobler things. Schemes of vain ambition filled his mind. He wished to propose for the hand of the Czarina—a queen who was so much the friend of England that she had forbidden the Earl Marischal her country. His thoughts seem to have been haggard by the figure of Charles XII. In the heather, when whisky failed to upset him, he had called himself proudly a *tête de fer*, which was the name the Janissaries gave Charles of Sweden. So, when he was to be expelled from Paris, he proposed to imitate Charles at Bender and stand a siege in his house. Pathetic day-dreams of a Charles of Scotland who should sweep over Europe seem to have haunted his sober hours. He took seriously and resolutely to drink, the usual Nemesis of incompetent ambition. Bad women, like Miss Walkinshaw and the Princess de Talmond; good women, like Madame d'Aiguillon and Mademoiselle Ferrand, assisted in his downfall by providing an atmosphere of adulation which dulled the blunt criticism of his friends. It is a thankless task to watch the slow decay of spirit, a sad one when for this man the best blood had once been spilled like water.

The tale of those years is so sordid that one turns with relief to the little that is innocent. Charles seems to have betaken himself at times to literature, and anticipated Rousseau, whom he afterwards helped the Earl Marischal to befriend.

It occurred to him that he might become a Wildman, and he left some manuscript "Maximes" for our guidance in the savage life. He corresponded with Montesquieu, who said that if Charles were not so great a prince he would secure his election to the Academy. He begs Mademoiselle Ferrand to send him 'Joseph Andrews' in English and 'Tom Jones' in French, and afterwards we find him reading 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Meantime Jacobitism at home was fast becoming a belief of the past. In 1750 he paid a flying visit to England, explored the Tower, and held a meeting in an upper chamber in Pall Mall. In 1759 he proclaimed himself a Protestant; and there were hopes of a rising under the Elibanks and a French invasion, — hopes which Hawke shattered in Quiberon Bay. Soon there was scarcely a Jacobite left even in Scotland, save the Oliphants of Gask and Bishop Forbes, who refused to believe the evil reports of the Prince. And then came the accession of George III., the young king, who was an Englishman in truth, and the last remnant of Charles's party returned to a conventional loyalty. Forgotten, impotent, haunted by regrets, going little out of doors, and rarely taking exercise, Charles, who on the heather had been a model of manly courage, descended into a premature and gluttonous old age. "De vivre et pas vivre," as he wrote, "est beaucoup pis que mourir."

In 1766 James died and Charles returned to Italy. He married, as befitted one still signing himself "Charles R.," and the bride was a vulgar little German princess, Louise of Stolberg by name, who was never in love with her husband. He was probably cruel to her, but historians have been too ready to assume that because the King drank the fault was all on his side. She was the Ideal Woman to the playwright Alfieri, and ultimately eloped with her lover. Charles's brain seems to have been a little touched in consequence of his habits, but in the late evening of his life there is a flickering revival of his old self. He legitimated his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, made her Duchess of Albany, and had her to keep house for him. The Duchess Charlotte, the "Bonny lass o' Albany," whom Burns sang, and a kind, cheery woman from her portraits, imparts a shade of decency into those latter years. Memories of Scotland used to come back to the old King; he loved the sound of the bagpipes, and visitors had to be warned not to mention the '45 and the Highlands. When he died in the January of 1788, "the contemporary lament," Mr Lang says, "was left for an obscure Highland bard to chant, in Gaelic verse, that unconsciously reproduces the imagery of the Greek lament for Bion. The King would not have had it otherwise. Untrue to himself, untrue

to many a friend, his heart was constant to his Highlanders."

Charles died on the very eve of the Revolution. A few years and the institutions of Europe were to be flung into the crucible, from which none could emerge unchanged. And there is something apposite in the juxtaposition, for in a way he typified the old world of worn-out loyalties and blind faiths which had survived throughout the rationalist eighteenth century and was to find its revenge and its justification in the equally crude and blind beliefs which were born of the Revolution. It is to this that he owes his significance in history, but it is to something else that he owes his place in the memories of his countrymen. They have forgotten his frailties, and remember him only as the fairy prince, the incarnation of youth and the eternal Quixotic which, happily for Scotland, lie at the back of all her thrift and worldly prudence. In a recent book<sup>1</sup> there are some eloquent words on this, the inner meaning of the undying Jacobite romance:—

In a Highland cottage I heard some time ago a man singing a lament for 'Tearlach Og Aluinn,' Bonnie Prince Charlie; and when he ceased tears were on the face of each that was there, and in his own throat a sob. I asked him, later, was the heart really so full of the *Prionnsa Ban*, but he told me that it was not him he was thinking of, but

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<sup>1</sup> *Iona*. By Fiona Macleod.

of all the dead men and women of Scotland who had died for his sake, and of Scotland itself, and of the old days that would not come again. I did not ask what old days, for I knew that in his heart he lamented his own dead hopes and dreams, and that the prince was but the image of his lost youth, and that the world was old and grey because of his own weariness and his own grief.



## LADY LOUISA STUART.

To most people, we fear, Lady Louisa Stuart is only a name. An occasional reader remembers her from Lockhart as a correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, and may even identify her as a daughter of that Lord Bute who was George the Third's Prime Minister. Only a few are aware that she was one of the best of English letter-writers, equal—though of a very different type—to her more famous grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. This scanty fame is largely her own doing, for she had an old-fashioned gentlewoman's dislike of notoriety, and in her lifetime refused to publish anything beyond the most meagre specimens of her work. Her relatives piously respected these scruples after her death, and it is only within the last generation that any of her letters have seen the light. Even now her writings are not easy to come by. In her own lifetime she contributed the well-known "Introductory Anecdotes" to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of her grandmother's letters. Her account of John, Duke of Argyll, and his family, which contains the brilliant sketch of Lady Mary Coke, was published privately

a few years after her death and reissued, also for private circulation, in the 1889 edition of the 'Letters and Journal' of Lady Mary. In 1895 her kinswoman, Mrs Godfrey Clark, issued privately three volumes of her letters, mainly to her sister, Lady Portarlington, and various members of that family. These letters cover the period from her childhood to the age of fifty-six. In 1901 Mr James Home earned the gratitude of lovers of good literature by publishing a selection from her letters to her friend, Miss Clinton; and again in 1903 he issued a second series. The letters included in these volumes begin about the age of sixty and extend to the age of seventy-five. Lastly, there is Mr Home's small volume of selections from her manuscripts, which contains the sketch of Lady Mary Coke and some unpublished letters to and from Sir Walter Scott.

This is a slender basis on which to found the claim we make for her, but any reader of the volumes will admit that it is sufficient. Apart from her natural gifts, she led the kind of life which in itself makes for good letter-writing. For three-quarters of a century she was the intimate of the whole fashionable and intellectual society of her time. Born in the year of Quiberon Bay, when Prince Charlie was still hopeful of the conquest of England, she lived long enough to see the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851. She brought down into our own time a memory not merely of another

age, but of another civilisation. And through it all she carried a quick sympathy, a strong and shrewd understanding, a candour to which all cant was abhorrent, and a kind of gracious old-world simplicity. To the student of her time she is important as a Tory fine lady who was also a woman of brains. The cultivated world was for the most part under a Whig domination, but her point of view, as befitted her father's daughter, was from the other side, the reverse of a medal of which Holland House was the face. Her learning and accomplishments would have been remarkable at any time, and they were doubly notable in a day when the cult of "sensibility" was at its height, and a fine lady was either a political *intrigante* or a paragon of silliness. But indeed it is idle to talk about her "day," for she lived through so many. She carries us from Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady Palmerston, from Richardson to Thackeray, from Horace Walpole to Charles Greville, from Pope to Tennyson, from hoops and bag-wigs to crinolines and pantaloons. There is a type of woman who is specially made by Heaven for a long life, because she has the true receptive mind which can profit, and make the world profit, by the processes of time. The late Lady John Scott was such a one, and Lady Louisa was another. She saw a thousand fads rise and perish, ideals change, pretentious movements advance and decline, and her experience only widened her humanity. Being too wise for cynicism, she grew rich in sympathy.

The younger children of the third Lord Bute and the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had a dull childhood ; and Louisa, the youngest, had the dullest of all. After the five sons came six daughters in a row, four of whom married as soon as they left the schoolroom. Lady Lonsdale, Lady Macartney, Lady Percy, Lady Augusta Corbet, and Lady Caroline Dawson were their married names ; but only with the last had Lady Louisa much in common, and to her most of the early letters are addressed. Lord Bute had retired from politics, embittered by a treatment which, though explicable, was not wholly excusable, and had settled down at Luton to botany and gardening. His wife, a woman of great sweetness and strength of character, and almost the only being in the world with whom her strange mother never quarrelled, had fallen into ill-health, and was in the first stage of a malady which made her an invalid for the rest of her life.

Lady Louisa's lonely girlhood was brightened, as in her grandmother's case, by a precocious fondness for books. At the age of ten she entertained her cousin, Lady Mary Coke, with a French novel she had written, and produced likewise a prose tragedy called 'Jugurtha.' In her veins ran a strange mixture of blood. From Pierrepont and Wortley stock she drew her love of letters and her intolerance of the commonplace, while the Campbell strain in her Scots descent gave her shrewdness, common-

sense, and, as she was pleased to think, a capacity for wholesome wrath. In one of the "portraits," which young ladies about 1780 used to amuse themselves by writing, she describes her girlish character. "Her heart is good, her disposition sincere, candid, and friendly. She has much pride, particularly concerning her birth and family ; but, though apt to swell with satisfaction at a recollection of her own dignity, is utterly unable to maintain it in a proper manner. Of a temper easily incensed, yet what is called good-humoured, commonly in high spirits, and a great lover of mirth." Like all romantic girls, she lived in a fanciful world of her own, peopled by her favourites in history. "Wallace, Bayard, Epaminondas, Scipio were the characters I lived with ; whence I derived about as much relish for sober truth as if I had been solely used to contemplate Orondates or Sir Charles Grandison, and inflamed my imagination in a higher degree." Sometimes her fancies flew to the other extreme, and she had cravings for a studious retirement. She would forswear gaiety and be "a learned lady." It was all a little too like her grandmother to be quite pleasing to her family. They remembered that Lady Mary Wortley had also been "a rake at reading," and thought gloomily of that disastrous wooing which began over a copy of 'Quintus Curtius.' But the girl was far too wholesome to be the prey of fads ; and it was one of the griefs of her later life that her relatives could

never realise that she had long ago forsworn the affectation of *bel esprit*. Not for nothing was she half a Scotswoman.

Her home was mainly at Luton, but her happiest days were when the family moved to Wharnccliffe in Yorkshire, which Lady Bute had inherited. The very moderate wildness of the "Chase" gratified her romantic instincts; she liked Yorkshire cleanliness and simplicity better than the heavy splendours of Luton; and the north-country air did good to her health. When she was twenty-six she went to Scotland to visit her endless Scottish relatives, staying at Dalkeith, Bothwell, Douglas, and Buchanan, visiting Glasgow (which she thought little of), and even making an expedition to Loch Lomond. One result was a life-long friendship with the Duchess of Buccleuch, the daughter and heiress of the last Duke of Montagu, who was deeply loved by the few friends and kinsfolk whom she did not terrify. Lady Louisa was still under the bondage of eighteenth-century taste, and found it necessary to apologise for her tolerance of the moors of Douglasdale.

You know I can endure a bleak mountain with more patience than most people, so upon the whole I do not think the situation so disagreeable as it was described to be, but you must read this with allowance for my particular taste.

From Loch Lomond she wrote to the Duchess of

Buccleuch that she had been *fêted* by the neighbours, and hoped to have remained for good.

But alas! all my conquests proved married men; and, indeed, I got into such a scrape by producing an old ballad disgraceful to Sir John ye Graeme, whose broadsword I had the honour of handling, and who lived, an't please your Grace, in the year twelve hundred and something, that I am not sure if I should now stand any chance, were the main obstacle removed.

The visit was the first of many; for to the end of her life she had the habit of making long tours north of the Tweed, at first out of a clannish duty to her relatives, and later out of a romantic enthusiasm for the land which Sir Walter Scott had made classic. Though a Stuart born, she was a stern critic of Scotland. She detested Presbyterianism, and had no love for the reputed national characteristics. She disliked the accent and the manners, the towns (except Dalkeith), the inns, the farmhouses and cottages, and much of the scenery. To cross the Border into Cumberland was for her to return to civilisation and decency. Scottish fashions (she says) are "the vulgarest edition of English ones." Of Kelso she wrote, "Any view of the town is charming, but the inside *fort à l'Écossais*, that is very nasty and filthy." On the subject of the cottages she cannot keep her temper. "The nastiness of the doors and the dunghills beside them, and the filthy old witches that come out! And the girls with their nasty hair stream-

ing, and nothing on their heads or feet!" It was very different with the north of England.

They are such clean, substantial, good sort of people, so truly the honest English character, and I like the simple, the hearty custom of their always speaking a kind, blunt word to you as they pass, man, woman, and child. "Good morn" or "Good e'en," "A fine day," "A cold night," always something or other (so they used to do in my beloved spot in Yorkshire). There is something of ancient manners in it; one human being acknowledging another with benevolence, that is much more agreeable to me than their being respectful.

Her judgment is not to be wondered at, for from the letters written on these visits we judge that the writer had a dreary time. Bad roads and indifferent inns made rough travelling for a lone lady. The great families she stayed with seemed from her letters to spend their days talking about childbirth and possible matches, and they suffered much from what Horace Walpole called that "disagreeable Christian commodity," county neighbours. To a young quick-witted woman it was all a little dull. In later life it was different, for her clannishness grew to an absorbing interest in all her kindred; her maturer humanity made her tolerant of dullness; and by that time her friend, Sir Walter, had cast a spell for her over the dirtiest clachan of the north.

It says much for the blindness of man that Lady Louisa never married, for no woman was ever less



of a born spinster. To be sure, it was not for lack of asking; but the lover of her youth failed her, and she had no taste for his successors. That lover was Colonel William Medows, her cousin on the Pierrepont side, a younger son, and no match for Lord Bute's daughter. So thought Lord Bute at any rate; and the soldier sighed and obeyed. He married a Miss Hamerton, became a general and Governor of Madras, and died in 1813.

Other lovers followed on the defection of Colonel Medows. When she was thirty-four the great Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, the friend of Pitt, and the virtual ruler of Scotland, cast a favouring eye in her direction, and would have proposed with a little encouragement. Lady Louisa thought him "handsome and gallant," but feared a widower with daughters, "the father of those great women"; and, as the suitor was shy, he was soon discouraged. Then came Mr Villiers, Lord Clarendon's brother, whose prospects the lady discusses in the tone of a family lawyer. Fifteen hundred a year, she decided, was not enough for people who had to live in London and wear fine clothes; and it was imprudent to speculate on the chances of Lord Clarendon never marrying and Mr Pitt always continuing Minister. The whole affair made her melancholy.

These *empressemments* [she wrote] somehow put me in mind of old days, and I could not help thinking how differently I should have felt on receiving the same atten-

tion some years ago from another man, and how unlikely I was ever to be happy, &c.—reflections not favourable to matrimony. Indeed, to anybody who has known what it is to like heartily, marrying in cold blood for esteem and good opinion, and convenience, and anything else prudent people embellish indifference with, must be an uncomfortable prospect.

In her letters from the age of twenty-eight onwards, she talks of herself as a confirmed old maid, but she always refuses to indulge in any of the customary philippics against marriage. Rash resolutions, she said, were tempting the devil; and she was resolved never to put marriage out of her power, although she should live to be fourscore. She had far too much good sense to have sour grapes cried against her; and it is obvious that her singleness to so warm and human a soul was no source of pride. The suit of Mr Villiers might have prospered more if that gentleman had not begun by pointing out delicately how few were the chances left to her, and what *ennui* attended an old maid's life. She lavished the wealth of her affection on nephews and nieces and cousins and a host of friends; but at heart she is always conscious of being alone. It was not her character to be intimate with the world; but there are two passages in the letters to Miss Clinton in which for a moment we catch a glimpse of this self-contained lady's soul.

The truth is, woman has a natural dependence on man

which she can never quite shake off. I believe (in earnest believe) it part of the curse originally laid on Eve, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee," which she can by no means elude by taking no husband, or keeping her heart free from a tyrannous passion.

And in her seventieth year she wrote :

The truth is, it seems a very fine thing to be utterly independent, but God Almighty made no woman to be so; and those who are not under a husband's control must submit to the control of almost every one else.

Lord Bute died in 1792, having two years previously fallen thirty feet over a rock at Highcliffe. In 1794 his wife followed him to the grave. Till her parents' death Lady Louisa played the dutiful part of the unmarried daughter, nursing her mother, and doing much to cheer the loneliness of the ex-Prime Minister's last years. She always regarded her father as having been sacrificed to party spite, and was never tired of repeating what John Wilkes once said to Lord Sheffield: "I had no dislike to him as a man, and thought him a good Minister, but it was my game to attack and abuse him." It shocked her honest soul to think that so much wild invective and high moral condemnation could be lavished on a mere game of "ins" and "outs"; and we can understand her deep distrust of Whig professions. In those years she was still regarded by her family as marriageable, and went through the duties of society with the

best face she could muster. The letters at this period are mainly to her sister, Lady Portarlington, and that excellent housewife was not the kind of correspondent to whom she could show her natural liveliness. It is only now and then, in the midst of a budget of family gossip, that the true Lady Louisa appears. In her day the "season" ended earlier than now, but by the middle of June she was restive and sighing for country air. In 1787 we have a glimpse of the engaging ways of the Prince of Wales at Lady Hopetoun's.

Lo! at twelve o'clock in reeled H.R.H., pale as ashes, with glazed eyes set in his head, and in short almost stupefied. The Dutchess of Cumberland made him sit down by her and kept him tolerably peaceable till they went down to supper; but then he talked himself into spirits, set all in motion again with the addition of a bottle and a half of champagne, and when *we* went down to supper (for all could not sup at a time) he was most gloriously drunk, and riotous indeed. He posted himself in the doorway, to the terror of everybody that went by, flung his arms round the Dutchess of Ancaster's neck, and kissed her with a great smack, threatened to pull Lord Galloway's wig off and knock out his false teeth, and played all the pranks of a drunken man upon the stage, till some of his companions called for his carriage and almost forced him away.

She used to go and sit with Lord Mansfield, now eighty-two years of age, and found him far more entertaining than the wits. She met eminent clergymen—"good, I believe, but Heaven knows,

far from reasonable"; lawyers and politicians told her the gossip of their profession; and she did not disdain even literary ladies. Fanny Burney met her once at Mrs Delany's, and wrote in her diary that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's wit had been inherited by her granddaughter. "She is far from handsome, but proves how even beauty may be occasionally missed, when understanding and vivacity unite to fill her place." Vivacity was, indeed, what all observers noted in Lady Louisa, though some called it "archness," and some "wit." The conversation can have been of no ordinary merit which kept Mrs Delany and Miss Burney "attending like a gratified audience of a public place."

The death of her mother left Lady Louisa free to order her life as she pleased. She was now thirty-seven, comfortably off, with good health and a host of friends. She took a house in Gloucester Place, off Portman Square, which in 1794 was regarded as a remote suburb. One of her first acts was to settle a legacy she received on Lady Portarlington's younger children, and to the end of her life she played to her young relatives the part of the kind godmother of fairy-tales. She could now travel at will, and surround herself with her own circle independent of family claims. She accepted her spinsterhood as a fact, and thought that her stage of life permitted her to give rein to her prejudices. In questions of fashion and

manners she soon became "laudatrix temporis acti." We find her lamenting that young men were not "taught to dance and fence and made a little like gentlemen," and that powder had gone out of use. "I cannot regret that Bonaparte, who seems to be the most magnificent as well as the most absolute Prince since Louis Quatorze, insists upon full dress and swords in his presence." The women fare little better.

The crowd itself was gay and pretty, and those who have real beauty are wonderfully distinguished by the present dress. I fear one must add those who have real youth, for if you had seen the old brown faces in black wigs! the yellow necks set forth to view! and the transparent dresses that leave you certain there is no chemise beneath! The fault of the reigning fashion, when carried to its extreme, even for the youngest and handsomest, is, to say the truth, *indecenty*. Not that it shows so much more than people have done at many other times, but that it both shows and covers in a certain way, very much answering certain descriptions our precious neighbours the French used to give in their instructive novels. . . . And in a high wind! Men's clothes outright would be modesty in comparison. Don't imagine me an old maid growling at the young people, for some of the most remarkable statues in wet drapery are very fully *my* contemporaries at least.

Like many clever women, she was a stern critic of her sex. The vapidity of her sister, Lady Lonsdale, wearied her, and she did not like the women of her brother, Lord Bute's, family. It is to her that we owe the hard saying of a

certain lady that "the bloom of her ugliness was wearing off." On the other hand, her greatest friends were women—Lady Ailesbury, while she lived, and afterwards Miss Clinton. The former, a sister of the first Marquis of Hastings, is a correspondent of whose letters we would gladly have more. She was a lady of advanced opinions, deploring "those enormous farms which crush the poor and make upstart ignorant farmers imagine themselves gentlemen," and lamenting Mr Fox's death as a national loss. But she, too, sighed for old days, and, like Lady Louisa, feared that the "Tinsel Age of Folly" had dawned. An invalid, and always in pain, her letters have a gaiety and a whimsicality and a shrewdness which make them delightful reading. No two friends were ever more completely in accord. When she died, early in 1813, Princess Charlotte wrote to Lady Louisa a letter which shows the impression that Lady Ailesbury's unearthly patience and charity had made even upon those who knew her little. "She would have deserved every earthly blessing; but, not meeting them on earth, I am convinced the Almighty shortened her life that she might the sooner enjoy peace and happiness."

Though Lady Louisa's warmest friends were women, she had none of the *esprit de sexe* which distinguished the bluestockings. She was far too clear-sighted and had too uneasy a sense

of humour to be happy at Mrs Thrale's or Mrs Montagu's portentous levées of women. Of the latter she has left an amusing picture—

Everything in the house, as if under a spell, was sure to form itself into a circle or a semicircle. I once saw this produce a ludicrous scene. Mrs Montagu having invited us to a very early party, we went at the hour appointed and took our station in a vast half-moon, consisting of about twenty or twenty-five women, where, placed between two grave faces unknown to me, I sat, hiding yawns with my fan, and wondering at the unwonted seclusion of the superior sex. At length a door opened behind us and a body of eminent personages—the Chancellor, I think, and a Bishop or two among them—filed in from the dining-room. They looked wistfully over our shoulders at a good fire, which the barrier we presented left them no means of approaching; then drawing chairs from the wall, seated themselves around us in an outer crescent, silent and solemn as our own.

She travelled widely in these years—sometimes in her beloved north of England and much in Scotland. Her pleasantest days were spent in the Lake country, where she met by chance Mr Morritt of Rokeby and exchanged verses with him on a lap-dog. It was through Lady Louisa that Mr Morritt first met Sir Walter Scott, and the friendship was begun which resulted in the poem of “Rokeby.” But if friends were a delight, country neighbours were a curse. The friends of her friends poured in to tea and dinner and regaled the unhappy lady with



antique London gossip, sadly marred in the transit.

They take this sort of stuff [she writes] out of scandalous magazines whose writers look in the Peerage book by chance for names to put to any history they compose. Then some fool reads it at a distance and says, "I wonder if this is true?" And then the person they say *that* to goes away and says, "I heard it"; and the next, "Has it from good authority."

Is this tale of the genesis of scandal wholly untrue to-day? Sometimes her visits were enlivened with odd meetings. She once found "Monk" Lewis at Bothwell, and thought him "much the greatest puppy I ever beheld off the stage." The "little beast," however, amused her, and she ended with a sort of liking for him; at any rate, he was not a country neighbour. She laments that the women showed their detestation of him so openly. "Men one does not like," she comments with fine worldly wisdom, "can hurt one with men one does like." At Bothwell they read Richardson aloud in the evenings; but even in 1802 'Sir Charles Grandison' was a little known book, as much out of fashion as Madame de Scudéry.

However, though we sometimes get into fits of laughing at the coaches and six, and low bows, and handing ladies about the room, yet I perceive a difference between it and the common novels we now meet with, like that between roast-beef and whipped syllabub.

Her farthest expedition in those years was a Highland tour which ended at Inveraray. She admired the scenery immensely, and was delighted with a house a little in the Castle Rack-rent style. To one accustomed to an orderly English establishment, it was piquant to be in a place where no one answered bells and the eldest son had to make periodic incursions into the kitchen to look after the dinner. It was during one of the Dalkeith visits that she first met Sir Walter Scott, who was then known only as the author of "The Lay." They made friends at once; and one of Sir Walter's letters describes her as "uniting what are rarely found together—a perfect tact, such as few even of the higher classes attain, with an uncommon portion of that rare quality which is called genius." In the correspondence which was begun between them, Lady Louisa criticises the poems he submits to her with great frankness, and, for the most part, with excellent good sense. She takes him to task for "fagging for the booksellers," and he pleads his poverty and lack of prospects at the Bar. He resolves to give up poetry, and then repents, and shows Lady Louisa, at Buchanan, the beginning of "The Lady of the Lake." She sends him letters in rhyme, and a ballad on the subject of "Muckle-mou'd Meg," which laid the foundation of a report that she was publishing a book of verses in Edinburgh. Till his death Sir Walter

Scott was one of her closest friends and the object of her warmest admiration. At last she had found a man of genius who was neither fool nor lout. His high spirit, his chivalry, his conservatism, appealed to one who had been brought up in a stricter tradition of gentility than was fashionable in the early nineteenth century; and his clean manliness and humour delighted a lady who was not tolerant of pose or sentiment. Let it be added that in her character was an insatiable love of romance, which found satisfaction in the greatest of all romancers.

The letters in the 'Old Portfolio' bring us to 1813, and the age of fifty-six. The letters to Miss Clinton begin at the age of sixty, and carry us on for fourteen years. They contain by far the best of Lady Louisa's correspondence; for, with a friend who did not care for family gossip, she was free to talk of the real interests of her life. The two volumes have been published, and are available to any reader, so we will content ourselves with a very few quotations. The chief note of these letters is their profound humanity. Her humour is as keen as ever, but scarcely a prejudice remains. She finds her romance, not in books, but in the human comedy around her. "Pray, why," she asks, "are human beings, human characters, less worth your attention? The very countenances of the foot-passengers one observes in the street have something in them as good to watch as pictures in the fire." She had

all the zest of youth. "Write to me of yourself, of Lucy, of beechwoods and glens, and dingles and magic poles, and country entertainments." The Nuneham harvest-home makes her cry, and in a passage which would have delighted Borrow, she grows enthusiastic about horse-races; "these beautiful spectacles, what with the concourse of people, the gayety and bustle, and the eagerness of the country fellows." We may still find a trace of acid in her comments on Society. She could not accept the cant which oils the wheels of the social machine, for, admiring the best most generously, she was impatient when the second-rate masqueraded in its dress. Having been the friend of Lady Ailesbury, she had a severe standard for her sex—at least for the well-bred part of it. A "good sort of woman" she defines as "a good woman of a bad sort."

She utterly disbelieved in Queen Caroline's cause; "everything peculiarly profligate rallies around her." Perhaps that much disputed business has never been better summed up than by a Quaker whom Lady Louisa quotes: "Why, friend, if thou wilt know it, I think she is good enough for thy King, but not good enough for thy Queen." At the same time she was prepared to admit that a tenderness for the Queen's wrongs was a sign of good feeling in "the lower (*i.e.*, the ignorant) ranks." She disliked "female fools," bluestockings, worldly women ("who have set out with being

romantic and entirely overcome the propensity"), and domineering women ("who deliver opinions without appeal in the voice of a pea-hen"). This last remark was obviously aimed at the first Lady Stanley of Alderley, of whom she says truly that her manner had become almost unbearable from never having received any of that unpalatable medicine, contradiction. Of Americans she was consistently intolerant. "There may be worse and wickedder people under the sun, but none so radically disagreeable." Yet this High Tory lady was in toleration far in advance of her age. She liked good "shop" and hated smart chatter. "I like" (she writes) "the conversations of professional people (I am afraid I except that of *artists*). . . . It is pleasant to hear what sensible men say on a subject they thoroughly understand." Take this too on vulgarity. "I can imagine her being called vulgar, but I never knew any person really so who was quite natural and without pretensions, especially if the *fond du caractère* was such as I describe it, the milk of human nature abounding. The vulgarity I hate is that of the mind, always linked with something the reverse of true good nature." There is one passage on true and false vanity which shows at once her penetration and her broad humanity.

When people are vain of some trifle not part of their *essence*, it is a foible, an excrescence, a weak side; you may laugh at it, silly people triumph over it, as bringing them

down to their own level, but are mistaken, for it does not touch the character. Queen Elizabeth, who had more of these foibles than anybody, was vain of her beauty, of her feminine accomplishments, &c., but the solid *stuff* of her character stood quite apart. She was not vain of her talents for business or government. Sir Robert Walpole, a great, coarse, vulgar man, was vain of his gallantry among the ladies, and was laughed at accordingly; he had no vanity, no pretensions, about managing the House of Commons and guiding the State for twenty years. Dunning (Lord Ashburton), an eminent lawyer of my own day, and eminently ugly, thought all women in love with him, but had not the least self-conceit respecting his success at the Bar. Some people of distinguished talents have been vain of those very talents, and then it *has* lowered their characters; vanity has become the essence of it, and you cannot call them *high-minded*.

In these later letters we hear chiefly of politics and books—the two main interests of her maturer years. She denies that she ever was “a female politician, even when I became an old maid, though the two characters are as congenial as those of barber and newsmonger.” She was never a politician, but she had always a healthy interest in the public life of her day. The secret of her uncompromising Toryism may be taken as a dislike of the Whigs. Here is a lady, cultivated and truly liberal in spirit, who will oppose cheap education, parliamentary reform, even the cautious Liberalism of Canning, with a passionate conviction. It is but another instance of how far a political creed may be from representing the character of its holder in a

country where a thousand vague traditions of birth and upbringing rather than conscious reasoning tend to fix our party labels. She was too critical for vague enthusiasms. "I do hate" (she wrote) "marches of ages and all that vile slang." Her full contempt was reserved for the cheap illumination of which Brougham was the capering high priest. It seemed to her to mean the casting overboard of old honest prejudices to accept newer and more ridiculous ones.

Most people in this enlightened age are exactly in this predicament; they are wiser than to dread hobgoblins because they have always heard such a fear called silly; but keep the word out of sight, and come to them with a grave face and an absurdity fifty times grosser than the Welsh fairy that pinched Falstaff, and you will find no resistance.

She disliked change because she loved things as she had always known them.

You know [she wrote] I was entirely neuter about the Catholic question, and now it has been carried, cannot perceive that it has done us any harm or Ireland any good. But . . . it has spirited up other popular cries for a *reform* which would utterly change our Constitution, for the abolition of slavery, which would annihilate our West Indian islands, and make Jamaica another Haiti, and—for they are fast coming to that—for the overthrow of a National Church in imitation of the heroic French.

She honours Mr Burgoyne for "boldly standing forward against the education mania," because she

finds that "delinquency will increase with what is vulgarly called the march of intellect." One ground for this dislike is a contempt for fine professions which ended in poor performance. In Wales she found a bishop who "was *liberal*, proposed to equalise the sees, argued against the wealth and power of the Church, and, being enraged against not getting the highest preferment himself, never dreamed of troubling his head about his poor paltry diocese. The *illiberal prejudiced* bishops come and reside." It was the Whig claim to a monopoly of the virtues which vexed her soul. Like Mr Labouchere, she had no special objection to a statesman with cards up his sleeve, provided he did not assert that the Almighty had put them there. She disliked Cobbett, Joseph Hume, and Brougham—the last-named intensely. "It is a great misfortune to be a puppy born and bred, or rather to be born a puppy and bred a reviewer." She suspected Lord Durham and distrusted Canning; and to her Charles James Fox was only a gentleman who spent his youth in ruining his friends, and his maturer years in attempting to ruin his country.

As I am what I suppose Lady Charlotte would call a Tory, wishing the Constitution to remain what it is, without an overthrow of the Church or reform (*i.e.*, demolition) of Parliament, I cannot but regret we should be in the hands of a Liberal Minister (Canning), who, I am convinced, would have no more objection in point of principle to such meas-



ures than if he had never seen his own Anti-Jacobin. Who will or can honestly say they believe Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon do not oppose such things upon principle because they think them pernicious? You may observe nobody does say it, not the most abusive writer; they are *bigots* and *old fools*, and men of *narrow* minds and *contracted views*; that is the key it is played in. On the other side, whom will you find able to set his face to the assertion, "Brougham, &c., are perfectly honest men; they may be wrong or too violent, but they wish only the public good?" Not a single soul.

We fear that, with her, "Whig" became a synonym for misconduct. When she hears of a gentleman who scandalously abused Sir Walter Scott's hospitality she finds it "a behaviour I have heard of in jealous Whigs, who would bluster outrageously against the King's trespassing on the premises of any free-born cobbler." She is never tired of attacking Whig place-hunting and patronage, "bringing with them a herd of hungry cattle to feed on the meadow they had promised to pare and burn." Let us admit that many of the shafts strike home, and we may still find her ladyship's politics a little confused. She cared more for men than measures; she hated not liberal policy but cant; and it was the accident of her birth that made her find that cant mainly on one side of the House. She had Whig blood in her veins, and the strain kept her from sympathy with the "*John Bull*" type of Toryism. She had no patience with the sentimental Jacobitism of Lady Hervey, and

thought the "Pretenders, James and Charles, poor creatures, below criticism." She had even a few Whig opinions, for she was an ardent defender of the liberties of the subject.

We know what we should say [she writes, criticising the conduct of Charles X. of France] if William IV. made a proclamation declaring Mr Hume's election void, and sent soldiers to shut up the 'Morning Chronicle' office—although you and I at the moment might wish he could do both; he certainly has just as good a right to by the English constitution as Charles X. had by the French—that is, neither had any.

The embargo laid on Dutch ships in 1832 rouses her fierce resentment.

I would have some spirited man get up at a public dinner and drink the immortal memory of Louis Quatorze and Charles II., who set the example our Ministers have followed and improved upon; for, when these two worthy princes joined against the Dutch, they had the modesty to hammer out a few grievances such as they could invent at the moment. . . . One could find it in one's heart to wish for another De Ruyter's appearance half-way up the Thames.

After politics came literature. We get a picture, not only of a voracious reader, but of a very learned lady. Her lonely childhood had made her an adventurer in the world of books; and few things came amiss to that inquiring mind. On one side only do we find any defect of sympathy. Living before the days of the romance of science, she had no interest in the matter, and disliked men of science

as persons of little taste. She had a good knowledge of the classics, and a vast acquaintance with English, French, German, and Italian literature; she read 'Don Quixote' in the original; she dabbled in Malthus; she was interested in Wesley's theology; she was so learned a historian that she could criticise Scott's use of his materials; she was deeply versed in Memoirs and *Mémoires*; and she could state a point in peerage law with an accuracy of which Lincoln's Inn would not have been ashamed. In the main her preferences were austere and classical. As she said of Washington Irving, her mind was imbued with the spirit of old and good books. It revolted her to hear that Plato had "tact"—"an incongruous mixture of ancient and modern." How would the poor lady have endured to live in modern days and hear that Euripides was a forerunner of Ibsen, and Sophocles a liberal propagandist? She had a capacious appetite for the indifferent novels of her day, for the human comedy even in a bad book delighted her. Coleridge she read at Richmond—probably the 'Aids to Reflection'—and found him "vulgar and flippant and bad taste, yet very good sense in the main." The 'Christian Year' she thought "too mystical."

Her criticisms, whether on Mrs Ratcliffe or Cervantes, or the last fashionable novel, are always sound and sometimes acute. There is, for example, an excellent passage in one of her letters on that

French realism which seeks to reduce all things in life to ugly and ignoble elements: "The butter looks fresh and good. Do not insist upon telling me that perhaps the dairymaid rolled it with dirty hands." She makes great fun of poor Mrs Shelley's 'Last Man':—

That I particular like: "The overflowing warmth of her heart, by making love a plant of deep and stately growth, had attuned her own soul to a reception of happiness." It is so practical; proves so well that conservatories should be built adjoining the drawing-room; for the overflowing warmth of the stove, by making the plants grow vigorous, will tune the pianoforte, and tune it to the *reception* of something or other.

She detested "Lallah Rookh." "I feel as if I were eating raspberry and apricot jam till they cloyed and sickened me;" but, let it be said against her, she did not appreciate 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' and she could not away with Byron.

It is with Sir Walter Scott that she is at her best. She was so near akin to him temperamentally in her compound of common-sense and romance that the Waverley novels—from the first she knew the secret of their authorship—were the most satisfying of all literary fare. She could criticise their faults with penetration.

In the later works I do think the characters sometimes too fanciful, and, like those of a modern play, seem to know their own foible, and exaggerate it to make you laugh, in a manner that only suits buffoons, and is quite contrary to

the very nature of humourists. It appears to me that 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' and 'The Antiquary' are quite free from this, and even 'Rob Roy'; but Lady Margaret, in 'Old Mortality,' recurs too frequently to his sacred Majesty's Disjune, and Sir Dugald, in 'Montrose,' far too often to the Lion of the North—the phrases grow like the catchwords "Keep moving," &c., in Morton's and Reynolds' comedies.

What, one may ask, would she have said of Dickens? There is no need to quote from the correspondence with Scott. It may be read in Lockhart's 'Life,' in the 'Familiar Letters,' and in Mr Home's little volume of 'Selections from Lady Louisa's Manuscripts.' In the dark days of his fortune she was one of the friends who most consoled him. "He writes with much calmness and content, dwelling on the blessings he has left, and making light of what he has lost, that, like the honest chambermaid in the play, 'I could cry out my eyes to hear his magnanimity.'" Nothing in Lockhart's pages gives a more noble picture of the man, who was assuredly no

"pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please"

than some of the letters which Mr Home has printed.

The correspondence we possess ends with her seventy-fourth year, but she did not die till twenty years later. Is it too much to hope that some one of her numerous kinsfolk may perform

the pious duty of giving those later letters to the world? In a passage where the respective merits, as letter-writers, of her grandmother and Madame de Sevigné are discussed, Lady Louisa declares that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote "letters—not dissertations, nor sentimental effusions, nor strings of witticisms; but real letters such as any person of plain sense would be glad to receive." This is true of her own work; and it makes adequate quotation difficult. It is not in any *mot* or purple patch, but in the whole letter that the flavour resides. The style, though correct and idiomatic, is an undress style. The writer thinks of her correspondent, not of posterity. Indeed, with her dislike of publicity, it would have scared her terribly to picture men and women who never knew her reading these frank self-revelations. Yet her literary gifts were not only those which we associate with good letters. When she chose she could write polished and epigrammatic prose and weave her scattered comments on character into a finished portrait. Apart from the letters, we find her at her best in her "Introductory Anecdotes" to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's 'Life and Letters,' and the admirable 'Account of John, Duke of Argyll.' Her verse has ease and melody, but no hint of inspiration; though it is pleasant to find her forgetting her hatred of Brougham in a touching little poem on his daughter's death.

The "Anecdotes" admirably fulfil their purpose, and give us a wealth of crisp gossip; but she was estopped by her family loyalty from trying to disentangle the contradictions of that strange being, her grandmother. With the Argyll family she had no such scruple, and her sketch of Lady Mary Coke remains one of the most brilliant and convincing studies in eccentricity that we have met with. We see the lady, like a "white cat," with a dead white skin, no eyebrows, and great fierce eyes. Like Lady Louisa, she had dwelt in a world of romance; but, unlike Lady Louisa, the central figure was always herself, and she could not live save in a kind of limelight of her own making.

I verily believe that if she could have been committed a close prisoner to the Tower on a charge of high treason, examined before the Privy Council, tried, and, of course, gloriously acquitted by the House of Lords, it would have given her more delight than any other thing physically possible.

Lady Mary as a phenomenon of egoism would have delighted Mr Meredith. She married Lord Coke, fought with him feverishly, and became the heroine of a sensational *habeas corpus* action, far happier in thus riding the whirlwind than in any commonplace domesticity. She fell in love with Edward, Duke of York, and believed him to be similarly infatuated. Any kind of royalty turned her head; and, when the Duke told her

she was like Queen Elizabeth, her joy was complete. He died soon afterwards, and she continued for years to weep in state at his tomb, and to faint at the mention of Westminster Abbey. Then fate took her abroad, where she attached herself to Maria Theresa till she proved too much for that amiable Empress, and left Vienna in a towering rage. She believed herself the victim of a plot among the Courts of Europe, and, coming to Paris, became certain of it. Marie Antoinette was naturally unwilling to receive with open arms a dictatorial lady who was for ever abusing her mother. Presently Lady Mary quarrelled with the beautiful Lady Barrymore, who retaliated by enticing away her courier. It was the final proof of a conspiracy. She woke up Horace Walpole in the middle of the night to demand his protection. It appeared that the Empress of Austria had instructed the Queen of France, who had instructed Lady Barrymore, to get rid of her courier that they might murder her quietly on the road between Paris and Calais. Unfortunately the sleepy Mr Walpole laughed, and for ever forfeited the lady's friendship. This sketch is Lady Louisa's most finished work, and it would be hard to overpraise its clear-cut lines, its humour, or the admirable moral apophthegms with which it is adorned. It is the verdict of a finely balanced mind, not on Lady Mary alone, but on all extravagance begotten of vanity.



In summing up Lady Louisa, the first place must be given to her splendid candour, her clear-eyed self-criticism. She could not be vain, because she admired too sincerely the truth. The lover of good books and the friend of great men, she tried herself always by the standard of the best. For ninety years she lived in a world which was changing faster than it had ever changed before. She saw the confidences of her youth shaken, new manners installed, new ideas in her own class, and new classes arising of which her childhood had never heard. With the instinct of race she clung to bygone things, for, like Lady John Scott, her motto was "Haud fast by the past." But far beyond the allotted threescore and ten years she carried the generous and catholic spirit of youth. The eighteenth century read the world a lesson in clear thinking and sober judgment, what in a paradox of speech we call common-sense. Lady Louisa was a true child of that century; but her good sense was always leavened with imagination and sympathy, half given by temperament and half by the teaching of time. She can have no place in popular literary history; but her letters, her few published writings, and, above all, her character will always be remembered and cherished by those who, in her own words, have "an old-fashioned partiality for a gentlewoman."

## MR SECRETARY MURRAY

(JOHN MURRAY OF BROUGHTON).

THE Scottish History Society has done much valuable work in connection with the Jacobite rebellions; and in the 'Memorials of John Murray of Broughton' it has published the intimate chronicle of one of the arch-movers. Murray's name has become a sort of byword, like that of Ephialtes, the traitor of Thermopylæ. The famous story in Lockhart, of how Mrs Scott's best china was sacrificed rather than that the family should drink from the same vessel as a traitor, is characteristic of the national feeling. Bitter songs were made on Murray's name, and the arcana of the English language were ransacked for abuse by gentlemen who had denied themselves the pleasure of looking into the matter. Here we have the culprit's own narrative; not to be taken altogether for gospel, but on the whole a most valuable historical document. A small pamphlet, called 'The Genuine Memoirs of John Murray,' was published in 1747, and most histories, including

the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' have followed it. It is undoubtedly spurious, in spite of the bravery of its title. These 'Memorials' are the only genuine record of a ragged life, which, in the irony of fate, was exposed to the fierce light of a nation's scrutiny. Mr Fitzroy Bell has added much interesting matter in an appendix, and contributes an introduction which is a lucid summary of the main points in the Secretary's troubled career.

The real history, as also the real novel, of the '45 has yet to be written. And he who will write it must have a sense of the drama of it all, the fight of the few against the many, the bleak background of mossy hills, the formless, causeless schemes, the mixture of the heroic and the infinitely silly. And he must have a shrewd eye to character, for the history of those years will furnish him with intricate subjects. There were the good, honest men of the type of Keppoch and Lochiel and Dr Archibald Cameron, and the gentlemen who were much the other way, like our hero and the younger Glengarry. There were the prudent stay-at-homes, Sir Alexander Macdonald and Macleod and Traquair; and there were the straightforward soldiers, like Lord George Murray. There were the great lords, Kilmarnock and Balmerino and Lovat; and in the chief of the Frasers there is enough good and bad to puzzle the most cunning judge. And,

finally, there were the troops of the nameless—the freebooters, thieves, spies, outlaws, and honest tacksmen—who for a moment rise to sight in the confusion, and then disappear into the unknown. For, after all, it was a movement of profound historical significance. It was no mere struggle of reactionaries. On one side it was the last outburst of the discordant elements in Scottish life before the full national character could be formed; on another, it was the last stand made by certain medieval ideas—clanship, petty private organisations, a divinely appointed House—against a cold modern civilisation. And apart from these things, it was the nursery of the dramatic, the centre of old song and story, and the sentiment of a lost cause.

Mr John Murray, who tells in his own fashion of all this, was born of a respectable Tweedside stock, the Murrays of Stanhope and Broughton, who were kin to the houses of Philiphaugh and Romanno. He was educated generously at Edinburgh and Leyden, ran between Rome and Paris and Scotland for some years as a Jacobite emissary, and finally emerged with the landing in Moidart in 1745 as Secretary to Prince Charles and counsellor-general to the army. He was made a colonel of hussars, but he never seems to have led a regiment into action. He accompanied the southward march to Derby, just missed being present at Culloden on

account of his health, fled to near the head of Loch Arkaig, where he had the famous consultation with Lochiel, Lovat, and the other Highland chiefs. Thence he departed in hot haste for the south, and his journey is as romantic a narrative as David Balfour's. But he had no sooner got to the house of Polmood in Peeblesshire than he was arrested on the information of a herd-boy, and conveyed first to Edinburgh and then to London. From this point his record becomes discreditable. He turned king's evidence and revealed more than enough to incriminate Lovat. Hated by friend and foe, "Mr Evidence Murray" found small comfort in either London or France. The Prince seems ultimately to have forgiven him, if we may judge from Charles Murray's account of a visit paid to his father in 1763, when a stately red-faced gentleman was pointed out to the small boy as his king. He eloped with a Miss Webb, a Quaker lady, after his first wife left him, and was father by her of a large family. It is possible that his reason failed him before his death in 1777. Mr Fitzroy Bell supplies a host of interesting details, such as Charles Campbell's description of him, "a well-looking little man of a fair complexion, in a scarlet dress and a white cockade." But the 'Memorials' give us a picture of the inner man, sneering, timid, miserable, dabbling alternately in cant and truth, but always a personality.

The earlier part of the 'Memorials' is the less

interesting, for there Murray is engaged in quarrels with Drummond of Bohaldie and Lord Traquair, and vain negotiations with slippery loyalists. He is sorely irritated again and again, and driven into reflections on human nature. In one passage he lays down the doctrine of predestination. "Men," he says (p. 25), "are like Watches, some of a finer and more delicate make than others; the one goes justly, the other not. Like them in shape, so are we generally much one and the same; but our organs of sense, like their wheels and springs, are finer and coarser, as the workman has bestowed labour upon them or the Supreme Being more exquisite degrees of sensation upon our organs." And then he adds in a characteristic note: "I hope this Comparison will not be esteemed inconsistent with the Christian Scheme, or the rules of sound Philosophy, as no such thing is intended." Murray's narrative gives the reader a strong impression of the scandalous mismanagement of the whole business—honest men working at cross-purposes, and blackguards fighting openly for their own hand. Many of the details given are new to most people. It is interesting to find so many of the Campbell tartan on the Jacobite side; and there is a curious account of Murray's overtures to the Cameronians of Galloway and the west, who "were greatly disgusted with the government, and, like the Jews, had kept themselves distinct from the other inhabitants of the land." As the time drew nigh for the actual

expedition Murray's troubles increased, and Lovat and Macleod tried him beyond endurance. He made a desperate journey from the Lowlands to Lochaber, of which we should like the details, for it must have been a rough business. But at any rate he got to the Prince, and in a chaos of bad spelling the narrative of the campaign begins.

It is a strange revelation of the inner workings of a romantic enterprise. Spies and go-betweens are plentiful in these pages; James Mohr MacGregor, Black John Macleod, and a host of others appear under aliases or abbreviations. One learns (on Murray's word) that Lovat not only instigated the attack on the Lord President Forbes in his house of Culloden, but actually desired to have him murdered. The whole matter is very doubtful; but at the trial a witness, William Walker, declared that the attack was made by Fraser of Byerfield, and that Lovat knew nothing of it; and Norman Macleod, who could have had no reason to lie about it, in a letter preserved in the Culloden Papers describes the old lord as being in a state of vast anxiety and great misery lest it should be blamed on him. As a matter of fact, such an escapade would not have suited Lovat's plans, for the friendship of the Lord President was a card which he kept in reserve. Murray's account of the march to the south is spirited, and every now and again he introduces little thumbnail sketches of friend and foe. His picture of

Edinburgh during the occupation seems in the main accurate. He has no special love for the Presbyterian clergy, as he is careful to show. "And whilst I am talking of the clergy," he writes (p. 210), "I can't help taking notice of an incident that happened soon after. One M'Vicar, minister of the West Church, who was the only one of them who continued to preach, lett fall some things in his prayer reflecting on the Chevalier, which, when he was told of, he did not in the least seem to mind it, but said that he looked upon the fellow as an honest fool, and would have no notice taken of him." The "some things" thus generously overlooked by the Prince were, as the Editor points out, the petition that the young man who had come seeking an earthly crown might instead be provided with a crown of glory. Throughout the narrative Murray is a great connoisseur of character. He has the good sense to admire Lochiel and Lord Pitsligo ("a Saint and Hero of old"); he is, of course, devoted to the Prince; for Lord George and certain of the chiefs he has a moderate respect; while, on the other hand, he has no words bad enough for Traquair and Lord Lovat. The latter is the "most abandon'd and most detested man in his country, and one who never acted a fair part either in publick or private life." (It is strange that these were almost the same words that Lovat, in his defence at his trial, used of Murray.) "In short, if such like people merit the good graces and favour of



Mankind, even the Laird of M'Leod need not despair of having his Vilainys forgot, and one day die a Martyr." Traquair is roundly abused, and no great wonder. "If his lordship," says Murray (p. 353), "be not lost to all sense of Shame, those facts must sleeping and waking stare him in the face, and make him hide his dirty head from all intercourse with the world amongst his Hills in Tweedail."

When the narrative resumes after Culloden it is in the form of a letter written by the Secretary to some imaginary friend who is solicitous about his welfare and anxious to hear certain calumnies disproved. It begins with a lofty panegyric on virtue and heroism, in which Murray rises to the height of his great argument. He is very bitter, and with good cause, against the stay-at-home Jacobites, who fought Drum Mossie over the tea-table; the "parcel of Antiquated Attorneys, with the help of a black Gentleman in a gown and cassock, who will show us how to march straight and easy to the Capitall. . . . Every Old Woman, Green Girl, Cock Laird, and Pettefogger being now become Soldiers and Politicians, denouncing one a Coward, t'other Traitor, and a third a Blockhead." He tells of the last terror-stricken conference, where, to the accompaniment of Lovat's gibes, the broken, travel-worn chiefs held the final parliament of the Cause. He tells of his part in the disposal of the famous treasure, and on the whole he seems to have acted

well enough. The fact that he refused to escape with his dying friend Perth must be set down, as Mr Fitzroy Bell says, "to the credit side of his strangely-involved account with honour." When it was necessary for him to get to the south, he chose the inland road through Glenlyon and Balquhiddy. The account is good reading, especially for one who has himself tramped most of the way. Murray was set ashore in Appin, and apparently went up Glencoe and across Rannoch Moor into Glenlyon. There he lay hid for some days on a rough hillside till he could slip down into Balquhiddy. Thence he crossed Stirlingshire to Lanark, and with great fatigue came by Carnwath to Hartree, near Biggar, where he found no shelter. He thought of "taking a private road by a place called the Broadford to his Brother's house at Stobo," but reflected that he might get a poor reception. So he went to his aunt's house at Kilbucho, where he was recognised by the servants, who could not understand a "person in a jocky Coat and blew bonnet" being treated with deference and given wine instead of whisky. A herd-boy carried the news to some dragoons at Broughton, and when Mr John Murray was sleeping the sleep of the just in his bed at Polmood, he was awakened by the enemy and carried off to Edinburgh. Such is the account given in the 'Memorials'; but there is a persistent tradition in the neighbourhood that he lay for some time in Broughton, concealed by turns in

a cave in the garden of his farm-steward, Bertram, at the head of the village, and in an old vault in the churchyard.

The rest of the book is chiefly taken up with a defence of his not very defensible later life. His main point is that he only became king's evidence when he knew his evidence was of no use to the Government; that Lord Lovat would have been convicted even apart from his witness; and that he was careful to compromise no one who had any chance of safety, especially the English Jacobites of the type of the Duke of Beaufort. On the whole we may allow him the last point; he seems to have gone about his black performances with as much consideration as one could expect. But undeniably his evidence was the principal cause of Lovat's death, and his guilt in this matter will be differently estimated by those who regard Simon Fraser as one of the few great men and the one supreme intellect in Scotland at the time, and those who look upon him as a most perfect blackguard who made the earth cry out against his infamies. Both views have been taken, and the truth seems to be where it generally is—half-way between them. As to the first matter, it is difficult to acquit Murray. His motive in his action was less prudence and worldly wisdom than sheer naked cowardice. I cannot help thinking with Clerk of Penicuik that his capture had something of the nature of a surrender, and that he might have escaped if he had

wished. The fact of putting himself so deliberately in danger's path seems to argue that he had conceived among the Highland hills the design of giving evidence, and that he went out of his way to be caught. No man would run his head into a noose so deliberately, and with so little ground, unless he foresaw some way of getting it out. The truth is that physical cowardice was the rock on which Murray was shipwrecked. He was loyal and industrious, a man of some education and ability, and capable of no little admiration for virtue and a genuine devotion to his friends; but in the face of danger he wholly collapsed, and we are compelled to accept Æneas Macdonald's verdict, that "Mr Murray was so honest between man and man that in private life he would not be guilty of a dirty or dishonest action; but then he knew him to be such a coward, and to be possessed with such a fear of death, that he was much afraid Mr Murray might be brought the length of doing anything to save a wretched life" ('Lyon in Mourning,' iii. 522).

The book is a wonderful storehouse of quaint details and a gallery of contemporary portraits done by a master-hand. Of one person we hear less than we should like. The beautiful Mrs Murray, who sat on horseback at the Cross of Edinburgh and distributed white cockades at the time of the Prince's entry, comes little into these pages. She was with Murray in Lochaber after

Culloden, and with immense difficulty escaped to Edinburgh. Murray is careful to disprove certain slanders which credited her with returning from the north with large sums of money, and at some length explains that she was not attainted by any law, "never having acted the Amazon by bearing arms, and not having been denounced a rebel." She went to London at his request, and then crossed to the Continent while he lay in the Tower. Of her later history nothing seems known. She is said to have been unfaithful to him, which perhaps was no great wonder, for though we may apologise now and then for the Secretary, we cannot think him much of a man.

## LORD MANSFIELD.

IN the days before the coming of the Coquecigrues, a phenomenon was apparent in the land which students of society knew as the "grand manner." It was primarily an affectation of the *beau monde*, and he who adopted it considered himself bound to attain distinction in many paths. A man is above his profession, it was held, especially if he be a gentleman, and it is his duty to do much, but to do it with ease and the grand air. He must bear no traces of the struggle; he must be ready at any hour to play a quite different part: if he is a statesman, he must be also a scholar; if a poet, a man of fashion; if a wit, a man of affairs. He should come fresh from port and the classics to the bench or the council board, and do his work as to the manner born; but granted the presumption of competence, he must wear his honours lightly, and excel in other things. And so a great and full-blooded race arose: men like the Elizabethans, who were soldiers and poets: a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was philosopher, physicist, and bravo in one: or the Carterets and Foxes of the eighteenth

century, who were statesmen by trade, and wits and scholars at their leisure. The manner, to be sure, found its critics, chiefly from the ranks of the incompetent. "It is with genius as with a fine fashion," wrote Pope: "all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it." Learned serjeants "shook their heads at Murray as a wit," and excellent persons looked askance at Fox. But for the connoisseur, who ranges history for what pleases him, there is much to attract in the florid personages who refuse to be classified by their professions; for when their solid achievement is deducted, much fascinating human stuff remains to delight the biographer.

The great Lord Mansfield (such is the title on his statue in the Abbey) is a notable example of the race. In many ways he is the most imposing figure in the history of the English bench. He had a profound effect upon the development of law; he held one or other of the great law offices for almost half a century; and he dominated his colleagues as no other Chief-Justice has ever done. But it is possible to disregard this technical side, and still find a wonderful figure of a man, a statesman, and a scholar. Lord Campbell devotes an unwilling chapter to the consideration of his decisions; for, he says, to write of Mansfield and take no note of them would be like writing of Bacon with no hint of his philosophy, or of Marlborough without mention of his wars. But there is much

in Bacon besides philosophy; the duke was more than a strategist; and the great Lord Chief-Justice may be profitably studied apart from his profession.

Mansfield has been notoriously unfortunate in his biographers. The only professed life is by the egregious Mr Holliday, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, which is by universal consent one of the most dull and inaccurate in the language. Lord Brougham has written a short sketch, and Lord Campbell has dealt with him, as with all the Chief-Justices, in a spirit of warm and uncritical appreciation. But the materials for history are everywhere. No memoir-writer of the time neglects him, every anecdotist gives him his share, and his public life is written large in law reports and parliamentary journals. He was as bitterly hated as he was extravagantly admired, and Horace Walpole and Junius are careful to preserve this odium. He was the friend of Pope, and one of the few objects of Dr Johnson's respect. His long life extended from the days of Jacobitism to the French Revolution and the rise of Fox. He was Scots by birth and descent, and English by education, so the interest of two very different peoples has centred upon his career. In such an embarrassment of riches it is hard to pick and choose, and the proper biographer, when he arises, will have a complicated task to his hand.

The most notable figures at the eighteenth-



century Bar came from two classes : a Hardwicke and an Eldon from the English bourgeoisie ; a Mansfield, a Loughborough, and an Erskine from Scots younger sons. In many ways the latter had the smaller chance of success. As a rule they were extremely poor, and they were without exception absurdly proud. In the end their perfervid genius and their northern wits carried them into power, but they had a hard path to travel. Of them all Mansfield had the easiest life. His was a nature born to success, and free from the little roughnesses which impede ; a soul self-contained, clear-sighted, dispassionate, and patient. He was given a fair chance, for he had the best education which his time could afford, and he had a certain ready-made circle of friends. But, when all has been said, his achievement is remarkable. He was famous when little more than a youth ; he conquered his profession while living as a friend of wits and poets and a gentleman of the town. And when he had reached his desire, then came those many years of serene and dignified work, where there is no sign of effort, the fine flower of an industrious youth.

He was the eleventh child of the fifth Lord Stormont, descended from the Murrays of Tullibardine, and connected with the houses of Buccleuch and Montrose. The family fortune was not great, and in the tumble-down castle of Scone, where he was born, the bringing-up of the fourteen children

must have been spartan. For some reason or other, a story got about that he was taken to London as a child, which is as accurate as the other legend, that he was born at Bath and educated at Lichfield. Dr Johnson believed it, and used to say that "much may be made of a Scotsman if he be caught young"; but there is little doubt that the young Murray was first sent to the grammar school of Perth, and abode there till his fourteenth year. Scots grammar schools of that time may have been deficient in many things, but they could teach Latinity; and Mansfield used to declare that it was there, also, that he first learned the genius and structure of his mother tongue. At first he lived at home, riding to school on a pony, and running about barefoot with the small boys of the place. Long afterwards Grub Street pamphleteers made merry with this early training. "Learning was very cheap in his country," wrote one scribbler; "and it is very common to see there a boy of *quality* lug along his books to school, and a scrap of oatmeal for his dinner, with a pair of brogues on his feet, posteriors exposed, and nothing on his legs." But the family soon removed, for cheapness' sake, to Comlongan, in Dumfriesshire, and Mr William was boarded with a master at Perth. There exists an account of moneys expended on the boy, whereby it appears that a pair of boots for Mr William cost £3, 12s. Scots, and the cutting of his hair six shillings.

At fourteen arose the difficult question of his

profession. It was proposed to send him to St Andrews; again, the Scots Bar was thought of; but the advice of his elder brother prevailed, and he was put upon the foundation of Westminster School. This elder brother James was in every way a remarkable man. Originally a Scots lawyer, he had entered the House of Commons as member for the Elgin burghs, and immediately joined the High Tory party of Atterbury and Bolingbroke. At Queen Anne's death he openly went over to the Stuarts, and lived for the rest of his long life as an outlaw, abroad. His master made him Earl of Dunbar, and he seems never to have wavered in his loyalty to the forlorn cause. He is said to have been at least as able as his younger brother, but in the petty intrigues of St Germain and Avignon he found no field for his talents. His advice, so fortunate in its issue, had probably a purpose, for Westminster under Atterbury could be no bad training-ground for a possible Jacobite recruit. At any rate, the boy gladly fell in with his plan. He did not take either of the orthodox routes to the south, by a smack from Leith or the weekly coach from the Black Bull in the Canongate to St Martin's-le-Grand, but set out from Perth on horseback, on the 15th of March 1718. At Queensferry the horse fell lame, and he had to walk into Edinburgh, where he bought his outfit. He visited his parents at Comlongan, and then, like Gil Blas, set

off on his country-bred pony for the new world. It was a strange experience for the Perthshire boy, whose horizon had been bounded by the Edinburgh High Street and Mr Martine's Academy. The Bridge of Esk was his last sight of Scotland, for the lonely child who stared at the fortifications of Carlisle, and fancied London to be a compound of Rome and the New Jerusalem, was to make the strange country his own, and in a little time to control its destinies.

A certain John Wemyss, an old retainer of the Murrays, and now a flourishing apothecary, received the traveller, sold his mount, bought him a sword, two wigs, and proper clothes, entered him with the headmaster of Westminster, and settled him at a dame's in Dean's Yard. Little is told of his school-days. By dint of hot blood and a hard fist he fought his way to some standing among his school-fellows. But he was always the industrious apprentice, working hard at his books, and excelling, we are told, in his declamations. Dr Nicholl was his teacher, and Samuel Wesley, a brother of the great John, was an usher in the place. Atterbury, Bishop Smalridge, and Bentley used to examine the school at elections, and seem to have been taken with the young Murray. At any rate, in May 1723 his name appears first on the list of King's scholars who were recommended for the foundation at Christ Church. Of his holi-

days we know little, save that his kinswoman, Lady Kinnoull, used to invite him to her house, and doubtless there were other Scots families who showed kindness to the handsome boy.

From Westminster he went to Oxford, the Oxford of the eighteenth century, a curious backwater of learning, where Robert Boyle was held a fine scholar and Bentley a charlatan, and the real business of life was port and prejudice in the common rooms, and, for undergraduates, high politics in the taverns. It would welcome gladly a young man of good Jacobite stock, the *protégé* of Atterbury and the brother of Dunbar. But it is to Murray's credit that he was wise enough to keep the place at arm's length, for eighteenth-century Oxford was not a promising school for a strenuous man. He had the advantage of a clear aim, for about this time he finally chose the Bar for his profession. Once he had thought of the Church; but when he heard Talbot and Yorke in Westminster Hall, he felt, in the quaint Scots phrase, "called" to the business. So, with the aid of the rich Lord Foley, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and began to keep his terms while still at Christ Church. For the rest, he lived like any other young man of quality,—a little more studious, considerably poorer, but no recluse, and certainly no pedant. He professed liberal sentiments, like Lord Magnus Charters in 'Pendennis,' and patronised the Dissent-

ers in the most approved fashion of the High Tory, who hated parochial Whiggery. His chief studies, we are told, were Aristotle and oratory, and the labours he went through to learn the theory of his future art fill a slack modern with despair. Not Demosthenes with his mouthful of pebbles was more painstaking than this boy, who translated Cicero into English, and back again into Latin, that he might get at the heart of his cadences. He wrote Latin prose with great ease and elegance, though his excursions in hexameters are as bad as may be. He won the prize for a poem on the death of George I., that calls the Muse to refuse no tribute to the wondrous worth, and Minerva and Phœbus to strew olive and laurel on the bier, of the cultured monarch whose simple creed was, "I hate all boets and bainters." Pitt was his disappointed rival, and it is only fair to say that Pitt was, if possible, more absurd. Indeed, the only merit of the productions is that they have given occasion for some of Macaulay's neatest sentences. "The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep over the urn of Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses. Cæsar, who would not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women!"

When he came to London he took up his abode in a set of rooms in the Gatehouse Court of Lincoln's Inn, which is now called Old Square.

For three years he studied the law in his upper chamber, lighting his own fire of a morning; but keeping his evenings for his friends and the other side of life. It was the age of great taverns, where busy men went for good talk and a good dinner: Button's, where Addison dined and sat late over his punch; the Mitre, where Boswell met Johnson; not to speak of Will's and the Grecian, the Covent Garden chop houses, the ordinaries in the city, and the superior clubs of St James's. The Temple was then the intellectual centre of London; not, as now, a bare place, too far east for convenience, and hedged round and about with commerce. Great men had their rooms in the little streets off the Strand; Lincoln's Inn Fields was a superb and fashionable square, containing Betterton's Theatre and the Duke of Newcastle's town house; and, if the Embankment was a vile place, the Surrey shore was still unspoiled. The young Oxford scholar found himself in the thick of a very fascinating life. He had his severe hours of study, for he had the sense to revere his profession. There were no short cuts to legal knowledge, no text-books or pupil-rooms, and the common law was still imprisoned in a desert of black-letter learning. Murray planned out an elaborate course for himself in Roman law, international law, Scots law, real property; but at the same time he was diligently at work on other things, as is shown by the extraordinary scheme of historical studies

which he drew up for the young Duke of Portland. He took a short trip to the Continent, but he had no money to make the grand tour with which certain biographers have credited him. He could not afford to dispense with his industrious mornings, but must seek his pleasure in quieter paths. Through his kinsmen and friends, the Kinnoulls and Marchmonts, he made his entry into polite society. Well-mannered, well-born, with some Oxford reputation, and, as we are told, a very handsome and modest presence, he was welcomed by the little lords and great ladies who made up the fashion of the day. "Lord Mansfield," Dr Johnson once declared, "was no mere lawyer. Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the university; when he first came to town he drank champagne with the wits; he was the friend of Pope."

Pope, indeed, he had known at Westminster, and between the two a warm friendship sprang up. To Pope the young Scot, with his good looks and "silver voice," his talents and his frank hero worship, came as a relief from the oppressive smartness of the coffee-houses. It was no one-sided attachment: if Murray went to Twickenham, Pope came to Lincoln's Inn, and, as the story goes, used to coach his friend in the gestures of oratory. When Murray was called to the Bar, in 1730, he took chambers at No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and there Pope was a constant visitor. The young barrister was no better off than others before and



since. For two years he did nothing; then he began to acquire some practice in Scots appeals, but his name was "known and honoured in the House of Lords" when he was as little seen in the Chancery and King's Bench as, say, a minor parliamentary junior of to-day. The ordinary myth is told of him as of every great lawyer,—no practice, a chance brief, absence of his leader, a great opportunity, and then a boundless income; and he is reported to have said in his old age that he "never knew the difference between poverty and £3000 a-year." The record of his practice, however, shows a slow and gradual advance; there is no sudden dazzling leap, like Erskine's, into fame; and in three years, if he had a fair business, it was very restricted in kind. But those early years were full of varied activity. He worked hard at his profession; he read widely; he saw much society. He had the common Scots admiration for French writers, notably Voltaire, and to the end of his life he kept up a considerable scholarship in the sister literature. And in all his busyness there is a pleasing affection for his kinsfolk and his own land. His first earnings went to buy a tea-service of silver and china for his sister-in-law, Lady Stormont, who had been in the habit of sending him Scotch marmalade; and in his speech against the disfranchisement of Edinburgh, after the Porteous Riots, there is a ring of something more than vicarious forensic earnestness.

During those years he committed the indiscretion of falling in love. Some have identified the lady with Lord Winchelsea's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Finch, whom he afterwards married, and supposed that her family insisted only upon the postponement of the wedding till his fee-book grew larger. I find it difficult to accept this view. Rather it seems to have been the one grand passion which Murray's equable nature ever entertained, and it ended disastrously with the lady's marriage to "lands in Kent and messuages in York," and for a time the lover's utter prostration. One summer was lost to him, and he retired to a small cottage on the river, near Twickenham, to brood over the foppery of the world. It was not till the next Michaelmas term that he forgot his disappointment in his profession. One would give much to learn Chloe's name, for no common charms could have overthrown so cold and placid a heart. Pope acted the part of the philosophic comforter, and, in imitation of Horace's "Intermissa, Venus, diu," implores the goddess to send her doves to No. 5 King's Bench Walk, and bids the "smiling loves and young desires" haunt the suburban cottage. Murray is

"equal the injured to defend,  
To charm the mistress or to fix the friend."

I do not suppose that the mythological consolation went far, for its object had notably failed to charm one mistress; but in an imitation of the famous

"Nil admirari" Epistle there are some manly and comforting lines on his friend's case. The poet discourses on the vanity of human wishes:—

"If not so pleased, at council board rejoice  
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;  
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,  
Plead much, read more, dine late or not at all.  
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife  
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?  
Shall one whom native learning, birth conspired  
To form not to admire but be admired,  
Sigh while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,  
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth!"

It is the old consolation of philosophy, and the patient in time recovered. Still, we should like to know the truth of Murray's one romance, and the name of the girl who conquered his austere heart. Did she become one of the hooped and powdered ladies of fashion, or was she learned like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or did she sink into a country shrew like Mrs Hardcastle? "Discord" and "a noble wife," as in Addison's case, were too often synonyms, and certainly there was no discord with the amiable Lady Elizabeth.

His profession drove love out of his head, for he found himself in many notable cases, from some of which the scandal has scarcely yet departed. Such was the Cibber case, where a fashionable actress, wife of Colley Cibber's son, and sister of Dr Arne, the musician, paid the price of her gallantries. He was counsel for the English merchants in the

famous affair of Captain Jenkins's ears, and he may have suggested to that perjured mariner the phrase which set England aflame, "I recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country." He declined silk when Lord Hardwicke, at the Duke of Newcastle's instance, made him the offer, and so he won the distinction of going direct from the junior Bar to office. In all he had a full and pleasing life: Chancery in the morning; the House of Lords in the afternoon; and then running from the courts to routs and supper-parties, and returning late to find some client like the Duchess Sarah sitting in his armchair, "swearing so dreadfully," said his clerk, "that she must be a lady of quality." On the 20th of November 1738 he married his Lady Elizabeth, gaining the double benefit of an exemplary wife and a father-in-law in the Cabinet. They took a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that fashionable neighbourhood, and began to entertain. And with it all the busy counsel had leisure for common human courtesies. He would write long and kind epistles to his friends in Scotland, Grant of Prestongrange and Lord Milton, and there is a very admirable letter of consolation to one Mr Booth, an unsuccessful conveyancer.

In 1742, after resisting all unofficial invitations to politics, he was made Solicitor-General, and soon afterwards entered Parliament for Boroughbridge. At the same time, at a meeting of the council of Lincoln's Inn, it was ordered that "the Hon.

William Murray, Esquire, His Majesty's Solicitor-General, be invited to the Bench of this Society." He was now thirty-seven years of age, his character formed, his future assured. It is safe to say that the Mansfield we know was the Murray who became Mr Solicitor. In a sense he came to perfection early; for, if his fame rests on the work of his mature years, the conditions of fame had already been prepared to the full. So we may leave an awkward chronological narrative for a study of the man, the finished product, in his many aspects. But we may note, in passing, that the years of his elevation saw the last of that brilliant figure who had been the friend of his youth. Pope died in 1744, having appointed Murray his executor, and leaving him as remembrances two marble heads and a picture from his own brush. A few days before his death he had been carried, at his own request, from Twickenham to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Bolingbroke and Warburton had been of the company. A curious dinner-party indeed,—a young lawyer with his life before him, a pragmatic doctor, a genius who had proved too clever for the world, and a worn-out poet!

The Attorney-Generalship was reached in 1754, and two years later came the Chief-Justiceship of the King's Bench and a peerage. He might have had the Woolsack several times for the asking, and on at least one occasion a word would have made him Prime Minister. But he had the wisdom to

gauge his powers well ; he knew himself born for a good judge, but as signally unfit for a great Minister. Not that he did not take his full share of politics. Few lawyers have been so prominent as statesmen ; as Solicitor, he virtually led the House of Commons for twelve years, he sat in many Cabinets, and he was pitted against Chatham in the Lords as the most formidable of the Tories. But he was never the professional statesman ; merely a great judge with a talent for statecraft, who came for relaxation from the bench to the senate house. We do not propose to attempt to do justice to his judicial work in these pages. Sufficient that he introduced a new spirit into English law, and broke, once and for all, the old black-letter chain which Coke had riveted. It became the fashion among his successors, as it was certainly the fashion among his weaker rivals, to declare that, like necessity, he knew no law, and that he introduced an evil experimental habit into the profession ; and the great name of Lord Eldon has lent itself to the charge. We do not deny the habit. His advice to a colonial governor—"Give no reason for your decisions, for they are sure to be right, while your reasons are sure to be wrong"—was an index to a consistent habit of mind. He strove to the best of his power to do away with the forms which hampered justice, and it is small wonder if the mild black beetles of the courts hated him, when they found their occupation gone. We

are told that he would lie back in his chair yawning, or write letters, or read the newspaper, when some confused serjeant prosed before him. On occasions, to be sure, when policy or humanity demanded it, he could be formal and technical enough, as in his judgment in the Wilkes case, or in his curious direction to the jury in the case of a priest accused of celebrating mass. But generally he strove after simplicity and common-sense, interpreting the letter of the law with a freedom and fairness uncommon among his contemporaries. A list of his decisions would be meaningless, but we are told that he so impressed his colleagues that there was rarely a dissenting voice. Two branches of his work deserve special mention. He took the principal part in the disposing of Scots appeals in the Lords, and in the Duntreath case he "struck off the fetters of half the entailed estates in Scotland." In commercial cases, again, he found a field awaiting the hand of the reformer, and by his judgments at the Guildhall sittings he created English commercial law, and conferred an incalculable benefit on English trade. And all his work—such is the report of his contemporaries—he did with that masterful ease which is the industrious lawyer's chief reward. To have a branch of knowledge which in no way fills the whole of life or infringes upon pleasure, yet at the same time grows daily in bulk, till the law is no formless bludgeon,

but a keen sword in a ready hand, is the final triumph of the profession. Of this Mansfield is a conspicuous instance, and what has been said of Weir of Hermiston may be written of him: "He tasted deeply of recondite pleasures. To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to have succeeded in life; and perhaps only in law and the higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained, suffice to itself without reaction, and find continual rewards without excitement."

On the legal side we have the materials for judgment, but on his wit and scholarship we must take our opinions from others. Nothing is so tantalising, and yet so permanent, as a reputation, for *esprit*. Every one believes Charles Townshend a wit of the first order, and yet we have scarcely a saying of his on record. We do not suppose Mansfield to have been a classical scholar of the stamp of Carteret, but he had the respectable stock in trade of an industrious Oxford man; and we are told that once, in his extreme old age, he defended the use of a Greek word in Burke by quoting offhand a long passage from Demosthenes. In history, on the other hand, and especially in the history of law, few of his contemporaries approached him. Burke had the same synoptic view, the same catholic breadth of knowledge, but Mansfield had the more exact and critical scholarship. Had the law treatises, memoirs, and essays, which perished in the Gordon



Riots, survived till our own day, he might have shared with Bacon the fame of a great lawyer who was also a great writer.

“But ages yet to come shall mourn the burning of his own,”

Cowper sang; and we desire to mourn with the ages. He was not a patron in the eighteenth-century sense, and his name adorns the dedicatory pages of no minor poet, but he has the supreme merit of discovering Blackstone. It was at his advice that Blackstone settled in Oxford, and the Vinerian Professorship, and indirectly the Commentaries, were the result. So much for learning. But there is also a tradition of extraordinary wit and vivacity in conversation, a social tact which made him the finest of hosts and the most engaging companion. It is possible that the tradition has been overdone. Seward, who has a scent like Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's for any sort of *mot*, has only a few flimsy jokes to record, and Horace Walpole, who was ever tender to a hint of brilliance, will have none of Mansfield's. In contrasting him with Fox and Pitt, Walpole declares that they had wit in their speeches, though not in conversation, but Murray neither in one nor the other. We find a few sayings in court quoted, wonderfully few, and by no means good, of which the best is the advice to a counsel: “No case, abuse plaintiff's attorney.” Perhaps he was too fluent and copious for the parsimony of language which is the basis of wit. But

the word has many meanings, and if grace of manner and an extraordinary knowledge of men be a form of it, then Mansfield had it in abundance. His courtesy and ready kindness delighted the world, and contemporary memoirs (except Horace Walpole's) abound in praises of the Lord Chief-Justice in society. He had the freshness of spirit which men of his balanced and capable type carry often far into old age, and his favourite toast of "Young Friends and Old Books" is an epitome of his art of life.

From Lincoln's Inn Fields the family moved to a great house in Bloomsbury Square, of which more hereafter. About the same time they seem to have bought the charming little estate of Caen Wood, on the slopes of Highgate, and there, after his retirement from the King's Bench, Mansfield spent his days. Only in these mellow autumn years have we any picture of the man at home. Before that he is a brilliant figure, much hated and widely feared, but in the purple and splendour of his public appearances we lose sight of one aspect, and that the most pleasing. He was very clannish, like all his countrymen, and when the little Murrays, Lord Henderland's children, came to Westminster School, he would have them out to Highgate on holidays, and tell them old stories of his boyhood, —how he had seen a man who had been at the execution of Charles I., and how at school he had boiled a plum pudding in his nightcap. He took

immense pains to have his peerage given the proper remainder, for he had a Scots pride in founding a great family. But if he had a warm heart for his family, he had also a long memory for his friends. Lord Foley had been kind to him at Oxford, and so, when a rising junior and a young man much sought after in society, he used continually to isolate himself, from Saturday to Monday, in the company of the old nobleman, who had become very fussy and exacting. Once he was asked the reason of it all. "It is enough," he replied, "if I contribute by my visits to the entertainment of my fast friends." At Caen Wood he had often parties of King's Bench lawyers down for the day, who would tell him the gossip of the courts and Lord Kenyon's latest misquotation, while he would recite passages from Pope, or take their advice on landscape gardening, or repeat to them, under his beech-trees,—

"O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

He had always looked forward to this old age of leisure; for we are told that when in the thick of his work he used to talk of the *dolce far niente*, and quote, "Liber esse mihi non videtur, qui non aliquando nihil agit." His dinners became famous in the town. Abstemious himself,—his only wine was claret, and Heaven knows how many hogsheads of priceless claret perished in the Bloomsbury fire!—he yet, like many temperate men, loved hilarity.

His eulogists dilate on the charm of his conversation. "He was ever as ready to hear as to deliver an opinion," says one. "I cannot recollect the time," says another, "when, sitting at table with Lord Mansfield, I ever failed to remark that happy and engaging art which he possessed of putting the company in a good humour with themselves. I am convinced that they liked him the more for his seeming to like them so well." And then they conclude, one and all, with that quaint eighteenth-century phrase which means so many things, "He was a sincere Christian, without bigotry or hypocrisy."

Much of this, to be sure, was due to endowments which are not necessarily Christian,—his voice and his superb presence. From the Vanloo, painted when he was twenty-eight, to the great Reynolds, which represents him in the robes of the Chief-Justice, we see through his numerous portraits a wonderful majesty of face. As Reynolds saw him, in his regal old age, the bench can have witnessed no nobler figure of a man. If race means anything, it is here in its perfection. The arch of the brows, the keen, invincible eyes, the leonine cast of the head, and, above all, the mouth, tart, humorous, infinitely wise, make the figure a kind of archetype, *the* Lord Chief-Justice for all time. And his voice matched with his presence. By all accounts, it was singularly clear and sweet and penetrating, with the liquid, silvery tone found in some women's voices.

He spoke with great slowness and distinctness, giving each syllable its full quality, but it is pleasant to learn that to the last he pronounced some words broadly, *more Boreali*. It was right that Westminster and Oxford should not wholly drive out the old idiom of the Perth grammar school. He said "brid" for "bread," we are told, and "reg'ment" for "regiment," and he would always call upon "Mr Soleester." This was displeasing to a purist like Chief-Justice Willes, whose attack upon Mansfield's voice is curious in its isolation. "He was cursed," he wrote, "with a loud, clamorous monotony, and a disagreeable discordance in his accents, as struck so harsh upon the ear that he seemed rather to scream than to plead; and from thence was called 'Orator Strix' or the 'Caledonian Screecher.'" But Dr Johnson, who did not love a Scots accent, having many odd pronunciations of his own, was captivated by his "sweetness," and the testimony of the world gave him the epithet of "silver-tongued," as it afterwards gave it to Erskine.

But the real man behind all this external charm is the true object of interest. His character and intellect were so fully revealed during his long career that there is small divergence in men's judgments. Certain broad qualities are universally granted, certain obvious faults censured. But the common portrait does not hang together, and dogma is easily answered by an appeal to fact.

The truth is that he is a more puzzling figure than the world will readily admit. Men love a garish, high-coloured sketch, and history, generally speaking, is intolerant of niceties. We are told that Mansfield subordinated all things to personal ambition; that he lost in heart what he gained in intellect; that he had no moral courage; that he was the polished, capable man of the world, a high product of a bloodless age. Such a criticism deserves a word; for though it has truth it needs much explanation, and taken baldly it leads to an estimate which is radically unjust. "The condemnation which a great man lays upon the world," Hegel has written, "is to force it to explain him;" and the saying is true of others than the philosopher.

The common accusation is that he was without moral courage, a sun worshipper who frankly loved the easy path and the sweet things of life. It is impossible wholly to deny the charge; but the cowardice was an intricate quality, curiously bound up with his virtues. Certain antagonisms were so hateful to him that he shrank from open conflict. The Junius affair is a case in point. The master of invective who used the bludgeon was an opponent difficult to meet for one whose weapon was the rapier. In the libel actions he maintained honestly a real point of view, but he was obviously ill at ease, and in the altercation with Lord Camden which followed he seems to have deserved Horace

Walpole's censure. Unpopularity, so long as it was confined to paper and spoken words, seems to have given him acute uneasiness, and he was apt to make an unworthy peace with his adversary. Camden, who was far from his intellectual equal, won several victories in debate from this curious, sensitive complaisance of his rival. Sometimes it would seem that he felt himself standing on a razor edge, his early Jacobitism, his Scots birth, his professional hauteur, raising a host against him; and then he was apt to agree with his enemy quickly, to the delight of the baser sort. On the other hand, he could on occasions show himself independent enough. On the bench he might often have won an easy popularity, but he remained true to his own ideals of equity and toleration. He was for religious equality, when it was the most forlorn of causes; and if he was a loyal Tory, he could speak against his party and his interest. In 1766 he attacked the Prerogative on the question of the Order in Council which laid an embargo on corn, though his primary motive may have been his lawyer's constitutionalism; and in 1770 he was the chief agent in carrying George Grenville's Controverted Elections Bill, which from the High Tory point of view was a piece of unleavened radicalism. The truth is that he paid the penalty of the affection of his friends. A hatred of the unpleasant, a love for easy ways, grew upon him

till it became second nature, and the cause must be urgent indeed before it could wake his conscience.

But of one side of courage he had more than his share. By universal consent he was perfectly cool and fearless in the presence of physical danger. In the deplorable affair of the Gordon Riots, his is one of the few characters which emerge with any credit. He had shown himself an unflinching foe of the intolerable rant which sometimes calls itself Protestant, and when he arrived in Parliament Street, on that fateful day, he was recognised and attacked by the mob. His coachman managed to force his way to the door of the House, but the carriage windows were shattered, and Mansfield's gown and wig were almost pulled to pieces. Thurlow was ill, and Mansfield took his place on the woolsack, "with calm dignity," says Lord Campbell; "quivering like an aspen," the Duke of Gloucester told Horace Walpole. It would have been difficult for an old man, who had just escaped murder, to show an untroubled face, however stout his heart might be. The scene must have been the most curious which a Speaker of the House of Lords ever beheld: Lord Hillborough and Lord Stormont with black eyes, the Archbishop of York with his lawn sleeves gone, the Duke of Newcastle in rags, most of the others with mud-bespattered faces and wigs awry, and all crying out twenty different words of advice; and then the sudden entry of Lord



Mountfort, with a face like a ghost, and the report that Lord Boston was even then being torn in pieces. Mansfield did his best to restore order and proceed with the business of the day; but when the Duke of Richmond proposed a sortie he was ready to go first, carrying the mace. At the end of the sitting he was left alone, and we are told that, after drinking tea in his private room, he drove quietly home in a momentary lull of the riot.

On Tuesday, the 6th of June 1780, the mob attacked his house in Bloomsbury Square. He had received warning, but in a spirit of commendable tolerance he refused to have soldiers keeping guard round his door, lest the passions of the crowd should be more seriously inflamed. He trusted to the reverence traditionally shown to the English justices; but he had underrated Protestant zeal. When the rioters battered at his door, he escaped with his wife by a back passage. Then, for a little, anarchy was triumphant. Books, pictures, and furniture were burned in a bonfire on the pavement; the cellars were pillaged, and the miscreants grew drunk on the Chief-Justice's claret; soon the flames reached the house, and in the morning nothing remained but a blackened shell. It is impossible to overestimate the gravity of the misfortune to a man of Mansfield's nature. He had taken much pride in his career, and he had filled his house with remembrances. But now his own diaries, the books in which Pope and Bolingbroke

had written their names, his pictures, busts, and prints, his rare and curious furniture, all had perished utterly. He had founded a family, but the heirlooms were gone which he had hoped to hand down to posterity. To one so tenderly attached to his past, it must have seemed as if he stood again bare and isolated in the world, beggared of the fruits of his life's work. The town sympathised with his misfortune, and for once there is no word spoken on his conduct but the highest praise. When he took his seat on the bench, he was received, we are told, "with a reverential silence more affecting than the most eloquent address." He rejected with dignity all proposals of compensation, and when he presided at the trial of Lord George Gordon he showed not a trace of prejudice or resentment. Once only he referred indirectly to his loss. He defended the strong measures taken by the Government in quelling the riots. "I will give you my reasons within as short a compass as possible. I have not consulted books; indeed, I have no books to consult."

His intellect was so many-sided and masterful that his contemporaries, in trying to describe it, fell into a conventional grandiloquence. Indeed, it is no case for superlatives. He had no talent in a colossal degree; but he had all, or nearly all, in some proportion, and the whole was harmoniously compounded. His mind was clear and penetrating; all faculties were at his command for use, and none

were blunted by years or routine. He attained to that perfect consciousness of power and ready facility which is the highest pleasure in life. For all his industry and his learning, there is never a hint of stress about him. After a long day in the courts, he turns to Horace or De Thou or the salons of St James's with an unfailing alacrity of spirit. Nimble, keen, subtle, unwearied,—if these be not characteristics of supreme genius, they at least denote a perfect talent. It is the perfection of the legal talent, a lawyer being rather an interpreter than a leader; mediocrity, if you like, but of the *aurea mediocritas* stamp. His principles and opinions illustrate the curious equipoise of his character. He had an inherited Tory strain, which appeared in the generous Jacobitism of his youth, and was matured into the constitutionalism which detested the vagaries of Chatham, and saw in the French Revolution the last word of anarchy. But he had a kind of political rationalism, which led him sometimes to the most pronounced liberal views, and made him the foe of religious disabilities and the advocate of free trade. A little of the Bute type of High Tory, a little of the French *intellectuel*, and something of the enlightened critical man of affairs made up his political character. As a biographer neatly puts it, Precedent and Principle were always at war within him. He had much kinship with one side of the Whigs, and no real affinity with the reactionary and corrupt elements

in his own party. But for the demagogues who followed Wilkes he had all the scorn of a scholar and an aristocrat. To him the voice of the people was an unintelligible patois, and not to be identified with the voice of God. It is not hard to explain the various antipathies which he created. Walpole hated him as a clever alien who had no part in the Whig family circle. Chatham found him a formalist too able to despise and too logical to refute. But to men so different as Montesquieu and Burke he seemed wholly admirable,—the founder of scientific jurisprudence, a scholar among pedants. On one subject all our authorities agree,—his extraordinary eloquence. Horace Walpole is frankly eulogistic. He compares him with Chatham and the elder Fox, and calls him “the brightest genius of the three,” whose figure was “engaging, from a decent openness.” His own criticism is that he “refined too much, and could wrangle too little, for a popular assembly.” It is hard to realise the proper effect of eighteenth-century oratory. We have lost the atmosphere of pageant and ceremony, of scholarship and abundant leisure. In reading Mansfield’s great speeches, we find neither the fire and passion and broken lights of imagination which we have in Chatham, nor the cosmic philosophy of Burke, nor the exquisite terseness and epigram of Disraeli. His style is bland and placid, like the man; but the matter is always impressive, and there is much to admire in the lithe vigour and ease of the diction.

We can readily understand how, spoken by one of his voice and presence, it seemed the height of eloquence to an older school which thought Chatham a play actor and Burke an Irish madman.

And so his character stands as something polished and complete, the "four square man" that Simonides spoke of. But this perfection, if it has few flaws, has its limitations, as his enemies were ready to perceive. The chief charge is the expected one of a radical coldness of heart. Here, again, while admitting truth in the accusation, we must protest against the ordinary acceptance of the word. He could be very kind, and he could form the warmest friendships; and if any one doubts this, let him read his correspondence in 1782 with the Bishop of Bristol, when the two old men, friends from youth, console each other for the loneliness of age. He was as well beloved by young men, as his relations with Erskine bear witness. The great instance cited against him is his conduct on that memorable day when Chatham fell dying on the floor of the House of Lords. The incident is told in a letter of Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton: "Many crowding about the earl to observe his countenance, all affected, most part really concerned; and even those who might have felt a secret pleasure at the accident yet put on the appearance of distress, excepting the Earl of M., who sat still, almost as much unmoved as the senseless body itself." Now who was this "Earl

of M."? It has been generally held to refer to Mansfield, but Lord Brougham insisted that it was Lord Marchmont. Marchmont was the only other Earl of M. present; he belonged to the straitest sect of the "King's friends," and he had always been in opposition to Chatham. It is impossible to decide the question, but on the most favourable interpretation there is a lack of generosity in Mansfield's conduct; for when the question of the annuity to the Chatham title came before the Lords, he listened to the virulent attacks of the court party in silence, and uttered no word in praise of his dead rival.

This antagonism of the two was a conflict of permanent types, and the most significant commentary on Mansfield's limitations. The one, with all his high-heeled strutting and histrionic stuff, had just that generous warmth of feeling and that sudden lightning fire of genius which were foreign, and indeed incomprehensible, to the bland and capable intelligence of the other. Mansfield was the safer captain for ordinary weather, but Chatham the pilot for the storm. The one was a great and brilliant man of affairs, while the other was the fiery spirit fighting its way in crudeness and hysteria and splendour to a kind of immortality. He discovered the "great people" behind the fanatics and the placemen, and he worked for his *clientèle*. But Mansfield was essentially the creation of a social sect, a highly accomplished product of a highly

civilised world, one with "no strife nor no sedition in his powers," and secure and happy in this tranquillity.

He is, indeed, the most un-northern of all great Scots; for, compared to him, Hume was perfervid, and Dundas an enthusiast. He suffered, indeed, for his birthplace; for he was attacked by the press as a "termagant Scot," who had "emerged from his native wealds, rocky caverns, and mountainous heights pretty early in life, to veneer over a Scotch education with a little English erudition." The critic talks of his nature as "rugged and full of pauper pride and native insolence," which Heaven knows it never was. Lovat had foreseen this danger ahead of "his cousin Murray." "Mr Solicitor," he said at the trial, "is a great man, and he will meet with high promotion if he is not too far north." But Mr Solicitor was not to be seriously retarded by his origin, for, compared with Lovat, he was a southron of the southrons. Except for a suspicion of an accent, he might never have ventured beyond the world of St James's. The trial of Lovat has, indeed, a curious interest; for if Chatham was Mansfield's extreme opposite in temperament, Lovat was his counterpart in racial character. Shaggy, barbarous, steeped in vices, and yet with a wild subtlety and poetry in his extraordinary brain, he was the type of the back world of Scotland,—that old, cruel, foolish world of mists and blood, of crazy beliefs and impossible

loyalties. The splendid Chief-Justice knew nothing of it, and in this ignorance he gained success, but lost an indefinable something which his birth should have given him ; for we must confess that he was a little insensible to the warmth of common humanity. From the day when he rode his sheltie over the Bridge of Esk he never returned to his own country. He never saw his parents again ; he never cared to revisit the home of his boyhood. Lord Campbell, in a passage which makes one respect the honest soul, dwells on such a home-coming, and quotes Captain Morris's lines :—

“There's many a lad I loved now dead,  
And many a lass grown old.”

But to Mansfield all this was a sealed book. Somewhere in the race for honours he had lost this old sentiment, though he retained his family pride and a lingering affection for his race. It is scarcely a defect, but it is part of his great limitation, which we may call incomplete humanity. Hard he was not, for he was kind above the average, but in his very freedom from the prejudices of the crowd he fell short of the prejudice which is also wisdom. It is the old complaint against the entirely rational and clear-sighted man that, in his unbroken march, he misses the wayside virtues which fall to the blind and feeble.



## CHARLES II.

MR OSMUND AIRY has produced a monograph worthy to rank with the best in this distinguished series.<sup>1</sup> The character of Charles II. lends itself readily to a rude picturesqueness, an effective study in light and shade such as Macaulay has given us. But to reach the truth of that difficult era a quieter and more patient method is required. The historian must guard himself carefully from effective exaggeration, though the times seem to adapt themselves to it, he must be scrupulous in his use of authorities, and chary of accepting traditional views of character and policy. Above all things, he must refrain from insisting upon obvious morals, and let the far more telling facts point the morals for themselves. It is a difficult task, but Mr Airy, with his carefully moderated point of view and his clear and trenchant style, has come very near success. His narrative, generally easy and urbane, can at times also rise to dramatic vigour. The work is throughout based on first-hand evi-

<sup>1</sup> Charles II. By Osmund Airy. London : Goupil & Co.

dence, and the author is the first, as far as we are aware, to use the valuable recently found memoirs of Thomas Bruce, one of the gentlemen of Charles's bedchamber. The result is a book which has given us great entertainment, a sad study of a bad time and a hollow king, but a story of vast significance in English history, and not without its redeeming episodes. The popularity which Charles won at the Restoration has never quite departed. Englishmen have still a sneaking interest in one whom they know to have been worthless, and suspect to have been good company. Good or bad, he is perennially interesting, because he is the most foreign of our kings, a strayed Bourbon with Provençal blood and Southern traditions trying to speak the language of the North. The Stuart stock ran into two types—the devout, obstinate, and formal, as in Charles I., James II., and Henry, Cardinal of York, and the wholly irreligious, worldly, and bohemian, as in Charles II. and the Young Chevalier. But the Stuart was but a little part of Charles's ancestry. Take away the ambition, the cool, indomitable mind, and the fierce patriotism, and it is Henry of Navarre who is the lover of Nell Gwynn and the merry, impecunious King of England.

Charles's sole excuse is his wretched upbringing, and keeping in mind the race he sprung from, the apology seems fairly ample. The son of Charles

and Henrietta must, in any case, have been a difficult child to bring up, and there is no evidence that much thought was given to the question. As tutors he had Newcastle, an honourable pedantic gentleman who gave him much wordly-wise advice from which Charles selected agreeable parts, and Berkshire, whom Mr Airy can only describe as a "born fool." Early in boyhood he had those graces of manner and pliability of mind which he was afterwards to exhibit to the world, and he showed a shocking precocity in amours. One of his few innocent tastes was sport, especially sailing, and his yacht was the only alleviation of the dreary days in Jersey. And then fortune put him into the hands of Louis, and he became, and remained more or less for life, the tool of France. Encouraged in lust by evil men and more evil women, compelled to pocket his pride and play a part, with no regular studies except pleasure and intrigue, it is little wonder that the boy grew up dissipated and selfish. The marvel is that he retained his humour, and remained, though much given to hypocrisy for a purpose, on the whole sincere with himself. But this was more an intellectual than a moral endowment, and his worst enemy never hinted that he lacked brains. He was torn between opposite parties,—Jermyn and the Queen's friends on the one side, and the patriotic Cavaliers, Hyde, Ormond, Rupert, and Montrose, on the other. A more heroic and devoted band of counsellors than the latter

never existed. Montrose, the stainless Bayard, and in some ways the foremost military genius, of his age, sacrificed himself for a master who readily gave him up to his enemies. Ormond and Hyde set their faces resolutely against the Scottish adventure, but Charles, who was sick of his foreign exile, had his own way in the end, and embarked upon one of the most ridiculous fiascos in history. He suffered richly for his folly. Long sermons and faithful dealings became his portion for many days, for by the irony of fate he had foresworn that party in Scotland which would have died gladly for his house, and allied himself with one which cared for little beyond theological abstractions. He became a finished dissembler, talking the jargon of his friends more fluently than themselves. Thus he wrote after Dunbar : " We cannot but acknowledge that the stroake and tryal is very hard to be borne, and would be impossible for us and you in human strength, but in the Lord's we are bold and confident." Worcester followed Dunbar, and then came that marvellous escape which showed what Charles might have become in happier circumstances if the outlaw and adventurer in his blood had been given free scope. And then after some dull, impoverished years came the Restoration, and the education of the King of England was complete.

Let us take the man first on his professional side, as a politician. Politically he was a foreigner. He

knew more of Spain and France than of England ; he could understand the motives of Louis far more readily than the mind of an Anglican Bishop or a Presbyterian soldier, much less such relics as Harrison, who waited to fight in the left wing at Armageddon. He was too idle to be very ambitious, and however clearly he might see the facts, his nature led him in the path of least resistance. But his indolence, which might have left him in the power of strong men, was counteracted by his self-indulgence, which put him in the hands of worthless women. He starved the Navy to adorn his mistresses. Since he needed money, he sought for it in the likeliest quarter, France, and so by compelling England to take the wrong side in the great international quarrel of Europe, prepared the way for the expulsion of his house. He let himself grow weary of Clarendon, as Nero grew weary of Seneca, and the man to whom he owed his throne left the palace in disgrace, pursued by Lady Castlemaine's mocking laughter. He was guilty of two crimes of unparalleled political baseness,—the war with the Dutch in 1672 and his attitude towards the Popish Terror. The only manly act we can set against them was his refusal to be bullied into barring his brother from the succession. And with it all he came to have an extraordinary insight into the real position of parties, as he had always had a remarkable understanding of individual hearts. He saw through the rather shoddy patriotism of the Whigs

as he had discounted the Anglican fervour of Clarendon, and by that act of genius, the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, he checkmated all parties, appealed to the people, and won. He died thoroughly successful, for though he had taken countless false steps and prepared the way for the Revolution, he had got all he asked, and had James been as wise a player William might never have landed. True statesmanship demands patriotism and foresight, but if Charles was far from this, he was yet an incomparable politician and a great intelligence.

Of the rest of his character the trait which has captured men's fancy is his good-humour. Much of it, to be sure, was mere robust health and a careless mind, but something was due to his great knowledge of men. He could adapt his conversation to every circle, and be a "gracious youth" to Robert Baillie, a boon companion to the Mays and Chiffins, a vulgarian with Lauderdale and Nell Gwynn, a scholar with Rupert and Burnet, and a fellow-sportsman with the Newmarket set. He could jest, and jest wittily, at anything, from his own appearance to Bishop Ken's sermons. Part was cynicism, into which his early insouciance had developed; part was simple absence of vanity. Frivolity is perhaps the best word, the frivolity not of the Stuarts, that dark, melancholy race, but of the Bourbons, whom the Grande Mademoiselle had called "*gens fort appliqués aux bagatelles et*

peu solides." He would spend an evening with his women hunting a moth while the Dutch were at Chatham, and Captain Douglas, of the *Royal Oak*, had sent his men ashore and was burning along with his ship rather than desert his post. Business to him was a "foolish, idle, impertinent thing." He found amusement in odd places, even in a House of Lords debate, and let us admit that this farcical element was equally present in the hour of danger. Indeed, there is farce in the very fibre of the times, in Parliament as well as in Whitehall. The most memorable speech in the debate on the impeachment of Danby was made by Lord Carnarvon, whom the Duke of Buckingham had made drunk for the purpose; and the Habeas Corpus Act was only passed in the Lords because the tellers in joke had counted one very fat peer as ten. But more remarkable than this frivolity of Charles was his ingrained selfishness and self-deception; for sincere though he was with himself in minor affairs, in things which touched his honour he had a great gift of moral blindness. His whole treatment of the Popish Plot agitation, and his conduct about the death of Lord Stafford, are illustrations. He was not without the easy generosity of the selfish man; he was naturally kind, when he had not to trouble himself too much; but his charity was never more than a casual impulse. He was free from superstition, like all sceptics; he was moderate and tolerant; and, say his apologists, he could see through and despise

his companions. Such virtues are all traits of the half-hearted and selfish man, without religion or ideals.

In one thing, to be sure, he was single-hearted,—his amusements. He was an excellent athlete, a great walker, sailor, huntsman, a superb horseman, and so devoted to angling that he went out in all weathers, to the despair of his doctors. He was not a drunkard, but he drank often to excess, and shortened the days of the Court dandies, who had not his constitution. It was the fashion of the time, and he was certainly not a harder drinker than Monk or Carnarvon or old Van Tromp, whom the University of Oxford collectively and individually laboured to make drunk. But his relations with women were so far in advance even of that loose age that Pepys, “the prurient *bourgeois*,” blushes to think of them. Every type, well-born lady and child of the London streets, English and foreign, pretty and comparatively ugly, was the same to his capacious heart. Of his treatment of his unhappy wife it is best to say nothing; but we may note that Mr Airy succeeds in showing, as against Burnet, that it was she, and not the Duchess of Portsmouth, who attended his deathbed. It is a hideous picture, and in the whole history of his affections we can discover only two bright spots,—his constant friendship for the great Ormond, and his love for his child-sister, the short-lived and adorable Henrietta of Orleans. On the whole, he



was perhaps the most worthless fellow who ever sat on the English throne, worthless because he had great talents and great chances, and, in a sense, great qualities. He had courage which he never exercised, shrewdness which he misused, health and charm which he frittered away. "He had no worthier standard of right and wrong," says Mr Airy, "than his own ease, and he lived and died without beliefs, without enthusiasms, and without love."

## THE MAKING OF MODERN SCOTLAND.

## I.

IN all national histories there come periods of complete unsettlement, blind gropings in the dark after wayward gods, when a people seem to have lost all corporate feeling, and fall an easy prey to faction and political heresy. It appears as a rule after some violent breach in national traditions, before the land has accepted the inevitable and set herself to work out for herself a new salvation. Such a period was the seventeenth century for Scotland. The old days of isolation, with their turbulent nobles, easy-going Church, and precarious burgher life, had perished with the Union of the Crowns. Scotland became a neglected appendage to her southern neighbour, and, having lost her national pride, proceeded to make herself the battleground of a dozen selfish parties and a thousand crazy superstitions. The day was still far distant when, the last fight of the Middle Ages having been fought at Culloden, she should undertake seriously and patiently the task of progress.

It is not an attractive epoch for the historian. Incomprehensible, like all seasons of religious war, it yet rarely blossoms into the romance which attends other times of stress and struggle. A very few heroic careers relieve the sad record of disloyalty and intolerance. But it is not so much the hero whose absence we deplore, it is the ordinary man of decent wisdom and intelligible ethics. In the crowd of plotters, bigots, and fanatics we long for the sight of a little common integrity. If it is a dull period for the reader, it is a perplexing subject for the historian. There are long memories in the north, and echoes of old controversy still linger, so that the historian may find himself in conflict with historical opinions held with all the vigour which we are wont to associate with the most controversial points in contemporary politics. A man must be a colourless being indeed to rouse no opposition with a history of seventeenth-century Scotland. Mr Lang has chosen the courageous part, and has written a most candid chronicle,<sup>1</sup> in which he makes no secret of his sympathies. Once upon a time, as he quotes from Malory, Sir Percival, riding through a forest, came upon a lion fighting with a serpent. He drew his sword to help the lion, "for it seemed to him the more natural beast of the twain." Mr Lang's sympathies are with the lion of Stuart

<sup>1</sup> A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation, vol. iii. By Andrew Lang. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

despotism, as against the more subtle tyranny of Kirk and Covenant. Partisan history, provided the historian be honest with his authorities, is to our mind the more trustworthy form, for if the reader be aware of a bias he can allow for it, and is not misled by partiality cloaked under an air of judicial detachment. It is also incomparably the better manner for literary value, for without it we are apt to miss that enthusiasm and sense of drama which can raise history at times to epic rank. Mr Lang's work is always alive; his subject is not a mosaic of forgotten authorities but a living, moving drama, in which he takes sides gallantly, and affects the reader with his own eager interest. His immense industry, it is true, is apt to reveal itself in a multitude of details, which, joined to a staccato style, somewhat blind the reader to the march of events. He is apt, also, to fall into a trick of trivial quotation, and his humour, while a charming companion in dusty places, is sometimes out of season when the story nears the pitch of tragedy. But this is only to say that Mr Lang has chosen to tell his tale in his own way, and if it is not the orthodox way, we have every cause to be grateful for the fresh individuality which it implies.

The spirit and methods of the middle ages were still strong in the land. The Kirk aimed at a theocracy, the nobles at an oligarchy, and the dirk and the ambushade were still, as they had been

of old, the only serious form of constitutional opposition. Toleration for another man's opinion, instead of being regarded as a civic duty and *per se* a religious act, was the most obnoxious of heresies. Both parties were strong and confident, and not till this strength and confidence were broken in many disastrous years could peace be looked for. *Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*; but the poor hag-ridden people were voiceless, dumb supporters of this or that tyranny. The development of the Scottish Kirk from the days of Knox to the Revolution Settlement is one of the ironies of history. In theory, with its General Assembly and its insistence upon spiritual liberty, it was a noble democracy: in practice, unhappily, it thought it its duty to allow liberty of conscience to none but itself. With the meek sentences of the Gospel on its lips it showed an unscrupulous fierceness, a patient malice, and an intolerant selfishness which cast mere secular misdeeds far into the shade. With two such unbeaten antagonisms as the Kirk and the nobles the wisest king who ever sat on a throne could not hope for success. If Charles had granted full toleration to Presbytery one day he would have been met on the next by a request for the persecution of all who differed from it. Israel and Amalek could not dwell peacefully together, and if you have a king who happens to share the faith of Amalek, to talk of compromise is to miss the point of the quarrel. Had Charles I.

been a Henry IV. of France, with a clear keen understanding of secular statesmanship, he might have appealed to the plain common-sense of the people. He must have failed, but he would have left a better reputation behind him in his defeat. But the curse of fanaticism is that it is apt to rouse as its opponent a counter-fanaticism, and the Presbyterian bigot who might have been worsted by a law-abiding Laodicean became a very formidable person when arrayed against an Anglican saint. Charles irritated the nobles by meddling with property and heritable jurisdictions, and he roused the Kirk to fury with his ill-judged liturgy. The preachers desired to override civil authority with spiritual pretensions, but it did not mend matters that the civil power should play the same law-breaking game and interfere with ecclesiastical freedom. Thence arose the ill-omened Covenants, a people banded together in defiance of the law on behalf of an ecclesiastical theory which meant the negation of civil order, and yet with a certain justification for their action from the prior illegalities of the King. It was the old Scots game, "ane band of union," famous in the wars of Hamiltons and Douglasses and Stuarts.

Much sentimental writing [says Mr Lang] has been produced in praise of the noble conduct of the Covenanters. But the point to be kept steadily in mind is this, the resistance to the thoroughly despotic, illegal, and strictly irreligious infliction of the prayer-book on people who

preferred "conceived prayers" was not only justifiable, but most praiseworthy. On the other hand, the expression of that resistance in a document binding them "while sun and moon endure" to a supposed band with Jehovah, was an anachronism fatal to the peace and liberty of two generations. The arrangement, in ten years, bred a civil war within a civil war, and for half a century deluged Scotland with blood and tears.

It had not long to wait for its seal of blood. That ill-managed campaign, known as the Bishops' War, began in 1639, in which the indecision of the king and the entanglement of English affairs gave a Pyrrhic victory to the Covenanters. With success the character of the movement stood clearly revealed, and Montrose and others, who had held by it while it was a protest on behalf of the ancient liberties of Scotland, withdrew from it when it declared itself as a very shady political rebellion. The leadership fell into the hands of half-witted fanatics like Johnston of Waristoun and selfish double-dealers like Argyll. The truth is that the Covenanters up to the Restoration were primarily a political party, using the fanaticism which ran wild in their ranks as one of their weapons of offence. They intrigued with France, and were rebuffed by Richelieu,—surely a curious situation for the godly,—while their intolerance, being unchecked, grew to such proportions that "the Lord's Prayer began to grow out of fashion, as being a set form." It was forbidden

to seek edification by private meetings, though Blair and Samuel Rutherford had leanings that way. In 1642 the General Assembly demanded the establishment of Presbyterianism in England, which apparently was to result in "the voice of harpers harping with their harps which shall fill the whole island with melody and mirth." What Englishmen, nonconformists and churchmen alike, thought of this proposed orchestra is evident enough from their deeds at Dunbar and Worcester. In 1645, when things had gone very far wrong, Montereul, the French envoy, suggested to the Scottish Commissioners that their proselytising zeal was as great a civic danger as the king's, and that English religion might be trusted to take care of itself. They replied that they had consciences, that they were bound by a sacred Covenant, and that neither consciences nor Covenant could be safe unless England were Presbyterian. It is the last word in intolerance. If the Church was to override the civil law in Scotland and introduce a reign of terror in spiritual things, it was bad enough; but when it carried its missionary zeal to England, it made ready its own destruction. The heavy hand of Cromwell was to fall upon these pretensions, and with their downfall to destroy for a time Scots national liberty. "When we follow the ruinous course of misgovernment under the Restoration, we must remember that the administration, in



many ways lawless and cruel, was trying to beat down the old intolerable Presbyterian pretensions, the immortality of the Covenant, as eternally binding on the whole posterity of the generation which entered into that most mischievous of bands."

There were not absent words of warning against the result which must follow from this ecclesiastical tyranny. Some of the ministers, like Beattie and Livingstone, hesitated much, and there were doubtless many decent lairds and burghers who shook their heads over it. But one man only saw the issue with perfect clearness and had the strength to give effect to his conviction. Montrose is the one purely heroic figure of the age, the one man whose patriotism was stained by no thought of self-interest, and whose spirit only rose the higher in misfortune. We see him first an enthusiastic boyish Covenanter, mounted on a puncheon on the great day at Stirling in 1638, which led the prophetic Rothes to remark, "James, you will not be at rest till you be lifted up above the rest, in three fathom of a rope." A little later we find him disgusted at the fury and folly of his associates, and drawing over to the side which he thought would give a better guarantee of sane government. Mr Gardiner thinks Argyll as much superior to Montrose in statesmanship as he was inferior in courage; but it seems to us that no historian has done full justice to the sound political ideals underlying his career, in which, as in char-

acter, he stood far beyond his generation. "If this be what you call liberty," said Lord Perth on one occasion, "God send me the old slavery again." This was Montrose's attitude towards the cant of freedom which buttressed every tyranny of the age. In the curious paper on Sovereignty printed by Mr Mark Napier he defends the monarchical establishment on the very sane ground that the consequence of usurpation of power by the subject must lead through anarchy to a far more rigorous despotism, the tyranny of the One, the popular dictator. "The One," says Mr Lang, "was then walking about England in clothes ill-made by a country tailor; his sword very close by his side; a speck of blood noticed on his little white band." His loyalty to the king was partly a point of honour—"My resolution is to carry along with me fidelity and honour to the grave"—but partly the recognition that in a strong monarchy lay the only bulwark against the unbearable tyranny of sects and factions. He is the first great democrat in our history: on the side of the Covenant when the Covenant was a popular cause; on the side of the king when it had become the buttress of an intolerant Kirk and a selfish oligarchy of nobles. For the rest he was the complete Cavalier—poet, scholar, and warrior in one. "He was naturally inclined to humility," wrote Wishart, "courtesy, gentleness, and freedom of carriage, . . . affecting rather the real posses-

sion of men's hearts than the frothy and outward show of reverence, and therefore was all reverence thrust upon him, since all did love him." He had a boyish temper, and loved "to do great things gallantly and with an air." In war he was as humane as he was bold, and his loyalty did not waver though his master played him false, and in the end left him, like Strafford, to his fate. He had never an effective army, never such a force as Cromwell or Washington or Napoleon led, but at the best an ill-armed levy of a few loyal clans and some ill-assorted mercenaries. He was hampered, too, by playing in a game in which he had no supporters of his own calibre, where his victories could not be used, and where he must have known there was no hope of ultimate success. But in spite of all he remains the foremost Scots soldier who ever waged war in Scotland, one of the few Scots generals who in point of military genius reach almost to the front rank. And with his character, his statesmanship, his skill in battle, and his indomitable courage he stands forth as one of the greatest of his countrymen.

Few campaigns can equal in romance his *annus mirabilis* of 1644. In the month of March he rode out of Oxford with Aboyne and other northern lords, hoping to pick up some forces in Northumberland for his Scots expedition. He was a day late for Marston Moor, and the issue of that stern field

deprived him of the following he had looked for. Then began his wild journey to the north, disguised as a groom, till on the braes of Atholl he fell in with young Colkitto and his Irishry and a mixed force of Perthshire clans. With these he defeated Elcho at Tippermuir, and won the honour of a price of £1500 on his head, from the economical if sanguinary Committee of Estates. Followed the capture of Aberdeen, and the melting down of pewter vessels to make bullets for his impoverished army. He crossed Scotland to the Great Glen, where Argyll was waiting for him at Inverlochy, and Seaforth at Inverness. He was apparently caught between two fires, but by a flank-march, which is one of the great marches in our history, he returned by Tarff and Spean, caught the Campbells unaware at the foot of Glen Nevis, and put the great Whig sept out of action. Then for a brief period was seen that sight much desired by many honest clans, "the heather above the gall." Meanwhile it had become apparent that there was no help forthcoming from England, and that his undisciplined army could not hold together for long without supplies or reinforcements. He took Dundee, and, retreating before Baillie's army, met and defeated Hurry in a remarkable cavalry battle at Auldearn. At Alford he defeated Baillie, and again at Kilsyth, before David Leslie, hastening from England, could bring his picked soldiery against him. Henceforth

the great Marquis was marching to his doom. He found the south country lairds, the Johnstones, Douglasses, and Stuarts of Traquair, strong in promises and feeble in performance. He was caught in the mist at Philiphaugh on Yarrow, and his dwindling forces were scattered to the winds. Ordered by his master to disband, he escaped to Holland, where he remained during the gloomy tragedy of Charles's execution. Charles II. appointed him Captain-General of Scotland; and at his desire, and relying on Scots promises, he returned to make one last effort for the cause which he had served so well. All know the tragic sequel. The heart of Scotland may indeed, as Montrose believed, have been with him,—“All men being weary and impatient to live any longer under that bondage,”—but the spirit of Scotland flagged, wearied out with piety and poverty. Betrayed for some sour oatmeal, so tradition says, by Macleod of Assynt, he was carried to Edinburgh to undergo the tender mercies of his enemies. He looked for and received no pity, but death had small terror for one who had few ties to life. His conscience was void of offence, for he had waged war like an honourable gentleman for a clean and sane ideal, endeavouring to restrain the excesses of his men, and never showing the bloodthirsty malice of his opponents. All the noble circumstances of his end have been lovingly remembered by posterity, and no death-scene, not even Raleigh's or Balmerino's,

has more tragic dignity. His head was placed on the usual spike, to be taken down at a later date to make room for Argyll's; his body was buried under the gallows, but afterwards removed by Charles II. to a worthy resting-place in St Giles's Church. As for his heart, like the heart of Bruce, it suffered many strange adventures. Embalmed in a steel casket made from his sword, it remained in the possession of the Napier family, was struck by a shot in a battle off Cape Verd, was carried to India, where it lay for some time in the treasure-house of the Nabob of Arcot, and finally disappeared in France during the wars of the Revolution. His character, long obscured by the hatred of his opponents, is now seen in its true light—on the one side, the last of the heroes of chivalry; on another, a modern statesman preaching out of due season the truths of toleration and order.

Not for Montrose [says Mr Lang], *felix opportunitate mortis*, was to be the spectacle of chicanery, hypocrisy, and perjury; of defeat and ruin; of return to a loveless life with harlots and jesters, that awaited the king for whom he died. What place was there for Montrose in the satyr rout, or among the dull misgovernors of the Restoration. He was not born, like Lauderdale, to be the butt of the filthy practical jokes of Charles II., or to hunt brave ignorant peasants, like the later "glory of the Grahams." He had carried fidelity and honour to the grave. He had as deliberately chosen the path of honour, with certain death before his eyes, as did Jeanne d'Arc when her Voices foretold her fate in the fosse at Melun.

With Montrose honour disappears for the time from Scots politics. The Covenant had sowed the wind, and for long years it was to be engaged in the dismal task of reaping the whirlwind. Scotland was left to the shifty policies of Argyll, to the declamation of the ministers against England, abortive and half-hearted nationalist enterprises, silly and dishonest attempts to turn Charles II. into a youthful Timothy, and the ultimate *débâcle* of the theocracy. Hamilton, "a trumpery body," but a gentleman and a tolerably honest one, played the last Royalist card at Preston and lost. But Royalism continued to simmer in the north, even in the hearts of the preachers, being indeed no more than a hatred of England and the sectaries who were marching north to teach them toleration. The Reverend Mr Blair of St Andrews purposed to attend Charles I. on the scaffold and deliver his testimony: "He laid his account to die with the king, and would as willingly have laid down his head to the hatchet as ever he laid his head to a pillow,"—which was no doubt true, for the ministers' aims, evil and ruinous as they were to Church, State, and people, were yet a courageous folly. Meanwhile, it may be supposed, things were preparing for the great backsliding of the Restoration, for up and down Scotland quiet, honest-living men must have been everywhere reflecting upon the present discontents and casting up their accounts with the Covenant.

That amazing pact, drawn up by a preacher and a crazy lawyer, had indeed played havoc with the nation. It had made Scots honour to stink in the nostrils of Europe. If we may judge from the reports of contemporary travellers, it had not improved the private morality of the people. It had created a Church which demanded complete spiritual and temporal ascendancy for itself, but denied a vestige of spiritual liberty to any other communion. This Church, claiming in substance to hold the keys of hell and heaven, excommunicated as ruthlessly as the Roman Church in its palmyest hours, and dictated to the civil power with a folly of which that great Church was never guilty. The Providence, which does not gladly suffer fools, was preparing for it its reward. Because the preachers would not leave war to the soldiers, they lost their battles. Because they attempted to guide the affairs of Scotland, they reduced their country once and again to the lowest degradation, and on several occasions brought themselves most deservedly to the gallows. Because they had instituted a tyranny too hard for human nature to bear, their Church had to face a national revulsion of feeling which denied to it even spiritual liberty and prepared the way for the long lack-lustre *régime* of the eighteenth century. Intolerance had raised up a counter-intolerance: the exaggeration of spiritual claims led to the obscuration of true spiritual life in Scotland for a hundred years. This old blunder, indeed,



left behind it a doctrine which even now crops up in ecclesiastical affairs, that false view of spiritual liberty which would give the Church also a temporal sacrosanctity. Among the protesting divines who denied the other day the justice of a decision of the courts, on the ground of interference with spiritual independence, we can still hear an echo of the heresy of Blair and Guthrie.

Meanwhile there was marching north a man who saw very clearly the conditions of civil government, and was not prone to yield either to thunderings from the pulpit or to intrigues from the backstairs. The advent of Cromwell and his dragoons, though it meant the defeat and degradation of Scotland, yet affects us with something of the satisfaction with which we watch Napoleon treading out in blood the embers of the Revolution. "The lion is the more natural beast of the twain." As an exponent of the new doctrine of toleration he must have long held the Scots in aversion, "which Heaven was pleased to increase on better acquaintance." He made no mistake about his opponents. "By your hard and subtle words," he wrote, "you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much in matters of conscience—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God—depend upon you. Your own guilt is too much for you to bear. . . . Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that you say? I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, think it possible that you may be mis-

taken. There may be a Covenant made with Death and Hell." Mr Lang, relying largely upon Mr Douglas's valuable study of Cromwell's Scottish campaign, has given us a clear and graphic picture of the fight of Dunbar, where Leslie was overridden by a bevy of preachers and the Kirk suffered its crowning humiliation. After his victory Cromwell seems to have enjoyed himself immensely. He argued with the ministers, and when they preached against him asked them to dinner. The Covenanters had another fit of Royalism, which ended disastrously at Worcester, and inspired Charles with an imperishable hatred of his allies. Cromwell went on contentedly with his plain work of reform, judicial, social, and ecclesiastical. He curbed the intolerable power of the presbyteries, and thereby gave so much encouragement to honest men that Sir Alexander Irving of Drum was moved to tell the ministers that their wild charges were "but undigested rhapsodies of confused nonsense," and yet suffered no scaith. He likewise prepared a scheme of Union with England, inaugurated free trade with the South, and began the defeudalising of Scottish institutions. The hand of the great master of statecraft is on all his work. In that *inferno* of malice and intolerance it is pleasing to come upon a man who could compass magnanimity. When Livingstone prayed for the king and for "those poor men" that usurped his place, Cromwell was besought to punish him, but refused,

saying, "Let him alone, he is a good man, and what are we but poor men in comparison with kings of England?"

The Restoration meant a very complete sweeping out of the fair edifice which fanatics and plotters had furnished for themselves in Scotland. Men like Argyll, Guthrie, and Waristoun could, of course, hope for no mercy, and they received none. But personal questions soon disappeared in face of the larger problem—How was the return of anarchy to be prevented? Charles II. was not a bigot, and he had no special devotion to Episcopacy. He began by proposing to continue the Presbyterian system, provided he did not suffer from "visits from preachers." But it became gradually clear to him and his advisers that Presbytery was for the present identified with certain illegal and dangerous civil claims, and that it would be safer to erect a modified Episcopacy as a screen against these dangers. This was probably the original policy of both Sharp and Lauderdale: they wanted "some scheme more moderate than actual Episcopacy, less intolerant than intolerant Presbyterianism." It proved impossible, and the two went with the tide. There was thus a certain justification for the establishment of Episcopacy as an obstacle to the encroachments of Presbyterianism, but those who thought such encroachments right could not be expected to admit this justification, and in any case it was an undoubted interference

with the liberty of the citizen to order his worship as he pleased. It was a very modest restoration, being chiefly concerned with re-creating dioceses, appointing bishops, and forbidding the meeting of synods. No attempt was made to impose a liturgy. But it was a mistaken policy, since it had in it the elements of indefinite extension, and in the hands of a man like Middleton it was soon pushed to excess. The imposition of an oath declaring covenants unlawful—defensible enough, but bad tactics—was followed by the ejection of ministers who would not swear. If all that the Government wanted was to keep Presbyterians in order, they had gone the worst way about it. The unhappy conformist ministers found life a burden; the ejected took to the moorlands, and carried their flocks with them. For the first time in their history the Covenanters begin to inspire us with respect, for they had now a just cause to fight for, and with the growth of their cause in worth they themselves began to advance in moral stature. The men who took to the heather in 1667 were of a different stamp from the busybodies of 1640. Erastianism had been carried too far. They fought not for a reactionary creed but for the ancient liberties of man. The clerical side of the agitation was, indeed, as usual, not above suspicion; but it is impossible to withhold our sympathy from the rank and file, who in the lost cause fought as sincerely for freedom as their ancestors had under

a Douglas or a Randolph. "I never saw lustier fellows or better marchers," wrote Sir James Turner, a far from friendly critic, as he was jogging along as a prisoner of the Covenant in the Pentland Rising. Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, a gentle, scholarly, ineffectual soul, strove hard to mend the quarrel; but it requires a fierce man to enforce meekness in a rabble of fanatics and debauchees. The indulgence did not help matters: the protected clergy on the one side were shamefully harried; the hill-folk on the other suffered that persecution which still remains one of the darkest memories of southern Scotland.

The murder of Sharp in 1679 was the Rubicon which, once passed, meant civil war *à outrance*. There has seldom appeared in a religious struggle a band of wilder desperadoes — saving only Rathillet, who is one of the mysteries of history — than the men who fled from Magus Moor to carry the fiery cross through the Westlands. Thenceforth the fires of persecution were seven times heated, for to the Government Balfour and his friends were not mere nonconformists to be imprisoned and fined, but anarchists striking at the foundations of civil order. With one blunder and another Lauderdale and his colleagues had driven the bulk of the Lowland peasantry into opposition, and, as must happen in such struggles, the issues were confused, and, while some fought for a pernicious and illegal Covenant, others stood

for a common-sense doctrine of spiritual liberty. This is the tragedy of the Persecution. Honest herds and weavers, the best stuff in Scottish life, found themselves leagued with wild revolutionaries and shady political intriguers in one common opposition. At the back of the revolt were certain fanatics in Holland—Browne, M'Ward, and the like—a survival from the bad days before Dunbar, who stirred up the Pedens, Cargills, and Renwicks, who were in turn the spiritual leaders of the hill-folk. It is idle to deny the existence of a sincere and self-sacrificing piety, which ran wild in minds like Balfour's and Hamilton's till it became a murderous lunacy, but in men like Cleland and Paton of Meadowhead made of its possessors upright and honourable gentlemen. Men such as Peden and Renwick were also able and honest natures, but sufferings and privations distorted their judgment and fired their imagination till they acquired unholy gifts of prophecy, and came to fight not so much against Charles or James as against the whole fabric of civilised society. They acquired a vast dæmonic influence over women and even children, and in a little changed the straightforward creed of plain country folk into the strangest of transcendentalisms. Small wonder if with such elements in its constitution the Presbyterian revolt split into many factions. "There can be no doubt," says Mr Lang, "that if the armed brethren of both parties had

now been left unmolested by persecution, there would have been a Presbyterian Armageddon." Presbytery, as Hobbes noticed forty years before, made for the multiplication of sects. "There is no so dangerous an enemy to the Presbyterians as the brood of their own hatching." Richard Cameron, who founded a sect which gave its name to a famous regiment, and once made overtures to Prince Charlie, believed in blood and iron, and had thoughts of conducting a campaign on those lines to the gates of Rome. Cargill, who after Airdrie excommunicated the king and the bulk of the Scots people and was hanged at the instigation of Argyll, preached the doctrine of "killing no murder," which obviously no State could tolerate. So did Renwick, an attractive figure crazed by early sufferings, in the famous "Apologetical Declaration" of 1684. It was the old impossible creed of Presbyterian domination, which had to be crushed before Scotland could attain the semblance of a nation: the pity is that the crushing was not done by better men and on wiser methods. In such a witches' Sabbath of disorder our interest goes to the wildest,—men like the Black Macmillan, who were mere bandits, or Meikle John Gibb, who led the Sweet Singers in their faithful contendings. Even Mr Cargill objected to the doings of Meikle John, who began life as a mariner and ended as a medicine-man

among the Red Indians. Let Mr Lang tell of his doings.

He drew about twenty-six women and three men after him, "the greater part of them serious, exercised, tender, zealous, gracious souls." Their nonconformist consciences rebelled against "all Crown dues, excise, and customs," wherefore they consistently abstained from "ale, tobacco, and other fool things." They retired to the Pentlands "to see the smoke and utter ruin of the sinful bloody city Edinburgh." Here they confessed to each other "sins that the world hath not heard of," which argues extreme originality in vice. As they skulked in a great moss called The Deer Slunk, Mr Cargill visited them, though Gibb said that they did much better without ministers. Gibb carried pistols to use on husbands who came seeking their gracious exercised wives. . . . Gibb burned a Bible, apparently because the *versified* psalms are not "inspired," a point about which doubt is impossible. On the night before, a light shone round Gibb and another man as they prayed in the moss; just as "a strange light surrounded" Mr Welsh while he walked in the dark. Mr Gibb, like many another sufferer, was sent to America, where, says Walker, "he was much admired by the heathen for his familiar converse with the devil bodily."

The tide of persecution waxed and waned, and the true Killing-Time, when the worst atrocities occurred, synchronised with an epoch of political plotting which may well have broken the nerve of the Government. Many of the incidents recorded are untrue; some have been grossly ex-



aggrerated; but when everything has been said it is unfortunately impossible to doubt that many monstrous crimes were perpetrated. Irregular levies, serving rascally captains and under the control of an unstable and unwise Government, are not the best executors of harsh if necessary measures. No doubt to most of the crimes a legal justification can be attached; but in most there is some incident of barbarity, and in such a tragedy as the drowning of Margaret Wilson at Wigtown there is a brutality which her countrymen have never forgotten. At the same time, it must be remembered that the bulk of the ministers were preaching flat treason and anarchy, and that to follow such leaders might reasonably be interpreted as rebellion by a Government perplexed with English plots and Dutch invasions. The blood of the innocent victims, as Mr Lang truly says, is "on the heads of the casuists as well as of the Council." It is unlikely that Claverhouse was ever consciously guilty of the cruelty of ruffians like Lag and Bonshaw. In many of his letters he shows compunction at the pain which he held it his duty to inflict. Some of the charges against him, such as the murder of Christian Fife, can be proved to be late inventions. As Constable of Dundee, he secured the abolition of hanging for petty thefts—a remarkable reform in its way, and not significant of a cruel mind. The chief charge against him is the manner of

the death of John Brown, if indeed any detail of that difficult story can be accepted as certain. If Claverhouse's commission was legal, the execution was legal enough, for it was well within it; but the mind revolts at the tale of this honest peasant pistolled for a technicality. The truth seems to be that John Graham was one of those men who are born with a natural sense of order, a natural talent for quelling insurrection and making crooked things straight, and who in the work deliberately sacrifice the finer qualities of mind and spirit which they abundantly possess. When his duty was clear to him, he would do it at all costs; but he had no subtle instinct to harmonise conflicting obligations. If he served his king, the gentleness and graces of life must go to limbo. The man who on his wedding-day left his bride to scour the mosses for Whigs was an invaluable and single-hearted officer, but he scarcely attained the moral calibre of his great kinsman. It is impossible, however, to deny the justice of his policy in the abstract. He wished to have the ministers clapped in jail, certain that if the leaders were removed the people would recover their political sanity. "In the greatest crimes," he wrote, "it is thought wisest to pardon the multitude and punish the ringleaders." And again: "I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves. But when one dies justly, for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in

the like, I have no scruple." It was the creed of another and more famous political philosopher. "Leaders of a commotion," wrote Hobbes, "should be punished—not the poor seduced people. To be severe to the people is to punish that ignorance which may in great part be imputed to the sovereign whose fault it was that they were no better instructed."

The strife, however, was nearing its end. Honest men were disgusted alike with the ways of the Stuarts and the ways of the preachers, and asked nothing save a tolerably honest and efficient government, and peace and liberty to go about their own business. The spiritual fires which had raged so hotly for a century were burning themselves down, and the day was dawning of that recoil from enthusiasm and devotion to the practical and the reasonable which characterised eighteenth-century Scotland, and stamped for good the national character. Fanaticism had isolated itself, as always happens in the long-run, and in its isolation flamed to a wilder height. Two incidents remain, which may be taken as the last sign-posts of the old disorders. In February 1688 Renwick, the last "martyr," suffered in the Grassmarket, having been prosecuted by a Whig Lord Advocate, Sir James Dalrymple. Considering his views on the legality of murder, there could be no other result, and indeed towards the end this unfortunate young man had gone to strange lengths, having among

other things excommunicated the whole of the ministers of Scotland. It is a mark of the growing change of atmosphere that many of his opponents interceded for his life. No one of the Covenanters was of purer or more courageous spirit, and even the prosaic Wodrow cannot dim the attractions of his memory. That such a man should have suffered at twenty-six, having been driven into a kind of madness by a foolish tyranny and an impossible creed, is the most serious indictment of both Government and Covenant. In 1685 Argyll, the son of Gillespie Gruamach, was beheaded for his invasion of the West in Monmouth's interest. He is a nobler and more interesting figure than his father, though it is odd that one who voted for Cargill's death should be remembered by his countrymen as a Covenanting hero. His expedition was ill-planned and ill-led; but as a great Highland chief he had aforetime shown some capacity, and it is probable that the side he took was rather the result of his ill-treatment at Court than any serious conviction. He died worthily, for, like Lochiel on a later day, his thoughts were all for the protection of his clansmen.

The Revolution cleared the air by showing all parties their real desires. Toleration, political and ecclesiastical, which all had come to wish for, was established in substance by law, or at least such persecution as remained was practised "on the

line of least resistance." It was the turn of the Episcopalians now, but they lacked the *vates sacer* to chronicle their sufferings. The corrupt and incompetent Government was upset, and, what was far more important, the despotism of the Kirk was broken beyond hope of restoration. "The long war," says Mr Lang, "of one hundred and thirty years' duration between Kirk and State closed with the restored prominence of the Kirk without the Covenants, and with a saner conception of the powers and duties of the preachers. The two divine rights, that of sacred hereditary monarchy and that of the apostolic privileges of preachers, had clashed so long and fiercely that they destroyed each other." The lion and the serpent were both dead of their wounds. The chronicle of the dreary century ends, if not with contentment, at least with substantial peace, since moderate men had come to their own again. Meanwhile the irreconcilables, the King's friends and the Covenant's friends, followed each their own paths. The Cameronians retired to brood in the western moorlands over ecstatic visions of an approaching Armageddon; and Claverhouse, called thus late to a man's task, rode north under the star of Montrose to find a hero's death at Killiecrankie.

## II.

The years between 1688 and 1745 saw the end of the old Scotland and the beginning of the new. The seventeenth century, with its wars of catch-words and rival fanaticisms, its political confusion and economic stagnation, left the country in the apathy of exhaustion. The despotism of the Stuarts and the tyranny of the Kirk were both things of the past. At last Scotland had leisure to face her own peculiar problems and to set her own house in order. But the old strife had left perilous legacies behind it. A country devastated by a century of unrest cannot acquire self-confidence and enterprise in a day. It is apt to seek the cure for its evils in external change rather than in internal reform. Scotland's problem was not an easy one. She had to find some means of bringing a poor and barren land into line with her rich southern neighbour, and at the same time to maintain the individuality of her national character. Small wonder that her first experiments were futile, and that bitter lessons had still to be learned before she came to her own. The first half of the eighteenth century is filled with such vain endeavours. Expedient after expedient is tried and fails, till in very hopelessness the land is driven back upon herself and compelled to work out slowly and patiently her salvation from within. But if the landmarks of the epoch

are all failures, we are not therefore to assume that Scotland stood still. From the day that moderation triumphed officially in Kirk and State, everywhere throughout the country a new spirit was abroad. Minds long perplexed with ecclesiastical trifling turned to more fruitful matters, and even in the long tale of poverty and discontent we seem to be in a clearer and more hopeful air. Mr Lang in his last volume brings his *History* to a worthy close. The casual reader will scarcely do justice to the research which has gone to compile these chapters, but to any student of the period who knows roughly the kind of authorities on which the conventional history is based, the author's industry must seem little short of amazing. Moreover, the period dealt with in the last volume has the unity of a single contest, and the reader is in less danger of bewilderment from a multitude of details. No good history can be written without enthusiasm, and Mr Lang is fortunate in his subject, for to him the pipes that "played for Chairlie" have always been a fairy song. With a grace of style and a tenderness that no other writer could compass he has written of that last glimpse of the older romance, when, in a world already prosaic and modern, ancient faiths and loyalties flowered for a time in a brief St Martin's summer.

The Revolution of 1688 first brought Scotland out of her old feudalism under a semblance of constitutional government. Parliamentary reform was

a crying need, and the nascent democracy demanded the abolition of that ancient grievance—the Lords of the Articles. For a little there was a fierce constitutional strife—an agitation liberal rather than patriotic. But soon men's eyes were turned from the Parliament House to the North, where Dundee and his clans were making their last stand for the old *régime*. In April 1689 he unfurled the Royal Standard on a hill-top near the town from which he took his title, and, retreating before Mackay, began to draw to his side the many disaffected clans. The Fiery Cross was sent round, and Mackay's little force of 700 was all but swallowed up in Badenoch. Soon Dundee had collected an army of over 4000—Macleans, Stewarts, Camerons, and Macdonalds,—and Lochiel came to add his unique knowledge of Highland warfare to the skill of the Lowland commander. Mackay made a fresh start from Edinburgh with 4000 foot and a considerable body of horse, hoping to join hands with Argyll and scatter the clans in Lochaber. Dundee was at Blair when he heard of his enemy's proximity, and, urged by Lochiel, decided on giving battle. Mackay had cleared the pass, and the battle was joined in the haugh below Urrard. He made a speech, "in one vast and wandering sentence, about what his men owed to the Protestant religion and to their own safety." At sunset Dundee charged, with what issue all men know, and crowned a not ignoble life with a hero's



death. It was the last effort of the loyalists for the time. Dunkeld, the incapacity of Cannon, and Mackay's skill once more gave the Government peace to devote its mind to civil troubles.

The Revolution Settlement was Erastian to the core, and as such unpopular with many classes in the nation. Carstares, William's chief adviser in Scottish affairs, desired to conciliate the large middle party, and let Episcopalians on the one hand and Cameronians on the other complain as loudly as they pleased. There was a diminished but still vigorous Remnant in the west, who objected to taxes for the upkeep of the "idolatrous occupants upon the throne," and referred habitually to William as the "head of the Malignants, Prelatics, Indulged, Toleratists, and Sectarians in these lands." Of this Remnant we shall shortly have news. For a moment the horror of Glencoe diverted the national interest once again from such prosaic matters. The main burden of guilt for the massacre must fall upon Stair. The fault of William lay in his refusal to do justice upon the guilty. "Not one of the murderers was punished, none was tried, all were promoted." Mr Lang is inclined to go further, and think that the king knew not only that the Macdonalds were to be uprooted and dispossessed, but actually exterminated. "It is an inexplicable blot on the character of a great, brave, wise, tolerant, and very useful man, and there is no more to be said." Glencoe

did not tend to soothe a people already beginning to suffer grievously from their southern neighbour. English jealousy hampered Scottish trade and industry, and Scotland's own protective system, as seen in the case of the New Mills Company, worked hardship upon the consumer. Small wonder that there were wild-cat schemes in the air to increase the national fortunes by some bold adventure. The Darien Scheme had no hope in it from the start. "The world at large was expected to purchase Scottish products, and when the scheme took practical shape great consignments of heavy tweeds and serges, perruques, kid gloves, thick blue bonnets, and Bibles were hurried out to supply a non-existing demand, that of the natives of tropical America!" But this folly was not visible to the promoters or to the subscribers, or even to English men of business, for John Locke advised the English Government to steal Paterson's plan and undertake the task of the Scottish Company. The Government mismanaged things as badly as possible. They gave the Scots adventurers legal privileges, and then did all in their power to thwart them. The result was utter failure, a serious financial loss to an already poverty-stricken country, and a new and very real grievance against England.

Union, it soon became evident to most people, was the only alternative to complete separation. The difficulties in the way of the Commission, whom

the Queen appointed to discuss the matter, were serious enough in all conscience. The Presbyterians feared for the people of Zion if they were joined with prelatie Moab, and the Cavalier party, who detested the project for other reasons, worked on their fears. The Court party, headed by Queensberry, was on the English side, and the "Country party" was as vehemently against it. There was much irritation on all sides with the English management of Scottish affairs, seeing that Scottish opinion was scarcely admitted to consideration. But most men in the North, more especially those concerned with trade in any form, saw that Union, for all its drawbacks, was the only way out of the trouble. "They knew that the independent sovereignty had been the cause of poverty and of the expatriation of their youth to fight under foreign flags." Already some of the old family animosities were weakening, and Scottish parties through these years show a kaleidoscopic habit of change. An Argyll had arisen who showed few of the traditional traits of his house, and a Montrose was found voting on the side of the Presbyterians. When the actual struggle came there was a renewed outburst of popular opposition, which represented a sentimental rather than a serious repugnance. Mr Lang shows, to our mind indisputably, that the Cameronians in the west had been led into promise of alliance with the Highlanders early in the winter of 1706, and that Ker of Kersland played an adroit

part in winning their confidence and nullifying their purpose. Such Cameronians did not, of course, act officially through their "societies," but intrigued as individual malcontents. We see from Defoe's correspondence how delicate the whole situation had become, and Scotland needed much anxious shepherding before the Treaty of Union was finally touched with the sceptre on January 16, 1707. "It was a sad old song," says Mr Lang, "that ended, and for many a day the new song was as mournful."

No sooner was the Union completed than a new kind of friction began. English tax-collectors were sent to Scotland to introduce the English system, and smuggling became a national industry. The Jacobites were galvanised into a surprising activity, and for a little found support in many unlikely quarters. Unfortunately they could not hit on a feasible plan, the Presbyterians (on Ker's testimony) wishing a landing in Kirkcudbright, other Lowland sympathisers at Montrose, while the only sensible scheme—General Buchan's for seizing Inverlochy—was scarcely considered. Ker—nominally Jacobite *agent provocateur*, but in reality a Government emissary—did inestimable service to his employers by setting the various parties by the ears. Even with it all, the country might have risen if the king had landed, but the futile enterprise of 1708 ended only in the circumnavigation of Britain. Meantime the Kirk had to suffer many things,

which, says Wodrow, "were very uneasy to the honest old men that have seen the glory of the old temple." Patronage, which had been abolished by an Act of 1690, was restored, and the way was paved for that endless creation of sects which was inevitable when the democratic creed of Presbytery was put on an undemocratic basis. The first of the new "peculiar peoples" were the Macmillanites in Galloway, and their example was soon followed in more reasonable and orthodox dissensions. The country was sick of the Union within a few months of its ratification, and even the Duke of Hamilton confessed to Lockhart that he regretted the share he had taken in carrying it. "The Union of the Crowns," says Lockhart himself, "may be reckoned the fatal Aera from whence we are to commence Scotland's ruin;" and words fail him to express what he thinks of the Union of 1707. He is always, as in his own illustration, "the old, Reverend Gentleman of Fyfe, cloathed all over in the deepest Mourning." Few, perhaps, of the more responsible Scottish statesmen would have advocated its repeal, but the general dissatisfaction gave a cue to those who had never liked it, and whose eyes were always turning to St Germain's, where James waited in a court of bankrupt conspirators for the chance of retrieving the fortunes of his house. To few characters has history been so consistently unjust. A sincerely religious man, he refused to forswear his faith even for a crown.

He is accused of bigotry when his only fault was honesty. He had no petty intolerance, and he gave Prince Charles a Protestant governor, with the result that the Prince's religion became a negligible quantity. Thackeray has drawn him as a wild, brilliant, amorous being, when in reality he was "a sober, diligent, reasonable, sad young man, affectionate, depressed, true to creed and honour." Of his loyalty to his friends his heart-broken correspondence in 1716 bears witness. Few men have had a sadder life. He hated debt, and yet was always in want of money, while he made such small contribution as he could to his poorer supporters. He was surrounded by a needy and mendacious crew, so that he did not know where to turn for disinterested advice. His wife was always in the sulks, and the world sided with her, and pictured her grave husband as a heartless libertine. It cheers one to learn that in the end the scandal became less one-sided, and that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu invented and circulated the tale that the Pope himself was the lover of Clementina. James, unlike his son, was not cast by Providence for desperate enterprises. He had no magnetism, no optimism, none of the dashing qualities which mark the leader of forlorn hopes. But he had a singular depth of patience, courage, and quiet fortitude. He is not one of the great figures of his house, but if he lacked the glamour of the Stuarts, he lacked also their vices.

To shrewd observers, considering the state of the country, a Jacobite rising must have seemed as inevitable as the return of the seasons. England was a powder-magazine, but the powder was damp, and everything depended upon choosing the right moment for the spark. Few enterprises have been more grossly mismanaged than the "Fifteen." There were the usual hopes of aid from Charles of Sweden, of money and troops from France, and of widespread agitation in England. But at the last moment things took a turn for the worse, and the undertaking began in a muddle. Berwick had been telling James that his honour was at stake, and urging him to instant action. In July James received news from Ormonde which seemed to show that the moment was opportune, so without consulting Berwick and Bolingbroke he sent a message to Mar in London fixing August 10 for the Rising. Presently he received bad news from Mar and Ormonde, and immediately took steps to countermand his first order. Allan Cameron, the bearer of the message, was delayed somehow or other, and Mar, in spite of his fuller knowledge of the situation, acted upon James's first hasty message, and raised the standard on September 6. The chief blame must rest on Mar, who set out for Scotland in face of his own unanswered despatch—an act too reckless to deserve the name of gallant. He was a highly incompetent general, and he found himself opposed by Argyll, the wisest and ablest

of living Scotsmen. The details of the campaign are sad reading. At the start Mar may have had 12,000 men, such an army as Montrose or Dundee never commanded, but after his first recklessness he was incapable of swift action, and dallied at Perth waiting on James and reinforcements. James, hopelessly in the dark as to what was happening, did not appear, and the only assistance came from the north of England, where a small knot of Jacobite gentlemen raised the standard—a mistake, probably, for it broadened the area of operations beyond what was reasonable for so small a force. Mar, instead of concentrating against Argyll, sent an expedition under Mackintosh of Borlum across the Forth, which seized Leith, ignominiously failed to take Edinburgh, and then marched south to join Forster and Kenmure. The Rising now divided itself into a Scottish and an English campaign. Wintoun, Nairne, Mackintosh, and Kenmure were prevailed upon by the Northumbrian Jacobites, Widrington, Forster, and Derwentwater, to cross the Border and attempt to rouse the north of England. It was a fatal blunder, against the wish of the Highlanders and of such men as Wintoun, and it involved the leadership of the incapable Forster. With bagpipes playing and drums beating, surely the oddest mixture of Highland and Lowland ever seen, they traversed the north of England, and, says Mr Clarke with unconscious irony, “were joyned by



a jorniman weaver" at Kendal. Marlborough, it is said, was consulted by the English Ministry, and, placing his finger at Preston on the map, he said, "You will take them there." He was not disappointed, for Preston proved to Forster, as before it had proved to Hamilton, the Marathon of a Scottish invasion. The army surrendered, Derwentwater and Kenmure went to the scaffold, and the ill-timed experiment came to a dismal end. In the north things went no better. Mar lay idly in the Scottish midlands, where he received the unexpected support of Breadalbane. His force grew thin from desertions, while Simon Lovat, who now appears on the scene, took his clan over to King George, and captured Inverness. At last came the strange battle of Sheriffmuir, where the Jacobite right wing won, and the left wing was defeated. The fight was ridiculously mismanaged by Mar, who flung away his superiority of numbers, and never knew how to find his own men. The whole affair sounds like comic opera :—

The army had little powder, few flints, and no powder-horns, though there were tinkers and gypsies enough in the host, whose business was the making of such utensils. . . . The Highlanders continued to keep their powder loose in their pockets, where it was ruined if the weather was wet, while, if the warrior thoughtlessly put his lighted pipe in his pocket, the results were damaging and instantaneous. . . . Mar [adds Mr Lang] seems to have regarded powder

as a rare product of the soil in certain favoured regions, not as a commodity which could be made at Perth or Aberdeen by arts known to men.

James, who had landed at Peterhead, was met with dismal tales. The poor gentleman had little heart left for the enterprise, and after touring about Scotland for a little he returned to France, leaving a characteristic letter to Argyll, conveying a sum of money as compensation to the inhabitants of burned villages, "that I may at least have the satisfaction of having been the ruin and destruction of none at a time when I came to free all." So ended the *fiasco* of the "Fifteen." Most of the great Scots lords made their peace with the Government, the English leaders suffering more in comparison than their brethren of the north. Thanks to Forbes of Culloden, the Ministry refrained on the whole from measures which might easily have set the whole country in arms. Argyll, who had borne the brunt of the defence, was scarcely thanked. The one person who profited was the scandalous Simon Fraser, who became Lord Lovat, married the sister of the chief of the Grants, secured the escheat of his rival for the chieftainship of the Frasers, Mackenzie of Frasersdale, and with General Wightman divided that unfortunate gentleman's silver plate.

The next thirty years of Scottish history are blank indeed. It is "a lost thread which might

be sought, perhaps, in the study of free-thinking among the ministers and the sprouting of the germs of dissent." The Jacobite record is mainly concerned with events overseas, with the wooing and marriage of the Princess Clementina, and negotiations with Charles of Sweden and Alberoni. Wogan's abduction of Clementina comes as a breath of wholesome romance in the midst of so much that is hopeless and futile. In Scotland the chief events are ecclesiastical and economic. The Revolution had brought a healthy Erastianism into Church government, but it had not lessened the *intransigence* of Calvinistic dogma. In 1696, after the Acts against blasphemy had been revived, a lad called Thomas Aikenhead was indicted for saying that the Pentateuch was post-Exilian, and that materialism was the only true faith. He recanted, —which would have saved his life at the hands of the Inquisition,—but was duly hanged the following January. By the year 1717 heresy had become commoner, and the hunt was up against it throughout the Kirk. Nearly a century before a certain Mr Fisher, of Brasenose College, Oxford, had published a book, 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity.' This ancient work, which seems to have propounded the doctrine that "it is not sound to teach that we must forsake sin in order to our coming to Christ," was revived by one school in the Kirk, and its teaching condemned by the General Assembly. The controversy is obscure, for the Marrow men

denied that they maintained the proposition that believers' sins are no sins, and declared that they only contended that salvation could not be sought by good works. Most men, however, seem to have considered that the Marrow doctrines, whatever their metaphysical justification, were dangerous to the common good, for "if all men and women behaved indecently, the fact that they were all 'saved' (even if it could be scientifically verified) would be a poor consolation for universal impropriety." Another cause of trouble was the Oath of Abjuration, which was interpreted by many as the condonation of existing evils, such as patronage and prelacy. Patronage, however, was itself the great grievance. It had been reintroduced as a mischievous trick of the Jacobites; and it seemed to so sane a man as Wodrow to be likely to drag down the whole Presbyterian fabric, and with it, of course, "the Kingdom of Christ." There is no doubt that the affair was a great scandal, for we find presentations to parishes treated like a parliamentary election, with every kind of "treating" and "canvassing," and ministers grovelling for appointments in the style of footmen out of a place. Mixed up, however, with this most legitimate agitation, there was a great deal more of doubtful propaganda. Many of the malcontents, like Boston and the Erskines, were able, laborious, and honourable men. In such a contest no side has a monopoly of virtues, or, for that matter, of failings; for while

Lord Grange was combating Arianism as the champion of orthodoxy, he was having his wife kidnapped by Lovat and deported to St Kilda. The Assembly "required faith, repentance, and sincere obedience as the conditions of salvation." The Erskines were opposed to the "dangerous though specious and palatable scheme." But, as Mr Lang says truly, "their own scheme, though 'palatable' especially to persons disinclined to 'faith, repentance, and sincere obedience,' was also more or less 'dangerous.'"

The result was an instance of that tendency of Presbyterianism which Hobbes had long ago predicted—a wondrous hiving-off of sects. We have the Original Secession of the Erskines, who revived the Covenant and shortly proceeded to excommunicate each other. There were those who opposed the Burgess oath, and became known as Anti-burghers. There were those who went into general opposition to everybody, and called their Cave of Adullam the "Relief" Kirk. The Anti-burghers promulgated a New Testimony in the process of time, and those who dissented from it became the "Old Lights." Meanwhile the Kirk, purged of such enthusiasts, became more and more moderate; and, unhappily, moderation did not mean Christian charity so much as inertia and worldly wisdom. Our sympathies incline to the Sectaries, in spite of their fanaticism; for, as Mr Lang well puts it, "a religion with no enthusiasm is a religion with no vitality." Any extravagance is to be preferred to

that so-called good-taste which would "keep religion as inconspicuous as if it had been absent."

Rationalism—we use the word in Mr Lecky's sense as the opposite of blind superstition—was a slow growth in Scotland. The Kirk, for all the dialectical power of its theology, was slow to apply the same vigour of mind to the examination of witchcraft and cognate beliefs, and we have the amazing story of Miss Christian Shaw of Bargarran in Renfrewshire—who later, as the wife of the minister of Kilmaurs, founded the thread manufactories of that county,—a story which carries us back to the heart of the Middle Ages. But the light of common-sense was beginning to penetrate the darkness, and we find Mr Fraser of Tiree and Mr Campbell of Aberfeldy treating "Satan's Invisible World" as a subject for cool scientific inquiry. When Mr Hutcheson began to lecture on Moral Philosophy at Glasgow College, in English, he prepared the way for that *Aufklärung* which, however shallow its inspiration, was at any rate the foe of the more debasing superstitions. Of that old, poor Scottish world, so near in time and so far in sympathy, we are fortunate in possessing several pictures. The Highlands were in a condition of semi-barbarism, blackmail, *teste* Lovat, being levied like the land-tax in more civilised countries. The famous 'Letters from the North' give an account of life in a Highland hut in winter, which is like a narrative of travels in Kamchatka. The land was full of idle

men, who had no outlet for their energy except fighting. Young Highland gentlemen held commissions in the armies of France and Spain, and returned every year or two to recruit, so that there was no lack of trained soldiers. There were merits in the race which a southern observer could not be expected to see—loyalty, a passionate devotion to their own homes, hospitality, and that virtue remarkable in an age of wreckers, a scrupulous kindness to shipwrecked mariners. They were to all intents a savage people, but they had in a high degree the merits of their defects, and we can set against the barbarous tale of Lady Grange a dozen episodes of creditable chivalry. The Lowlands, if more orderly, were scarcely less poor and barely more civilised. In domestic life the only good things were the linen, of native manufacture, and the wine. The land was wretchedly cultivated, and the quality of the grain grown was bad. The food of the peasant was bearmeal porridge, oatmeal being a luxury, and “water kail” was a standing dish. A proverb such as “the clartier the cosier” shows that our ancestors thought little of the virtue which ranks after godliness. In the matter of education Scotland possessed, as always, a large number of excellent Latin scholars, and “humanity” was so indispensable a part of education that we find men of action like Claverhouse and Lovat quoting readily obscure Latin authors. But the colleges, like everything else, were poor, for a professor’s salary was only some

£60, and he had to eke out a livelihood by taking boarders. So far as concerns personal habits, tea was beginning its attack upon the old roystering days of punch and claret, which, however, were not to die for the better part of a century. Forbes of Culloden, so enlightened in many things, was an uncompromising foe of the new beverage. He was for putting a poll-tax on such families as used it, and a tax of four shillings on every pound of the herb, "for it is the meanness of the price that encourages the poorer sort to purchase."

It is easy to see on what a prepared soil Jacobitism flourished. The Union had taken Scotland unawares and left her handicapped. In spite of the fiascoes of the past, the irritation with England, caused by schemes like the Malt Tax and the disarmament of the Highlands, and incidents like the Porteous Mob, was so keenly felt, and the hopelessness of any solution so bitterly realised, that the eyes of even peaceable folk kept turning towards foreign invasion. The old Scotland of blind faiths and impossible loyalties was moribund but not yet dead, and it had to perish utterly before the new Scotland could be born. Even without Prince Charles it seems to us that another Jacobite attempt must have been made, but the existence of a young and ardent prince hurried on the enterprise. He had none of his father's religion or patience, but he had what was more important for an exile — irrepressible gaiety, charm, and



courage. Mr Lang has elsewhere<sup>1</sup> told the story of that brilliant and delightful boy, who, after a few years of heroic youth, sank into a tragic old age of indulgence and despair. His passion for Scotland was the most lasting of his qualities, from the day when he laid his hand on Hamilton of Bangour's shoulder on one of the Seven Hills, and asked the poet if he liked the view as much as that from North Berwick Law, to those latter years when he wept at the sound of the bagpipes. From 1737 onwards Jacobite plots had been simmering. Duncan Forbes saw what was afoot, and in 1738 he tried to anticipate Pitt's scheme and persuade the Government to raise four or five Highland regiments to give the Jacobite clans suitable employment. The Government declined, and about 1741 the "Association" began, of which the moving spirits were Balhaldy (a Macgregor), Lovat, and Traquair, with Murray of Broughton in the secret. The organisation of the Highlands was attempted in a somewhat amateur way, all the leaders having their own fish to fry, and distrusting each other acutely. Murray spent some years of anxious intrigue, now in Scotland making overtures to the Cameronians, now in France trying to galvanise the French Foreign Office into activity. The weak point in all these negotiations was the neglect of England, and vague promises from men like Beaufort and Hinde-Cotton were accepted as

<sup>1</sup> See p. 1.

good security. Presently Prince Charles escaped from Rome to France, and set about getting together an expedition on his own account. The enterprise was doomed from the start. The Jacobites in Scotland were a minority, in England a ludicrous minority. France was less than lukewarm, Charles of Sweden was dead, and there was no hope of European intervention. No Jacobite leader had shown conspicuous talent in the field, there was no statesman to furnish and administer funds, there was not even unbroken loyalty in their slender ranks. St Theresa setting off as a child to convert the Moors scarcely embarked on a more desperate venture than did the Prince when, under Murray's guidance, he sailed for the land of his fathers.

Of trusty men [says Mr Lang], hardy and resolute soldiers, Charles had probably not more than 2000 at the first—Lochiel's Camerons, the Macdonells of Glengarry, Keppoch, Clanranald, and the Appin Stewarts. Sleat's Macdonalds were held back by their chief; the delays of Lovat paralysed the Frasers; the chief of the Mackintoshes was of the party of Government; the Macleans had lost their chief; Cluny, with the Macphersons, was trammelled by his commission; Seaforth would not bring out the Mackenzies; the Munroes and Mackays were steady Whigs; and Macleod deserted the Cause. The gentry of the South were powerless: they had no "followings." Yet the Prince shook the throne.

We have no intention of retelling the melancholy twice-told tale of the "Forty-five." In a real sense

the wisdom of the venture lay in its recklessness, for to defy the probabilities is sometimes the way to success. There were only two minds of high order employed in the affair, for Murray of Broughton was merely an ingenious go-between. One was Lovat, who was born to be a traitor to any cause he espoused. His creed from start to finish was self-interest, tinged with a slight clan-feeling and a faint nationalism, and his heroic death glorified one of the meanest and most disreputable of lives. Now he played his ancient game, sending a message to the Prince at Invergarry with apologies for his men not being ready, and a request for a warrant to seize Forbes of Culloden, dead or alive; while almost on the same date he wrote to Forbes asking arms to use against "the madmen with the pretended Prince of Wales." He had played the trick once too often, and Nemesis was hot-foot on the trail of the ancient traitor. The other brain was Lord George Murray, who had had dealings with Cope, which made him suspect with the army. His loyalty is as undoubted as his courage and ability, but he does not seem to have had the art of ingratiating himself with the motley force which followed the Prince. Of all the leaders he was the wisest and the least popular. First came success with the march to Edinburgh and the battle of Prestonpans. "With Cope's troops no English general of the day would have been victorious, granting that the Highlanders were allowed to

take the offensive, and that the artillery could not come into action." But Prestonpans meant nothing. Marshal Wade might think that "England was for the first-comer," but what could a small force of a few thousands do to capture a land which had no predisposition to receive them. The total army, Mr Lang thinks, was no more than 4500 men, and a few ladies in carriages. Up to Derby they had small success. The great families of Lancashire and Cheshire—the Stanleys, Cholmondeleys, Leighs, and Grosvenors—sat still in their manors. As to the turning at Derby, there can be no final verdict. It is a problem in the science of hypothetics. There is a chance that the Prince may have been right, that a victory in the Midlands might have spread disaffection like wildfire in the English army, and that London "was for the first-comer." To us it seems that an advance would have only led to a more swift and dramatic end to the Rising, and that under no conditions could ruin have been long postponed. In any case, every reason known to military science was on the side of Lord George Murray and retreat. When the *gran rifiuto* was made, all dash and vigour went out of the enterprise, and the only thought was to win back over the Border. The Prince shepherded the disheartened clans with some skill, and Falkirk showed that they had not forgotten how to fight. In many ways those months which came between Falkirk and Culloden were the finest part of the

campaign. The Cause was lost, the men were starved, and the leaders in a villainous temper; but for a little, over a large extent of country, the Prince carried off the honours and kept his opponents in check.

Mr Lang's account of Culloden is by far the most luminous and complete that has been given to the world. Most of the details have long been settled, but one or two vexed questions remained, notably that of the conduct of the Macdonalds, and on these Mr Lang seems to us to provide the material for a final judgment. In an elaborate appendix he examines every account of Keppoch's death, and rejects the traditional version that he charged alone, while the clan sulked behind him. The narratives of the battle left by Cumberland and Colonel Joseph Yorke make it plain that the Macdonalds, on the left, attacked with the others. They never came to the shock, being outflanked and exposed to a heavy fire of grape, which broke their ranks. When Scottos, Keppoch, and his brother fell, the attack ceased. So the tragic tale, for which Sir Walter Scott is mainly responsible, must be added to the list of historical fictions. On the right the flank fire seems to have been less galling, "and the Stewarts of Appin, Mackintoshes, Camerons, Frasers, and Macleans fought as they ever fought. Plied with guns in front and in flank, and by a front and flanking fire of musketry, blinded by

smoke and snow, they broke Barrel's regiment, they swept over the foremost guns, and then, enfiladed by Wolfe's, they died on the bayonets of the second line." Mr Lang also disposes—we hope for good—of the time-honoured fiction about the "no quarter" clause in the general order issued by the Prince before the battle. The phrase was confined to Cumberland's order, and he had no provocation from the clans.

With Culloden, Jacobitism ended in a sharp and complete cataclysm, as a mountain stream falling over a high cliff disappears in spray, and with it went the old national history of Scotland. The disaster—and its result was disastrous to all parties in the land—did good in so far that it cleared the air. To England the ruin of the cause meant little, but its existence meant much. By creating a divorce between the loyalty of the nation to the Throne and the military ambition of the Monarch, it gave her peace. It provided a change from loyalty to patriotism, from the old to the new, without the medium of a revolution. By divorcing sentiment from politics it made possible the corruption of the Walpole *régime*, but by the very destruction of dynastic sentiment it made room for the loftier national sentiment which Chatham created. Above all, it compelled toleration, both religious and political, for before the nation could be reunited each party had to yield, and the

tradition of compromise was created which alone makes party government possible. As for Scotland, it showed the country its real desires. The Jacobites were convinced of the futility of foreign invasion, and perforce had to settle down to some other means of salvation, while they had the legacy of a heroic memory to give them courage and self-confidence. The Whiggish, law-abiding Scotland had got the upper hand, but now it was leavened with that element of birth and adventure which had before been in opposition. The "Forty-five" saw the creation of a true national party, which, in default of all other help, was constrained into self-development. France and England had proved broken reeds: it was now to be seen whether Scotland herself could not set her house in order. And so through the next half-century, amid many discouragements, the land created her own industries, her own commerce, her own school of thought, —in a word, a new national life.

But this is the history of modern Scotland, and for the moment we are concerned only with that which is past. It is not great history. The philosopher will find small matter to interest him in those chronicles of moorland wars fought by a poor people in the mist and rain. With the exception of the Reformation, there is no great spiritual movement to rank in the history of thought. The Renaissance had little influence north of the Border. The great tides of European

change ebbed and flowed with but little effect on the retired backwater of Scottish life. It is the history of a great enmity—with England, and a great friendship—with France. It is the story of national independence won by a bitter struggle, and of that more subtle and difficult thing, national individuality, hammered out during a century and a half of nominal union. Its one interest to the philosophic historian is that it shows, at a time when the world had become orderly, the strife of past and present in sharp distinction. But if it lack philosophy it has abundance of romance. It is the strife of the little against the big, which is enough in itself to endear it to the heart of lovers of stirring tales. And in the tangle of wars and religions, there is as entertaining a variety of character as can be found in ampler arenas. Whatever its faults it is not a humdrum history, and its moral, if we must seek a moral in such things, is at least no ignoble one. "Poverty," in Stevenson's words, "ill-luck, enterprise, and constant resolution are the fibres of its legend."

### III.

It is strange that the century which is especially responsible for the Scotland of to-day, which saw the birth of our Scottish schools of thought, and the genesis of most of our reputed characteristics as a



people, should have been so much neglected by the native-born historian. Pictish barbarism and feudal chaos have found ten students where the ways of eighteenth-century Scotland have found one. Mr Hill Burton has skimmed its surface, Mr Lang has crossed its border, the Jacobite wars have been well chronicled, and Mr Grey Graham has written one masterly treatise on its social life; but, as a rule, its history, for the ordinary man, is confined to the chapters in which Lord Stanhope or Mr Buckle or Mr Lecky turns for a little to a perfunctory survey of the North. One reason for the neglect lies, doubtless, in the difficulty of the subject. Apart from the '15 and the '45, there are few incidents to record. Certain decisions in civil or ecclesiastical courts, a few Acts of Parliament, the succession of Lord Advocates, Deans of Faculty, and Moderators of Assembly are all the milestones we get to help us on the road. The vigorous strife of English party politics is heard in Scotland only as an echo, for after the first few decades the land becomes extraordinarily self-contained, working out her own problem in a kind of proud isolation. And that problem was sufficiently intricate to demand all her powers. She had, in the first place, to change, to conform to modern fashions, to cultivate her own art and letters, to find the ways of commercial prosperity. She had to compress into a short time the progress of centuries, and yet, in the second place, she had

to preserve her dearly loved nationality. It would have been easy to advance with a slavish imitation of French and English models, and sink into the position of a thriving and intelligent northern English county. But to wrestle with cyclic changes, and yet show to the world the character of a distinctive people, was a task almost too great for human energies. Hence the history of the century which Sir Henry Craik<sup>1</sup> has written is a history less of events than of the progress of ideas and the growth of manners. In this lies its lasting and serious interest; but it has besides the charm of a gallery of good Ræburns, for never did the Scots nature flower into a more entertaining variety of types. If there are few sounding deeds, after Jacobitism is given its death-blow, the advance of culture is illustrated by many remarkable figures of men and by a rich and varied social life. Sir Henry Craik has brought to the work an enthusiasm and a knowledge for which we have the highest admiration. He has the scholar's grasp of principles and the scholar's insight into the tangled problems of the period. It is hard for a man to write without prejudice on the many matters he treats of, for the history comes down to within living memory, and some of these old questions divide men in our own day. But every reader must admit the writer's

<sup>1</sup> A Century of Scottish History, from the Days before the '45 to those within Living Memory. By Sir Henry Craik. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

sincere and scrupulous fairness, and his sympathy with opposing ideals of character and conduct, which is rarer than the academically judicious temper. And with it all he has the more purely literary merits of a vivid style, an eye for the picturesque, and a gift of vigorous portraiture.

The difficulties of the Revolution Settlement, so far as Scotland was concerned, have been imperfectly understood, but its defects were only too conspicuous. The epoch of reconstruction was fixed not by Scottish but by English exigencies, and the smaller country had to deal summarily with questions of her own which were not ripe for settlement. The result was to bring into bold relief the elements of independence and separation. Loyalty to the Stuarts was not a long-descended sentiment, for at the Restoration Scotland was moved to no enthusiasm; it was essentially a late seventeenth-century product, and it owed its strength to its fortuitous alliance with the old clan loyalty and with the cause of nationalism. Jacobitism was born of this union of contradictories—the patriotism of men who, if they had any party politics, were Whigs, or, like Fletcher of Saltoun, republicans, and the half-religious, half-sentimental legitimism of the Highlands and the Episcopal Kirk. A common hatred to the Union made of it a strong party, which at first had no need to appeal to force. It was only when parliamentary methods failed and decay set in that the extreme course was adopted,

and the standard of rebellion raised. A cause which even in its decadence claimed Lochiel and the two Keiths was not an ignoble one, and at its best its supporters set before themselves a very logical ideal of government. It failed because it was confronted with other forces more permanent and stubborn than even loyalty and nationalism. The seventeenth-century religious wars had not been fought for nothing. Out of the struggle a Kirk had emerged which was to use its enormous popular influence entirely on the Government side. A second was that old rock of stumbling, which had alternately vexed the kings and the commons of Scotland, the aristocracy. There might be union elsewhere, but in that pleasant company there was always discord. Queensberry, Hamilton, Atholl, Tweeddale,—so long as such men were in power the land would be split into Jacobites, Whigs, and Patriots, and squander its energies in the minor warfare of party. Add to this ferment an unsympathetic Government in England, great national poverty, bitter national grievances, and the melancholy picture of Scotland at this epoch is complete. It is the starting-point of the three great lines of development in later Scottish history, the political, ecclesiastical, and social; but like most troubled periods it seemed to the spectator to hold no promise in its discords, but rather to be the end of the “auld sang,” which was Scottish national life.

Repeal of the Union was at first the patriotic

nostrum; but the thing had become so entirely a matter of party tactics that men began to see that constitutional experiments were no cure for the diseases of the land. The Whigs, who had brought the Union about in 1707, were perfectly ready to repeal it in 1713 by way of embarrassing the Tory Government. The history of those years is the history of the vain attempt to find remedies from without for Scottish distress. The Malt Tax Riots and the Porteous Mob show how keenly the economic crisis, joined to the unsympathetic attitude of the English Government, was felt by all classes in the nation. And the various Jacobite attempts, from the fiasco of 1708 down to the final conflict of 1745, aided or connived at by men of the most different characters and creeds, show that some external remedy — severance from England, alliance with one or other of the English parties, restoration of the Stuarts — was the accepted way of salvation. It was only when all such hopes had vanished, and the country was flung back upon her own resources, that a solution of the problem was found. Of the many figures in those dreary years no one stands conspicuously above his fellows. Hamilton was an able and subtle diplomat, perhaps the ablest till Lovat came on the scene; but he was an unstable schemer, and Lord Mohun's sword was soon to end his work. Lockhart of Carnwath is a dazzling figure, and in better times might have found a great career. But the wrangling of the

Scottish Estates was no field for his talents, and his unselfishness and courage were wasted in a life of underground intrigue. Queensberry, the head of the house of Douglas, was the most prominent of Scots statesmen, and the Union remains to show how one resolute man may force a measure on an unwilling people. But he, too, fought in a hopeless war, where defeat had no alleviation, and success brought little honour. It is one of the merits of the Jacobite wars that they cleared the air, showed men where they stood, and, though founded on intrigue, yet by their appeal to the sword caused a healthy wind to blow away the cobwebs of this pseudo-statesmanship. They convinced one party that its tactics were hopeless, and showed the other that in spite of sentimental qualms the English Government was the better alternative, and in leaving to the defeated a heroic memory, and to the winners a clear policy, they did much for the union of Scotland.

Sir Henry Craik passes rapidly over the '15, but he enters with great care into the details of the '45. He has wisely woven its history round the lives of the actors, and it is in a series of character-studies that we see the meaning of the Rising. The author has the habit, which seems inseparable from eighteenth-century histories, of analysing character in sets of elaborate and nicely-balanced antitheses. The result is sometimes a blurred impression, for the opposing attributes are not always focussed

into a coherent picture, but it relieves the author from any suspicion of bias. We see Argyle, Walpole's Scottish aide-de-camp, who, after the Porteous Riots, in answer to Queen Caroline's anger, made one of the most dramatic retorts ever made by a subject to a sovereign. On the same side was the excellent and whimsical Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a pragmatic Lowlander whom chance had settled beyond the Highland line, a statesman so far-seeing that he anticipated Pitt's scheme for Highland regiments, and a Whig so stout that he alone made Culloden possible, and yet with it all a noted *bon vivant*, a lover of good claret, and a resolute opponent of the introduction of tea. Of the miserable Hawley, Sir Henry Craik has drawn a dark picture, and has, perhaps unnecessarily, allowed the reputation of this low bully to blacken the finer character of his master, Cumberland. On Murray of Broughton, too, he is unduly hard; for, in spite of his treachery, candour must admit some shreds of quality in this shadow which slinks about the background of the eighteenth century. But the great figures of the time stand out with admirable clearness. The stainless Lochiel meets with full justice, and the rousing tale of Balmerino's death is told with the simplicity which it deserves. That great-hearted gentleman had little to learn in bearing from any of the Elizabethans. He dressed himself for the scaffold as for a bridal, he hailed the block as his "pillow of rest"; and in giving the

usual *douceur* to the headsman, he apologised for its scantiness. "I wish it were more, but it is all I have; I never had much money." In that one scene one may find the essence of all that is most lasting in Jacobite romance. And then, on the other side, we have the gross figure of Lovat, with his leering, inscrutable face, and his diabolical cleverness. "True moral reflections," he once wrote, "are no more but a play of our intellectuals, by which the author caresses his own genius by false ideas that can never be put in practice." It was precisely his creed, and he had a ready smile, a pious wish, and a black deed for every cause he fell in with. He committed every known treachery and sin, but comparatively few of the ordinary follies, till he at least overreached himself, and died for the blunder. Both sides received the inestimable blessing of his prayers; and if he deceived most men, it is possible that he also deceived himself. He set down his misfortunes to "having loved righteousness and hated iniquity," which is scarcely the conventional view; but his hypocrisy was so colossal, that it becomes almost a misguided form of sincerity. "I have charity for all mankind," were among his last words; "and I believe every sincere honest man bids fair for heaven, let his profession be what it will;" and it is more than likely that he believed himself sincere and honest.

The value of invasion is, that when a people is prepared for change it gives the necessary impetus.



But Scotland was not prepared; change had to come slowly from within, and the enterprise was doomed from the start. With it disappears for the moment certain racial characteristics, which were to revive afterwards when occasion arose. The old lawless Scotland had to yield to the dogmatic law-abiding Lowlands, since in the long-run Jacob will always oust Esau, and Andrew Fairservice outlast the Dougal Creature and become an elder of the Kirk, when Dougal, honest fellow, is hanged. The future lay with the party of law and order; but the creed of sentiment survived as at least an element in manners and an affectation in letters. The country, tired of foreign allies, disillusioned of both Whigs and Tories, turned seriously to looking after its own business.

The '45 saw the end of the old Scotland and the beginning of the new. In 1747 tenure by wardship and hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, and feudalism had gone beyond the seas with the Prince. "With a certain proud tenacity and a self-centred rigidity of purpose," says Sir Henry Craik, "Scotland turned to her own affairs; and the years which succeed the Jacobite rebellion show her . . . deliberately shaping new conditions in her own fashion, and building up for herself on peculiar lines a literature, a philosophy, an ecclesiastical, municipal, and economical system." She had the dual task before her of hammering the many warring elements in her bounds into some kind of

unity, and at the same time preserving her national distinctiveness. The eighteenth century in England was a time of vigorous party strife and of stirring foreign policies; in Scotland it was a period of slow, unseen, but portentous change. The events which excited her are all economic or legal, from the Ayr Company or the Douglas Case down to the Meal Riots and the trials of the Radicals. The outlines of the two political camps, the Whigs and Tories, are more or less evident; but at times they grow very faint, and they perpetually vary their character. While England was held in a universal Whig domination, and men chose their party purely by its leader, there remained something of the old logical Toryism in the North, the creed of Strafford and Clarendon and Bolingbroke, which saw in the throne the first security of law, and desired to strengthen it against the caprice of mobs and aristocracies. Lord Mansfield in England held such a doctrine, but he was a solitary voice in his class; whereas in Scotland it became the accepted principle of the Jacobite remnant and others who had no sentiment for the exiles. The one Scotsman who dominated English politics at the time was of this school of thought; and Bute, in spite of the flood of calumny which has swept over his name, had many of the merits of a statesman. "It would have been better," said Dr Johnson, "if Bute had never been a Minister, or had never resigned," meaning, so runs Sir Henry Craik's interpretation,

“that the ideal which stood in a shadowy way behind his Ministry, the ideal of a nation united under the Crown, and content to forget the separation and distinctions either of nationality or of party, was a desirable one, if only it could have been made permanent or real.” Rightly or wrongly, Whiggism in Scotland came to mean factiousness, since there was no Whig oligarchy of great families to patronise it, or genuine political theory to give it reasons. The real Whigs were yet to be born; and in the meantime Scotland was unanimously Tory, as the statesmen at Westminster understood the word. The career of Bute, and the abuse of his countrymen which attended it, strengthened this natural disposition. From the venom of a Churchill to the more decorous depreciation of Horace Walpole, the literature of the day is full of hatred and contempt for the hotbed of unrest, the nursery of slaves, and the school of tyrants. In these strange names Scotsmen recognised themselves, and were more amused than insulted. They could afford indeed to laugh at the popular rage, for, if the English people rarely showed to finer advantage than at this time, the English mobs consistently throughout the century were too wholly contemptible for words. Vulgar, illiterate, and emotional, surfeited with nonsense about their liberties, and led by vapid creatures like Beckford, their whole history, as shown by their capricious treatment of Chatham and their worship of such leaden images as

Sacheverel, Wilkes, and Lord George Gordon, is little more than a record of anarchy. If Whiggism meant the deification of such a crowd, we need not wonder that the cult did not flourish in the North.

Scotland, then, was practically of one way of thinking, whether we call her politics Tory or Revolution Whig. Of doctrinaire theories she had the intolerance natural to a nation that was busy working out her own very real reforms. But there were temperamental distinctions beneath the unanimity, and Lord Melville and Macqueen of Braxfield may be taken as two different types of Scots Conservatism. The fine Roman hand of Henry Dundas dominated Scotland at the close of the century, and for long, in conjunction with Pitt, had the management of the destinies of the Empire. A scion of a great legal family, a Moderate, a lover of good-fellowship, he was by birth and sympathies connected with so many different creeds and sentiments that he may fairly stand as the representative Scotsman of this epoch. He had insight enough to detect the genius of Pitt and support his party from the first, and to the end he was the Great Commoner's closest friend. He was as much a Whig as Burke, and something less of a Tory than Mansfield; but, indeed, he was less the leader of a party than of a nation. The story of his private life, with his love of children and warm affection for his friends, reveals to us one of the most attractive, as assuredly he was one of the most

masculine, Scotsmen of his day. At one time he had schemes of far-reaching reform, and but for the French Revolution he might have stood as the precursor of the Conservatism of Canning and Disraeli. As it is, he has come down to us only as the great administrator who saw his ideals perish in the smoke of foreign anarchy, and was content to govern a people from day to day. A very different figure was Robert Macqueen, the Lord Braxfield who launched the thunderbolts of the law against the mild Edinburgh Radicals. The son of a country writer, he made no pretensions to gentility of birth or manners. Coarse as sackcloth, brutal to the weak as well as the strong, a scorner of all literature save legal text-books, his merits, such as they were, seem almost as forbidding as his vices. But merits he had, and it was the pure law that he administered so fiercely and impartially. He was probably the greatest Scots lawyer of his day, and to a bad temper he added a whinstone common-sense and a massive understanding. It was his duty, he believed, to maintain the ancient order of things, to nip sedition in the bud, and to preserve justice from the taint of effeminacy; and his worst enemy had to grant that he performed his thankless task with unhesitating courage.

The French Revolution brought to Scottish as to English politics a new dividing-line and a genuine opposition of theories. The history of Whiggism, in its modern sense, falls into two epochs, in the

first of which it is a vague creed fostered by the party opposed to the Dundas influence, and with small following in the nation. The events in France checked all tendency to moderate reform, and in creating a more stolid Toryism gave a chance of forming a new party to young men of good talents and vagrant ambitions. The political Whigs had no connection with bodies like the Whig Club of Dundee, who voted addresses to the National Assembly. At first they walked very warily, and, save for a certain liberality of speech, existed chiefly as a counterfoil to the Dundases. A few amiable visionaries were browbeaten by Braxfield and transported, and the barbarity of the sentences gave the Opposition a cue. But the official Whigs had no dealings with the windy theorist of the causeway, and a man like Henry Erskine was Whig only in his wider sympathies. It was an unfortunate accident that made him appear an opponent of the French War, and he would probably have joined with his brother, Lord Buchan, in kicking the later 'Edinburgh Review' from his door. He refused to hear of any scheme of parliamentary reform, and he declined to join the Society of the Friends of the People. But he was at all times the exponent of kindness, generosity, and good manners, at once the "poor man's advocate" and an incomparable aristocrat. Sir Henry Craik has drawn a pleasing portrait of this type of a well-bred Opposition :—

Erskine gave to his profession only what he could spare from music and poetry and genial interest in all the varied affairs of men. . . . Beside the coarse and uncouth, but massive personality of Braxfield, the quaint oddities of Monboddo, the farcical absurdity by which Eskgrove furnished endless mirth to the mimics of the Bar, he seemed like a denizen of another world. . . . He formed a new fashion and began a new school of forensic eloquence, and that, combined with his irresistible personal fascination, made his name, and, long after, his memory, things to conjure with. It was the combination of high birth, of strong attachment to fashions which were waning, of graceful and genial social gifts, with opinions of a democratic and revolutionary caste, that made of him a personality so attractive. . . . His interest in the popular movements of the day was genuine enough, but was combined largely with something of the graceful condescension of one who was an aristocrat by birth and taste.

But Erskine's genial wisdom was soon to be exchanged for the shrill cleverness of a new school of young Whigs, who formed a more compact, if less dignified, opposition. Francis Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner, Clerk of Eldin, Cockburn, and Moncrieff form the links in the succession. They had many merits, some of them new enough in Scottish politics—wit, sprightliness, a great taste for letters, open minds, and many honest enthusiasms. But they had the faults incident to all parties which seek to argue questions abstractly, and scorn to consider national conditions. Too often their arguments were the dogmatic reiteration of a few threadbare political principles. In

their desire to prove that they were not provincial, they sometimes forgot to be national, and, as Lord Holland said of Jeffrey, "lost their broad Scotch and only gained the narrow English." The 'Edinburgh Review,' their official organ, reproduced the dregs of the sceptical philosophy in a habit of minor criticism, a too facile smartness, and a crude rationalism. They did a good work in their way; but it was as well that they were met by a robust Conservatism. In 1817 'Maga' was started, and in Lockhart the dapper young Whigs found a critic who returned their blows with interest. The newer Toryism, the creed of Scott, took its stand upon national character, defended tradition, and poured contempt upon paper reforms and the sentiments of the crowd. But it, too, had its fatal defects. If it rebuked flippancy it defended prejudice, it was too often parochial in its aims, and it resisted reasonable change with the selfishness of a narrow and privileged class. The Revolution had made the reforming Conservatism of Pitt and Dundas impossible for the moment, and all that the party of reaction could do was to crush out Whiggism from the upper classes. But Whiggism found another home, and a passion for reform began to show itself more and more among the lower ranks of society, and, to quote Sir Henry Craik, "seemed to gather to itself some of the enthusiasm of the older Covenanters, and to appeal to impulses in the heart of the nation which were the strongest



and most enduring." The witticisms of Jeffrey were exchanged for passionate convictions. "If you *unscotch* us," Scott had once written to Croker, "you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen;" yet the new Radicals were not Whig cosmopolitans, but as national as the Jacobites themselves. And so the two parties remain, slowly leavening each other, till of a sudden the centre of gravity is shifted from politics to the Kirk, and an ecclesiastical event absorbs Scottish interests, and creates that predominant Whiggism which has endured to our own day.

So far we have traced the course of secular affairs, but we must return and discover the condition of the Kirk. Presbytery, as we have seen, had ranged itself under the Government banner, partly from a conviction of its interests, largely because its old rival, Episcopacy, was bound by doctrine to the other side. The Scottish Kirk, to the eyes of the ordinary Englishman, is an "impregnable wall of orthodox Calvinism"; but this aspect, so far as it exists, is in the main a modern thing, and as much English as Scottish in its origin. In the eighteenth century the Kirk was a more Laodicean institution, inspired with a strong secular spirit, though it had always its fringe of extremists. Its rule, even at the century's end, as we gather from the Statistical Account, was not a severe one, and it was much more concerned with points in ecclesiastical law and etiquette than

the grave things of dogma. For spiritual fervour we must look to the High-flyers, to whom the Moderates—"weary fa' them!"—were anathema, and to that Church which Pleydell adorned, "the persecuted Episcopal Kirk of Scotland." The heroism of the scattered Episcopal clergymen after Culloden is almost as notable as that of the older Cameronians. The High-flyers, again, were of Lady Rachel Drummond's opinion, that a "new light must come in through a crack either in the brain or in the heart." They held fast to the pure doctrine of Calvinism, abjuring an uncovenanted State and the teachings of science falsely so called. In a solemn protest against the doctrine of Whitefield, they described themselves as the "suffering remnant of the anti-Popish, anti-Lutheran, anti-Prelatic, anti-Whitefieldian, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland." The Erskines, who led the chief Secession, were high-minded and unselfish men; but, however we regret the necessity, it is absurd to lament the intolerance of the Church which drove them out. The Established Kirk had an ancient and logical theory of government, and to condone lawlessness, however estimable the lawbreaker, would have been a clear betrayal of duty. As it happened, the chief need of the age was not sectarian fervour, but a Church which should exert itself in smoothing the change from the old Scotland to the new. The Act restoring Patronage, passed shortly after the Union, made the Moderates

possible, and with the Moderates lay the immediate future of the country. Their ideal, in Sir Henry Craik's words, was a Church which, "abandoning the fantastic theocratic notions of a previous age, should conceive its best independence to be based on the law. . . . The Church of Scotland was to embrace within herself much of that more expansive and more attractive phase of Scottish life which had formerly sought refuge within the more indulgent bosom of the Episcopal Church, but which was now only too ready to accept shelter in another haven."

The great ecclesiastics of that age were chiefly Moderates, and closely connected with the literary and philosophic circles of Edinburgh. Chief among them was Robertson the historian, who enjoyed a surprising reputation in his own day, and Dr Alexander Carlyle, who as a boy had seen Lovat in his cups, and lived to discuss the merits of the 'Anti-Jacobin.' The leader of the High-flying party was Dr Alexander Webster of the Tolbooth Church, the Dr *Magnum Bonum* of many tales, who had the bad taste to laugh at his followers, and lament the necessity of voting with fools while he drank with gentlemen. But his party was not without its distinguished adherents, including of all people in the world the philosophic Hutcheson. It is impossible not to admire the lasting work of the Moderates, and the great qualities of tolerance and common-sense of some of their leaders. But the

new light was attended by not a little cant and foppery, and the result was sometimes a kind of pseudo-enlightenment which was not Scottish. The giddy parson is one of the most contemptible of types, and the ministers who flocked after Mrs Siddons and made a parade of their little liberties have an indescribable air of naughty urchins.

The next epoch in Church life was of a very different character, and attended with far-reaching results. The pure, if shallow, inspiration of Moderatism soon ebbed, and something of the old turbid current of High-flying dogma rolled back again upon the Kirk. The ancient irreconcilable pride of that body was to set itself stoutly against the law of the land and common-sense, on behalf of a noble and logical, if unattainable, ideal of ecclesiastical polity. In some respects the Disruption is as strenuous an assertion of nationalism as the Jacobite Risings, and it is remarkable that the Highlands played the major part in 1843 as in 1745. The Free Church fought for a principle in no way more philosophical than that of their opponents; but inasmuch as it represented a deep-rooted national feeling, they had a right to stand upon it. This Secession at least differed from most others in being based upon ideas higher than a trifling formalism. The passing of the Veto Act was the gauntlet flung to the civil power after a serious consideration of the consequences, and the battle was brought to a conclusion as dignified as its beginning. Above

all, it has the interest of a movement dominated and controlled by one mind of the highest quality. It is no false perspective which sees in Chalmers something of the masculine courage, the proud consistency, and the organising power of Luther and Knox. A fact less widely recognised, because it is to the interest of his followers to forget it, is the essentially Conservative quality of his nature. He was what we should call to-day a Tory democrat. Radicalism was bound up in his eyes with Secularism and Moderatism and all the lack-lustre creeds of the past. He identified political agitation with irreligious propagandism; he had his windows broken because he opposed the Reform Bill; and his economic writings were directed consistently against the Manchester School. He detested Voluntaryism as a pernicious heresy. "Though we quit the Establishment," he said, "we go out on the Establishment principle; we quit a vitiated Establishment, we would rejoice in returning to a pure one." And he wrote thus of an attitude to which his followers have been often prone: "I will resist even to the death that alienation which goes but to swell the luxury of the higher ranks at the expense of the Christianity of the lower orders." Nor were these the principles of a single epoch, but of the whole of his strenuous life. But with such views he joined the kind of extreme logic which is common among great ecclesiastics, and because he found elements of discord, forgot the elements

of union. The world had travelled too far from the theocracy of which he dreamed, and instead of a kingdom of the saints, he left only a prosperous dissenting body. Much has been written of the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who for conscience' sake left the Church of their fathers, and let us by all means give the rank-and-file this praise. But the leaders of the movement knew that it was to be well endowed; they had secured their pledges, and their cause was the cause of the new-rich all over the land. In all their doings there is this salutary providence, which made the Free Church finances a model in religious economics. And there is some credit to be given to the other side, who had often to hold their posts in the face of popular insults, and had none of the easy glory which comes from following the crowd. To them, as to the loyalists in the American War of Independence, history has been something less than just. The movement, indeed, has ended precisely where its opponents prophesied it would. The Free Church believed in Establishment, but rejected the only means by which Establishment was constitutionally possible. The Abolition of Patronage showed them that they had travelled far from their first position; a cry for disendowment began to be heard, and soon Voluntaryism became the accepted principle of the majority. Less than a decade ago, in an elaborate diet in Edinburgh, attended by Liberal

peers and English Nonconformist divines, the Church of Chalmers celebrated its nuptials with Dissent.

Lockhart to Mr Fox Maule, Carstares to Chalmers, the '45 to the '43—it is only a century in time, but it is a millennium in spirit. The devilries of Lady Stair, and the horrible tale of Queensberry's idiot son, would have sounded strange to men accustomed to the rationalism of the 'Edinburgh Review' and the genteel manners of the New Town. There was an industrial and social history of Scotland, which lay at the back of the war of Whig and Tory. An educational system in the Lowlands made of dire poverty "a hardening experience and an unfailing impulse." The Lowland character became the dominant one, and, as it developed, wealth and industries arose in the land. Glasgow, which Defoe thought "one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain," and Burt praised as the "prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw," became something neither pretty nor clean, but immensely prosperous. The Highlands, too, were gradually opened up from the time when Wade began his admirable attempts at road-making. Already in the early years of the century many of the chiefs had forsworn barbarism, and had taken to serving in foreign wars and learning the ways of Courts; at first selling their swords to foreign causes, till old breaches were healed, and a Cameron of Fassiefern could die at Quatre

Bras. The politeness of their class had always been famous, and soon on the native stock there were grafted the ordinary acquirements of civilisation. People took to travelling north of the Highland line, and found singular beauties in mountains which Burt could only think of as "a dirty purple, but most disagreeable when the heath is in bloom." Some of the old wildness, to be sure, still lingered in the people; and as late as 1820, at a parliamentary election in Elgin, the fiery cross was sent round, and Grants and Duffs fought pitched battles in the open street. The advance in refinement among the upper classes was as remarkable as the taming of the lower. A real Edinburgh society came into being, which was celebrated equally for its *littérateurs* and lawyers and its high-spirited women. The salons of St James's at that time scarcely afford us a greater variety of types or more vivacious gossip. Jacobitism long remained among Scots gentlewomen as a gentle melancholy sentiment, a thing of brocades and lace and twilit windows; and indeed women like Lady Hamilton of Rosehall or Lady Sarah Bruce had a hereditary right both to the sentiment and the melancholy. In those days society was a comfortable local thing; London was far away, Edinburgh was only for the magnates, and each county town held houses of the neighbouring gentry, who adjourned thither for the season. It was the age, too, of endless coteries — literary, philosophical,



scientific; taste was at a premium, to be witty was to be fashionable, and a strenuous intellectual life lay at the back of the many affectations. Scotland had its modest school of letters as well as England, and if it would be hard to praise the false rhetoric of Beattie and Home, we must set against it the eternal charm of the 'Gentle Shepherd.' Edinburgh must have been a catholic resort, when among its lawyers and lairds and ecclesiastics we find David Hume a welcome guest, and Clerk of Penicuik and Hamilton of Bangour frequent attendants at its levées. The cold North, we are told, developed a passion for *Æsthetic*. Hutcheson, Stevenson, and Lord Kames dealt in arid theories of the beautiful, and Taste was the idol of every one with pretensions to intellect. And so in this busy world, where profundity rubbed shoulders with the smatterer, Scotland's greatest gifts to the eighteenth century were created—her school of philosophy, some portion of the poetry of Burns, and the tradition which made possible Sir Walter Scott.

## CASTLEREAGH.

A NATION is rarely quite just to its typical men. Powerful as they are in their day, posterity tends to forget merits which have a real or fancied resemblance to its own, and confines its admiration to the meteoric beings who attract by their strangeness. Castlereagh was a British statesman *par excellence*; his conservatism, his high sense of duty, his obstinacy, his sanity, were the admired qualities of his countrymen. But to-day, looking back, his figure seems remote and dim as compared with more exotic types like Fox or Canning. To the existence of Canning, indeed, much of the neglect is due; for that dazzling figure, with a wit, imagination, and prescience scarcely to be equalled in our politics, has secured the affections of a party to which Castlereagh did far more single-minded service. Echoes, too, of the old hatred which the beginnings of the Reform movement cast around his name still linger as a faint prejudice in the ordinary mind. He was consistently libelled by the whole Whig party, by the philosophic Radicals, by rhetoricians like Brougham,

by the wits of the Opposition circles, and, above all, by poets like Moore and Shelley and Byron, whose antipathies have a kind of immortality. His only biographer, Sir Archibald Alison, is an impossible author for most people nowadays to read. Small wonder that to the world Castlereagh's name is a synonym for a narrow and belated Toryism in thought and complete inefficiency in action. And yet the reputation is almost ludicrously unjust. Even at his death many of his opponents had the grace to repent of their virulence and to do tardy justice to his merits; and he deserves remembrance as a singularly patriotic statesman, who erred, indeed, at times, but on the whole did a lasting work for his country. "No leader of a party," wrote Sir James Graham after his untimely death, "has been so generous towards his adversaries. History will be more just than his contemporaries." The justice of History comes slowly, but it comes at last, and we trust that the fame of Castlereagh is entering upon a brighter stage. Meanwhile Lady Londonderry has given us a careful monograph, written with the piety of a kinswoman, but full of well-informed criticism on the politics of the time and a very just appreciation of the issues involved. If it does not give us the whole man, it gives us a sympathetic study of the main features in his character and his policy.

He was born forty-six years before Waterloo,

and on the same day of June. He began his political career in the Irish Parliament, and it was with Ireland that his first public acts were concerned, since he became Chief Secretary in 1797, and while in office had to face the crisis of '98. His view of Irish affairs did not err on the side of sentiment, for he early reached the conclusion that it was impossible to conciliate every party in the country, since there was a minority permanently disloyal and wholly irreconcilable. In this spirit he faced the difficulties of the situation, and when he could not persuade he fought. It was under his auspices that the Union with Great Britain was carried, and he has therefore shared the odium which certain subsequent politicians have attached to that Act. The hostility of the Roman Catholic population to the Union is a fiction of later days, for nothing can be clearer from contemporary records than that they acquiesced in and even favoured it. As Lady Londonderry points out, in doing away with the Irish Parliament there was no destruction of a popular assembly, but merely "a small Protestant Parliament consisting of the Protestant nominees of the Protestant landowners." Some of the methods used were dubious—most methods of buying out obstinate vested interests are,—but on the general policy Castlereagh is beyond criticism. Even Grattan, his greatest opponent, considered his retention in office of the first importance to the

country, and desired his followers not to attack him, "for he too loves Ireland." It must also be remembered that, like Pitt, he was in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and resigned with his leader when he failed to carry the Bill. He wished to reform the tithes system, and to make some provision for the Roman Catholic and Dissenting clergy which would bring them under the influence of the State, and so mitigate faction and prevent the natural jealousy of an alien Establishment. These are not the views of a narrow bureaucrat, but of a man who had the interests of his native land at heart and had grappled manfully with her insoluble problems.

But it was as War Minister and Foreign Minister that he did the work which made him an old man before his time and brought him to a premature grave. In 1805 he was made Minister for War, and resigned on Pitt's death, returning to the War Office in 1807 when the short spell of Whig authority was over. His first, and perhaps his greatest, achievement was his choice of Sir Arthur Wellesley, a comparatively junior officer, to command in the Peninsula, and the unhesitating support which he gave him through success and failure. He had, indeed, the courage and the breadth of view which make a great War Minister in a grave crisis. On the whole, Lady Londonderry is justified in claiming for him that "he originated the system of 'La Grande Guerre' against France,

striking out from the policy of small isolated expeditions pursued by Mr Pitt, and condemning the entire abandonment of Continental alliance recommended by Mr Fox and practised by Lord Grey." It is, of course, possible to have two opinions on the value of this policy; but, so far as Castlereagh was concerned, it was competently carried out, and it was in the long-run successful. The abortive Walcheren expedition was, indeed, a departure from that policy; but Wellington, as we learn from the 'Greville Memoirs,' thought it "not ill-planned," and Napoleon, as his letters bear witness, was uneasy enough when he first heard of the scheme. It shipwrecked on the incompetence of the general, Lord Chatham, who disobeyed Castlereagh's orders to push on and seize Antwerp. Lady Londonderry says, on what authority we do not know, that his selection was mainly the work of Canning. In one branch of a War Minister's duties Castlereagh showed great activity,—he was a consistent and most enlightened advocate of Army Reform. His army scheme put forward during the Peninsular War is well worthy of our study to-day. He divided the British forces into a regular army subject to be sent anywhere, a militia not liable for service beyond their own country, volunteers whom the Government armed but did not clothe, and, lastly, a reserve of "trained men, to be taught the use of the firelock and ordinary drill, but not as yet

organised in battalions." Great national crises are alike in their fruits, and the Napoleonic Wars, as well as the South African War, created a demand for the citizen trained to the use of arms but not coerced into a hard-and-fast military organisation. As the civil head of the army he showed a commendable loyalty to the soldiers in whom he believed. His fidelity to Wellington has been already referred to; and it is possible that his resignation in 1809, and the duel which followed, were concerned with the attitude of the Ministry towards Sir John Moore.

He succeeded Lord Wellesley at the Foreign Office in 1812, and was enabled to carry on the policy which, as War Minister, he had done much to initiate. On his work in the difficult years before and after Waterloo, when he had to represent his country among a crowd of Continental statesmen, confused, ambitious, and profoundly jealous, it is needless to do more than refer to Wellington's judgment—as good an authority as we are likely to desire. "Lord Londonderry could neither speak nor write, but he was completely master of all our foreign relations." Thiers shared the same opinion, and indeed he enjoyed the highest reputation among diplomatists and foreign Ministers. But with peace came the inevitable Liberal reaction, and the bureaucrat, who still looked only at the war-clouds on the horizon, was certain to be little in favour with the men who

were clamouring for internal change. He had the defects of his great qualities. He persisted in thinking of England as Ireland, and did not realise that a cry which in Ireland might mean revolution meant in England only a modest reform. Like his friend the Duke of Wellington, he set his face as flint against the reaction of 1816 and the following years; and it is not surprising that he became an object of the bitterest hate to those who had imbibed the sentiments of the Revolution, and of sincere distrust to the honest men who wished to remedy obvious wrongs at home. "*Fallait-il laisser périr l'Angleterre pour plaire aux poètes?*" asks a French writer, and unfortunately it was the safety of England which Castlereagh saw at issue. He went on his way patiently and fearlessly, faithful to his own traditions of duty, till the blade, worn thin by use, snapped in his hands. His death caused a slight reaction in his favour. Brougham, for example, felt constrained to write of him with a justice and admiration which had been conspicuously absent from his speeches; but the poets had done their work, and for long his name remained a synonym for a cold, passionless, and narrow bigotry. The reputation, while undeserved, was not unnatural. He was essentially a great Foreign Minister, an accomplished official. When knowledge of affairs, amazing industry, a clear mind, and a resolute character could give success, he



was wholly successful. But he had none of the intuition of genius, the prescience which foresees the development of a people, or the mind which can weigh and welcome new ideas. He set himself gallantly to stop the incoming tide, and was swept down before it. Hence he must stand in history as a bureaucrat and an administrator rather than as a statesman; but it should be added that in his own sphere few have shown finer powers. In private life he was of a kind and homely nature, deeply attached to his wife, some charming letters to whom Lady Londonderry has printed. His tastes were simple, and his favourite relaxation was sailing a small boat in wild weather. He had no particular education, no wit or literary gifts, and he was a wretched speaker; his ascendancy was therefore wholly based on character and a particular force of intellect. In an amusing passage Croker has compared Canning to a bonfire and Castlereagh to the icy top of Mont Blanc. "It is a splendid summit of bright and polished frost, which, like the traveller in Switzerland, we all admire, but no one can hope, and few would wish, to reach."

## A COMIC CHESTERFIELD

(THE ELEVENTH EARL OF BUCHAN).

To one who loves the by-paths and blind alleys of character, there are periods which have a fascination above others. A biographer's judgment of an epoch is not that of the serious historian. Certain centuries are museums of instructive tendencies and movements, where every hero is a type to be analysed and docketed; others, again, are a poor harvest-field for the earnest inquirer, but an excellent hunting-ground for the connoisseur. These last are indeed times of stagnation, when the life of a nation turns, as it were, upon itself and gives rise to a crop of eccentricities. But the division is not absolute, for in an industrious epoch, when new things are in the air and men are busy reforming the world, one may come suddenly upon a tare in the wheat in the shape of an idle and farcical gentleman who is cast only for comedy.

Few periods in the history of England give such honest pleasure to all schools of historians as the

eighteenth century. There are tendencies and movements enough to please the most philosophic. There are sounding wars over the whole globe for the tactician, and there are essays in reform for the constitutionalist. And, above all, there is the social life, where elegance reached its perfection, from Sir Pertinax and Lady Prue under Queen Anne, to the Whig salons, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and the court of Carlton House. At last the century dies out in the smoke of revolution. The old universal elegance is discredited, and there is an unrest abroad which gives birth to romanticism, fanaticism, and a new philosophy. The comic is out of season in this period of strenuous earnestness, and when a belated exponent arises he takes the colour of his times, and is as earnest in his absurdities as his contemporaries in their wisdom.

Such a comedian out of season we find in that Earl of Buchan whose vagaries for long delighted the polite Scots world. He had the misfortune to be overshadowed by two famous brothers, and his considerable talents were rated below their proper value. "A curious, irascible, pompous ass," Mr Henley has called him; and even Sir Walter, who had unfailing tenderness towards his fellows, can speak of him only as "a trumpery body." Trumpery indeed he was, but he was a fool of parts and distinction. He toiled at his trifling busyness more than most great men at their work, and he had

that finest perquisite of folly, an unfailing self-deception. He aspired to play all parts. He must be the *grand seigneur* of the House of Buchan, the literary dictator of his time, the patron of the arts, the friend of princes, and the Complete Gentleman. It is this belated activity, this itch after greatness, which redeems him from insignificance, and gives the story of his life the quaintness of a moral fable.

He was born in 1742, the son of the tenth Earl of Buchan and Agnes, daughter of Sir James Steuart of Coltness. The poverty of his family must have been great, though Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' seems to have exaggerated. As a child, judging from his later character, he must have been an intolerable prig. He picked up his education at random, partly under a private tutor, partly at the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. At Glasgow he was the pupil of Foulis the printer, where he added etching and designing to his already numerous hobbies. But we know little of those early years. The family seem to have kept to themselves in their poverty, and the most we hear of the boy is in a charming letter from his younger brother, Thomas Erskine, at St Andrews, who writes with a simplicity and vigour which the head of the house would have done well to imitate.

At Leyden he had met Lord Chatham, and struck up a friendship with him. Meantime he

failed to gain a commission in the Guards, and served for a few years in the 32nd Cornwall regiment of foot. In 1766 Chatham offered to make him secretary to the Embassy at Lisbon (a post which, two years later, was given to the future Lord Malmesbury), but he is said to have declined it on the ground of his rank. It would ill become him, he said, to serve under Sir James Gray, who was only a baronet. Dr Johnson once applauded this folly. "Sir, had he gone secretary while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and his family." But it may very well be that he was traduced, for at that time his thoughts were far above mundane rank. The family had removed to Bath, and the old Earl had become a Methodist. The young Cardross followed his father's example, and for a time was the darling of devout ladies. The Erskine stock had before this bred a religious enthusiast. His great-great-grandfather had suffered in the Covenanted cause, and Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, those pioneers of Nonconformity, were far-away cousins. In Edinburgh his mother had given him a strict Presbyterian up-bringing, and now at Bath a bevy of pious women of the Lady Huntingdon school hailed him as a youthful Timothy. After his father's death in 1767 he had "the courage to make public profession of his opinions, which drew upon him the laugh and lash of all the wittings of the Rooms."

Three ministers were nominated as his chaplains, and one wonders if the poor gentlemen were paid. But the *dé vot* was not the part which he aspired long to play, and with his return to Scotland, we find that the secular speedily triumphs over the religious.

For the rest of his long life Buchan was content to remain a Scots magnate and confine his energies to his own corner of the land. At first he lived in Edinburgh at a house in St Andrew Square ; but in 1786 he bought the estate of Dryburgh and retired to Tweedside. His ambition was to be a Scots *Mæcenas*, and for this he must have his country villa. Here he filled the part of a great man in retreat, cultivating his hobbies, maintaining a huge correspondence, and issuing now and then to patronise Edinburgh society. To begin with, he was wretchedly poor ; but by a parsimony which seems scarcely indigenous to his nature, he paid off his father's debts and raised his own income in half a century from £200 to £2000. The habit of economy in time became a disease, and the "*Mæcenas à bon marché*," as Scott called him, won a reputation for meanness. Yet the quality hardly deserves the name, for it was far indeed from ordinary avarice. He had in the highest degree the instinct of spending ; he loved to figure as a philanthropist ; but he must do everything with a stint and get the best value for his money. He is the opposite of

Aristotle's Magnificent Man, for he spoils his parade of magnanimity by a comic littleness in its details. He would encourage the humanities, so he presented a silver pen for competition among the students in Aberdeen. The unhappy boys were to be examined all night, and the happy winner was not to receive the pen, but merely have his name inscribed on a small medallion to be hung on the prize.

His home was Scotland, and he affected a patriotism; but he was too great for a province, and must needs be a citizen of the world. If we are to believe his letters, his countrymen, like the inhabitants of Tomi in Ovid's case, were not altogether to his liking.

I have been ungenerously requited by my countrymen [he wrote] for endeavouring to make them happier and more respectable. This is the common lot of men who have a spirit above that of the age and country in which they act, and I appeal to posterity for my vindication. I would have passed my time much more agreeably among Englishmen, whose character I preferred to that of my own countrymen—in a charming country too, where my alliance with the noblest and best families in it, and my political sentiments, would have added much to my domestic, as well as civil, enjoyments; but I chose rather to forgo my own happiness for the improvement of my native country, and expect hereafter that the children of those who have not known me, or received me as they ought to have done, will express their concern and blush on account of the conduct of their parents.

And he concludes in proud Latin :—

*Præclara conscientia igitur sustentor, cum cogito me de republica aut meruisse quum potuerim, aut certe nunquam nisi divine cogitasse.*

The Buchan family was Whig, and in this poor nobleman was a strain of genuine Radical independence, which in his greater brothers made the Lord Chancellor Erskine the friend of the Revolution and the foe of prerogative, and Harry Erskine the "advocate of the people." He did his best to reform the method of electing Scots peers, and in 1780 published a "Speech intended to be spoken at the Meeting of the Peers for Scotland for the General Election of their Representatives, in which a plan is proposed for the better Representation of the Peerage of Scotland." His thoughts on the matter seem indeed to have wavered. Sometimes he pleases to talk of himself as a "discarded courtier with a little estate." He apologises for not making more of his "insatiable thirst of knowledge and genius prone to the splendid sciences and the fine arts" by calling himself "a nobleman, a piece of ornamental china, as it were." But he claimed kinship with Washington, whom he called "the American Buchan," and sent him a snuff-box made from the oak which sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. In return Washington sent him his portrait, and "accepted the significant present of the box with sensibility and satisfac-



tion." An intense pride in his own order and his long descent was joined with a contempt for others of the same persuasion. "I dined two days ago *tête-à-tête* with Lord Buchan," writes Scott. "Heard a history of all his ancestors, whom he has hung round his chimney-piece. From counting of pedigrees, good Lord deliver us!" But he had also not a little of the proud humility of his brother the Chancellor, who, when a young man, used to declare, "Thank fortune, out of my own family, I don't know a lord!"

The first and most earnest of the Earl's hobbies was the cultivation of his own domains. He published in the 'Bee' some curious essays on the art of idleness, in which the hero is invariably a gentleman of good family, who, after racketing in town, repents of his ways and returns to respectability and agriculture. From the world of Brooks's and Almack's our hero flies to the planting of timber and the culture of fruit-trees, till "he becomes so much master of the principles, practice, and duties of husbandry, that he is soon able to originate and direct in all the operations, as the *paterfamilias* of Columella, and becomes quite independent of his land-steward, bailiffs, and old experienced servants." He has essays on country life, with a far-away hint of Gilbert White, essays in an absurd *rococo* style, but now and then full of real observation and genuine feeling. One piece, "To the daughters of Sophia on the Dawning of Spring," begins:

"Alathea, Isabella, Sophia, my dear girls, the daughters of my dearest friends! the delightful season of verdure is come. Rise up, my fair ones, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Then comes a vivid little piece of *genre* painting, though to be sure the style is execrable, and the essay concludes with a kind of farmer's diary, exactly in the Selborne manner. His "Letters in imitation of the Ancients" have the same honest country note amid their sham classicalism. Dryburgh and Melrose and the Eildons are strangely unrecognisable, but the good Tweedside birds and flowers and skies are there, though he calls a planting a "vernal thicket," and the Cheviots "undulatory forms of mountain."

After agriculture, antiquities were his special province. In 1780 he founded the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at a meeting held in the house in St Andrew Square. The first idea was a sort of *Académie Ecossaise*, to be called the Caledonian Temple of Fame, which, through a complex system of balloting, was to canonise the names of famous Scots, living or dead. The University authorities and the Advocates' Library saw their occupation gone, and opposed the petition for a royal charter of incorporation; but the charter was granted through Buchan's influence at Court.

His own antiquarian studies are numerous—a memoir of Sir James Steuart Denham, an account of the parish of Uphall, an account of the Abbey of Dryburgh in Grose's 'Antiquities,' and sketches of George Heriot, Lord Mar, the son of the Regent, and Drummond of Hawthornden. He kept up a lengthy correspondence on antiquarian matters with Nichols, and sent him "Some Remarks on the Progress of the Roman Arms in Scotland during the Sixth Campaign of Africanus," which was published in vol. xxxv. of the 'Topographia Britannica.' Sometimes the poor man was sadly duped. John Clerk of Eldin had a great passion for curiosities, and his unprincipled son, who was afterwards the famous judge, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which he buried in the ground. Then some time or other they would be *accidentally* discovered, and added to the ancestral museum. In an evil hour Lord Buchan came along, saw one of the heads, and, filled with admiration, carried it off and presented it to his new Society. It is said that it remained for long in the collection of that excellent body.

But while he valued his agricultural and antiquarian achievements at their proper worth, it was as a patron of letters that my Lord hoped to appeal to the admiration of posterity. His was the task to bring forth retiring merit and to seal the fame of the great with his approbation.

He appointed himself the special trumpeter of the poet Thomson, and he would fain have done the same for Burns and Scott. He erected at Dryburgh an Ionic temple, with a statue of Apollo inside and a bust of Thomson on the dome; and in 1791 he instituted an annual festival in commemoration of the poet, at which he solemnly crowned his bust with a wreath of bays. He asked Burns to attend, but the poet was harvesting, and sent a frigid "Address to the Shade of Thomson," in imitation of Collins. Buchan distinguished himself by a silly pompous speech, which seems to have irritated Burns, for we find him two years later sending a poem on "Some Commemorations of Thomson" to the 'Edinburgh Gazette':—

"Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae  
 Wi' meikle honest toil,  
 And claucht th' unfading garland there,  
 Thy sair-won rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud  
 This axiom undoubted :—  
 Would thou have nobles' patronage?  
 First learn to live without it.

'To whom hae much, more shall be given'  
 Is every great man's faith;  
 But he, the helpless, needful wretch,  
 Shall lose the mite he hath."

Which is perhaps scarcely fair, for in all Buchan's folly there was little of this vulgarity. The Erskines had learned the lessons of adversity too well in their own lives to be mere patrons of

success. Later Burns seems to have forgot his bitterness, for he sends a copy of "Scots Wha Hae," and a respectful and somewhat dithyrambic letter on the beauties of liberty—which must indeed have charmed our gentleman's heart, for such fine sentiments were meat and drink to the dilettante Radical. When the poet died the Earl added his bust (in Parian marble!) to his Ionic temple.

His essays in statuary were not all equally fortunate. The worst performance was the erection of a colossal statue of Wallace on a bank above the Tweed on the anniversary day of Stirling Bridge, a monstrosity which Scott prayed for lightning to annihilate. On its base was an inscription in Buchan's best style:—

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument as sacred to the memory of Wallace—

'The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,  
Who woo'd on Ayr's romantic shore,  
The beaming torch of liberty;  
And roaming round from sea to sea,  
From glade obscure or gloomy rock,  
His bold compatriots called to free  
The realm from Edward's iron yoke.'

The unveiling was disastrous. The Earl appeared before the statue with his speech in his hand and destiny on his brow; and at the discharge of a cannon the curtain was dropped. But to the horror of the honest enthusiast and

the delight of the audience, the peerless knight of Ellerslie was revealed smoking a huge German tobacco-pipe, which some humourist had stuck in his mouth.

His relations with Sir Walter extended over many years, and were on the whole the most pleasing we have to record. Once, when he examined a High School class, he praised the young Scott's recitation, which the poet remembered to the end as the first commendation he ever received. In 1819, when Scott lay seriously ill, Buchan hurried to the house in Castle Street, found the knocker tied up, and concluded that the great man was on the point of death. He succeeded in elbowing his way upstairs to the sick chamber, and was only dissuaded from entering by a shove downstairs from Peter Mathieson the coachman. Scott heard the noise, and fearing for the person of the feeble old man, sent James Bal-lantyne to follow him home and inquire his purpose. He found the Earl strutting about his library in a towering passion. "I wished," he said, "to embrace Walter Scott before he died, and inform him that I had long considered it as a satisfactory circumstance that he and I were destined to rest together in the same place of sepulture. The principal thing, however, was to relieve his mind as to the arrangements of his funeral—to show him a plan which I had prepared for the procession—and, in a word, to assure

him that I took upon myself the whole conduct of the ceremony at Dryburgh." The good man's hopes were disappointed,—he died before his victim, and that great eulogium in the style of the French academicians remained unspoken.

The Earl's own works—such at least as he wished to preserve for posterity—are contained in a little volume called 'Anonymous and Fugitive Essays,' published at Edinburgh in 1816. The preface is magnificently impersonal. "The Earl of Buchan, considering his advanced age, has thought proper to publish this volume, and to meditate the publication of others, containing his anonymous writings; that no person may hereafter ascribe to him any other than are by him, in this manner, avowed, described, or enumerated." The book begins with a series on the Art of Idleness, which contains some exalted thoughts on female education. A saying of his, "Women must be flattered grossly or not spoken to at all," is recorded by Burns, and was the subject of an indignant epigram; but here his lordship is an enthusiast for sterling qualities, and sets common-sense and housewifely virtues far above prettiness. His manner is sensibility run mad, as witness this sketch of the young Alathea:—

"Mamma," said Alathea one day, "what is the reason that my pretty crested hen has forgotten her chickens that she was so fond of long ago, and is going along, like a fool, with the ducklings?" "Why, dear, I will tell you how

this happens: the hen-wife cheated her, and put the ducks' eggs into her nest, and she thought the eggs were her own and hatched them; by and by the ducks will take the water, and the hen will forsake them. A hen would not do this if she were at home, and had learnt to shift for herself in the fields by gathering seeds and corn; but we have brought hens about the house, and by having everything done for them by the servants, they have become silly and helpless." "Oh, mamma, what a terrible thing is this! Will you teach me to do everthing for myself?" "Yes, my dear, I will, with all my heart." . . . Thus I initiated my Alatheia in the history of nations, and in general politics, beginning with her at five years old. . . . I found one day Alatheia in tears for the loss of one of her garters; I condoled with her, but told her that one of my own garters was worn through, so that I wanted one as well as herself, but that I was busy making another in its stead. I took out of my pocket a worsted garter half wrought upon quills, and began to knit, saying it should not be long before I cured my misfortune." "Oh, mamma, will you teach me to make garters?" . . .

And so on in the style of the 'Young Ladies' Companion.' So much for my Lord as an instructor of youth.

His classical imitations, which take up a great part of the book, have a very doubtful value. As became a liberal nobleman, he must profess an admiration for the republican bores of the early Empire, especially Helvidius Priscus, whose statue, he says, stands in his hall. We may conjecture that his lordship's scholarship was not exact. He imitates Petronius Arbiter very clumsily, and he



has many long letters, purporting to be from Roman republicans criticising the new *régime*, which are chiefly remarkable for their ineptness. Quintus Cicero writes an amusing letter to his brother Marcus in Britain, and Seneca has a fragment on the conduct of life. But such exercises are not without their humours, and now and then, by a quaint phrase, the author is betrayed. Petronius talks of "poor but elegant provincials," and the phrase in the Earl's mouth is self-descriptive. "The Greeks," he says, "when they transgressed, *sinned (as I may say) in a superior style,*"—which is exactly his lordship's code of ethics. He has some curious remarks on English prose style. Gibbon, Burke, and Junius have a "quaint, flippant, pointed manner"; Swift, Atterbury, and Hume, on the other hand, "remain in our age possessed of the chaste propriety and dignity of those who have set up the Greek historians for their models." "How glorious," he exclaims, "would it be for a band of such men to associate in Britain for chastising the meretricious innovators who are encouraged by the tasteless people of the age to enervate our language and our manners." But when we come to the Bacon imitations we find a really tolerable level of excellence. They are introduced by a circumstantial account of their finding which is in itself a pretty piece of romance. "Goodly senectude" is quite in the Baconian manner, and he has the trick of an apt display

of learning. Sometimes we catch the note of a very modern sensibility which is out of place: "Wherefore, my father, with a smile of amiable complacency and strict intelligence of my thoughts, did thus with great condescension apply himself to the train of my reflections." Among the "Literary Olla" he has a curious discussion of the character of a gentleman, in which he limits the application of the title to landed proprietors. He seems to have hated the young man about town with all the bitterness of a poor Scots magnate.

They then go abroad, to take what is called the tour of Europe, with a selfish, slavish, pedantic *compagnon de voyage*, commonly called a leader of bears; and after having played monkey tricks at all the fashionable courts in Europe, and been plucked and fleeced by sharpers and opera girls, they come home when of age to join in recognisances with their worthy fathers; and, as a reward, are introduced into all the fashionable clubs as promising young men, *tout à fait aimables et polis*. Then you see them almost every night drunk in the boxes of the play-house and opera house, flirting with the beauties of the day, who declare them to be "charming young men; but, good la! Charlotte, how naughty and roguish! I declare they flurried me exceedingly."

Finally, there are certain essays on Taste, the inevitable subject of his age, where he shows a sanity and an acuteness little to be expected from the sentimentalist of the earlier letters.

His other excursions in literature are to be found mainly in his indefatigable correspondence. He

established what he called his "Commercium Epistolicum Literarium," a portion of which is now in the University Library of Edinburgh. He worried Horace Walpole past endurance with his letters, till he "tried everything but being rude to break off the intercourse." Of his poetry we know only four lines, which he wrote with his own hand on the wall of St Bernard's Well:—

"O drink of me only ; O drink of this well,  
And fly from vile whiskey, that lighter of hell.  
If you drink of me only—or drink of good ale—  
Long life will attend you—good spirits prevail.  
*Quoth the Earl of Buchan.*"

It is a small output for so busy a man, but literature was his hobby for a long lifetime. While Harry Erskine was winning the reputation of the greatest advocate at the Scots Bar, and Thomas was drawing nearer to the Woolsack, my Lord remained peacefully in his shadowed garden, cultivating the insipid Muse.

His life was happy, if to feel confidence in one's worth and greatness be happiness. In the curious bundle of extravagances which made up his character, not the least is this overweening pride. A subtle quality it was, compounded of glory of race and a consciousness of private pre-eminence. He felt himself a standard-bearer in the van of European progress, the intellectual heir of the ages, and the equal of any great man of the past. He had no family, so he consoled himself with a re-

flection. "According to Bacon," he used to say, "'great men have no continuance,' and in the present generation there are three examples of it—Frederick of Prussia, George Washington, and myself." He had no jealousy of his distinguished brothers. They were but broken lights of himself, faint reflections to show the full glory of the head of the house. Now and then he had a taste of plain speaking, but his armour of self-love was proof against it. Once he told the Duchess of Gordon, "We inherit all our cleverness from our mother"; to which the witty lady retorted, "Then I fear that, as is usually the case with the mother's fortune, it has all been settled on the younger children." It was a concession for him to admit that merit did not descend in unbroken line from the Erskine stock, but it only illustrates more fully his curious pride. He was greater than his race. He was no mere scion of a great house, but something beyond it, combining the virtues of a long ancestry with an alien virtue from the mother's side. His brothers had won distinction by following a trade—a bitter thought even to this Whig lord; but he comforted himself and took a modest pleasure in their success. Was he not the *fons et origo* of their prosperity? Once he told a guest: "My brothers Harry and Tom are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me." His friend looked his surprise. "Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death

they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing. And they have both thriven since—*owing everything to me.*"

If he was a fool, he was at least above any vulgar folly. The connection which gave him pride was with the great of past times, and it was only in the second place that he claimed kin with contemporary notables. Apparently he was remotely related to Sir Thomas Browne, and he was never tired of calling him his "Grandfather." Washington, as we have seen, was his "illustrious and excellent cousin." He believed that he contained all his ancestry in himself, and that the house of Buchan, as Lord Campbell has put it, "was a corporation never visited by death." "Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi vix ea nostra voco" was a maxim which he could never acknowledge. He spoke of his own ancestors' doings as his own, and used to amaze strangers at dinner by some such remark as, "I remember I remonstrated strongly before it took place against the execution of Charles I." He patronised the King as he had never been patronised before on the ground of "consanguinity to Your Majesty," but always with a hint that the Royal house was little better than a cadet branch of his own. George, with a humour rare in that pedestrian

nature, took it in good part, and apparently was sincerely flattered by the emphasis laid on his Stuart descent. Buchan showered letters of advice upon him, and when by any chance the royal action met with his approval, he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction.

In all this we are repeatedly reminded of Sir Thomas Urquhart. A little more genius, a little less providence, would have made Buchan a second Knight of Cromartie. The same insane pride of family which produced the 'Pantochronocanon' finds its parallel in the Erskine pedigrees. But Buchan was less mythologically and scripturally inclined. His ambitions did not reach to King Arthur, Hercules, Hypermnestra, and Noah; sufficient for him a decent Scots descent. Both had their imaginations hag-ridden by historical figures—Urquhart by the Admirable Crichton, Buchan by half a score of heroes. He always thinks of himself in a historic setting, cutting a fine figure after some accepted pattern. Sometimes it is Helvidius Priscus or Brutus or Pliny or Lord Bacon; in his younger days it was Sir Philip Sidney. In an absurd preface to an edition of Callimachus he talks of "having endeavoured from my earliest youth (though secluded from the honours of the State, and the brilliant situations incident to my rank) to imitate the example of that rare and famous English character, in whom every compatriot of extraordinary merit found a

friend without hire and a common rendezvous of worth." This, indeed, was the honest gentleman's ideal, and who shall scorn it? He wished to be a kind of dashing Mæcenæ, a scholarly man of the world, a polite enthusiast—and all on a scanty income and an inheritance of debt.

The result—had he been a man of sensitive nature—would have disappointed him, for he became a Prince of Bores, the walking terror of his generation. Even Scott, who hated unkindness, is betrayed into irritation. We find an entry in the 'Journal,' under September 13, 1826: "Dined at Major Scott, my cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He, too, is a Prince of Bores, but age has tamed him a little, and like the Giant Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he can only sit and grin at pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a fank over them as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable infliction nowadays." And again, under December 26: "Returned to Abbotsford this morning. I heard it reported that Lord B. is very ill. If that be true, it affords ground for hope that Sir John is not immortal. Both great bores. But the Earl has something of a wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso." A bore is frequently a wit out of season, and when "wild cleverness" is joined with egotism beyond Sir Willoughby Patterne's, and the whole with utter tactlessness and the persistence of the horse-leech, the result is tragic for a man's friends.

Vanity will always provide for the perpetuation of its features. His busts and portraits are scattered broadcast throughout Scotland. Like Mr Austin Dobson's gentleman of the old school—

“Reynolds has painted him,—a face  
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace;”

and the picture, in Vandyke dress, still hangs in the hall of the Society of Antiquaries. Once he had himself done in crayons, and presented the portrait, with a eulogistic description written by himself, to the Faculty of Advocates; and in Kay's 'Edinburgh Portraits' there is an excellent caricature in Highland costume. Lockhart has described his appearance in 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk':—

I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and think it no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him. The features are all perfect, but the greatest beauty is in the clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptors in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in these fine features, although, indeed, they are very far from conveying the same ideas of power and penetration which fall from the overhanging shaggy eyebrows of his brother.

Two years after the last entry quoted from Scott, the Earl was gathered to the fathers who had been the glory of his life. He was buried at Dryburgh, and Sir Walter had the satisfaction of attending the funeral of one who had hoped to outlive him.



"His lordship's funeral," he writes in his diary under April 25, "took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin Maxpopple was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death." And then in a kinder vein: "I felt something at parting with the old man, though but a trumpery body." Elsewhere, Sir Walter had sketched the character of the dead. He had a Tory dislike of the Erskine politics, and in particular he could never abide the Lord Chancellor, so it is possible that his judgment of the Mæcenas who was so unlike the others is more tolerant than critical.

Lord Buchan is dead [he wrote]; a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured or rather eclipsed very considerable talents. His imagination was so fertile that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary things he delighted in telling. . . . The two great lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was; but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew—thoroughly a gentleman—and with but one fault: he would not say "No," and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Barnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor: the latter at one time

possessed £200,000 ; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crack-brained, and sometimes caustic. Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humoured, and gayest sort that ever cheered society ; that of Lord Erskine moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

So wrote Sir Walter in his sick and weary latter years, and it is, in the main, the truth. We cannot sum up our comic Chesterfield save in a bundle of paradoxes. He had the mad Erskine blood and a more than Scots thriftiness. He was magnificent, but with a prudent aim ; a lover of letters with little real aptitude and an uncertain taste ; a Radical with the soundest Tory instincts ; a Scot, but itching always to be esteemed cosmopolitan ; a parochial magnate, yet with an eye on the two hemispheres. A laughing-stock to his contemporaries and a bore to his friends, his egotism shielded him from pain, and he lived happily among his books and prints and stuccoed gardens.

## A SCOTTISH LADY OF THE OLD SCHOOL

(LADY JOHN SCOTT).

To those who, in Lady Louisa Stuart's phrase, have "an old-fashioned partiality for a gentlewoman," this record of one of the last of the elder school of Scottish ladies must have a singular interest. There is not much material, we fear, for the Life of Lady John Scott. Sir George Douglas has written two charming essays on her, and Miss Warrender's volume<sup>1</sup> contains nearly all her poetry, with an admirable biographical sketch. A volume of the airs she composed is also promised. But there are few records of the *secretum iter et fallentis semita vite*, and perhaps we have got all that is possible, and certainly all that she would have desired. She was the last survivor of the old kindly world of the Border, which the extreme centralisation of life has now done away with for ever. In the ninety years of her life she saw the face of her beloved countryside wholly changed, and an even greater revolution

<sup>1</sup> Songs and Verses. By Lady John Scott. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

in society and manners. Born five years before Waterloo, she had often spoken with people who remembered Prince Charlie, and had been out in the Forty-five, and she lived to interest herself in the South African War. The daughter of an ancient family, and by marriage a member of a great house, she saw much of the best society, and, since she belonged to a generation when gentlewomen had the substance of culture without its pretensions, she maintained through her long life a keen and wide interest in literature. But she was above all things a Scotswoman, steeped in the poetry and traditions of the Border, and loving every phase of scenery and weather with the simple devotion of a child. "Haud fast by the past" was her favourite motto, and in her verses and airs she has done much to preserve the fleeting grace of the classic district she dwelt in. Good as much of her poetry is, her life is more interesting than anything she wrote, and we are grateful to Miss Warrender for a record which seems to us to be perfect in form and feeling, a fascinating picture of a rare and attractive mind.

Lady John Scott was by birth a Spottiswoode of that Ilk, a family which gave remarkable men to all parties in Scottish history. Her mother was a Wauchope of Niddrie, and from her grandfather, who had carried money to the Prince, she imbibed that innocent Jacobitism which was always a feature of her character. As a little girl she paid an annual visit to London, travelling all the way in the family

coach or by sea,—a great experience for a child, as there were gibbets to be passed, and pirates to be seen hanging in chains at the mouth of the Thames. At the age of twenty-six she married Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's only brother, and one of the most famous sportsmen of a time which in Scotland was rich in such celebrities. Her married life was spent partly at his English home in Warwickshire, and partly at various houses on the Border. Lady John disliked racing, but otherwise she sympathised warmly in her husband's tastes, and gipsies and black-fishers were sure of their protection. I have always understood that the "Jock Scott" salmon-fly was named after her husband, and that the first specimen was dressed with a lock from her hair. When the Queen and Prince Albert visited Dalkeith in 1842, Lady John was the only one present to receive them; and in those days she went a good deal to Court, and formed a friendship with the unfortunate Princess of Parma. After her husband's death she grew more attached to her own country, and rarely left it, finding her interest in its scenery and legends, and in a thousand works of very practical charity. Like many old-fashioned Tories, she had a real understanding of the poor, and ruled her little domain with shrewd and kindly wisdom. Among other recorded acts of benevolence, she purchased and fitted out a schooner which she presented to the Fair Islanders that they might have an easier access to markets, and inaugu-

rated for them a new era of prosperity. Miss Warrender has drawn a delightful picture of the spirited old lady "with her scarlet shawl pinned closely over her shoulders, and wearing doeskin gloves with vandyked gauntlets, copied from a hawking glove of Queen Mary's." She collected everything which was associated with the house of Stuart, and, like Lady Sarah Bruce and other ladies of an earlier generation, cherished a melancholy loyalty, not so much to the family as to the old *régime* which they stood for. She tried to preserve old customs, and insisted on having the corn on her estate cut with a shearing-hook and threshed with flails. To the very end of her life she retained her bodily and mental vigour, rising at seven each morning, and breaking the ice on her bath in winter. Few old ages have been more like "a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly."

Her poems differ widely in merit, some being mere exercises in borrowed fashions, but a few having the true individual note of the singer. She is best known by her version of "Annie Laurie," which both in words and air is probably, after "Auld Lang Syne," the best known Scotch song in the world. I have heard it played in a Mozambique café, and it was at one time a kind of "Marseillaise" for Chicago patriots. The old rude words of Douglas of Fingland had their own merit, though it was not of the drawing-room, and one may regret the fashion which has forgotten

them ; but the third verse which Lady John Scott added, beginning "Like dew on the gowan lying," is beyond all question true poetry. This blythe song, however, is not really typical of her Muse, which found its most perfect expression in that "pastoral melancholy" which has been the note of all modern Border lyrics. When the balladists ceased, and poetry became more introspective and reflective, it acquired a tender haunting sadness, as in the immortal "Leader Haughs" of Nicol Burne the Violer, and, to take a more modern instance, in the Yarrow poems of Wordsworth. It is of dead lords and ladies and forgotten ways that the minstrel sings, and it is perhaps the fitting poetry for the soft green hills and pastoral valleys. Lady John Scott's best verses have two dominant qualities,—an intense love of the country and a desire to recapture its lingering grace, and a sensitiveness to the romantic memories which attach to every hill and stream. The result is a placid melancholy, which the *laudator temporis acti* must always wear in the face of a changed world. The song, "O Murmuring Waters," which possesses an exquisite setting of its own, is an instance of this feeling :—

"O murmuring waters ! The sounds of the moorlands I hear,  
 The scream of the hern and the eagle, the bell of the deer,  
 The rustling of heather and fern, the shiver of grass on the lea,  
 The sigh of the wind from the hill, have ye no voice for me !"

So also in "Durisdeer," the "Lammermuir Hills," and the plaintive "Bounds o' Cheviot." Here is

the same passion for a well-remembered landscape taking the form of home-sickness at the very thought of separation. In her ballads and in most of her more personal verses she is apt to put her feeling into the bonds of a not wholly suitable convention, but there is always a line or a phrase to show the strong human heart from which it came. In one poem, "Ettrick," she seems to have attained to a nearly perfect expression of that moorland melancholy which all have felt, joined with a poignant personal emotion :—

"When we next rade down Ettrick,  
The day was dying, the wild birds calling,  
The wind was sighing, the leaves were falling,  
An' silent an' weary, but closer thegither,  
We urged our steeds thro' the faded heather ;  
When we next rade down Ettrick.

When I last rade down Ettrick,  
The winds were shifting, the storm was waking,  
The snow was drifting, my heart was breaking,  
For we never again were to ride thegither,  
In sun or storm on the mountain heather ;  
When I last rade down Ettrick."

Lady John's was not a great gift, but it was a very true one, and her name may well be remembered as not the least of the many interpreters to the world of the Border landscape, and perhaps one of the last voices from an older and more leisured generation of singers.



## THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS.

It was a happy inspiration to bring Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors' down to the end of the century. That light-hearted nobleman, when, about the year 1841, being for the moment out of office, he bethought himself of writing a book, created a new biographical form. England had seen many lives of eminent lawyers before his day, but they had been written by hacks or dull brother-lawyers, and found few readers for their three-volume ponderosity. Lord Campbell aimed at short lives, critical rather than biographical, picturesque rather than conscientious,—a portrait-gallery instead of a mausoleum. He had great gifts and great failings. He was habitually inaccurate, incurably slipshod in style, and steeped to the eyes in prejudice. But he had the supreme merit of being always interesting. He turned names which had hitherto been the thin ghosts of legal literature into full-bodied men. He has left us one of the most fascinating books in modern English, and we are very willing to forgive his blunders. Mr. Atlay<sup>1</sup> has rewritten

<sup>1</sup> The Victorian Chancellors. By J. B. Atlay. 2 vols. London.

the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham, who, being too near Lord Campbell's own age, suffered much at his hands, and he has added the lives of that notable succession of Chancellors who made the later Victorian age an epoch in our legal history. No great lawyer could ask for a more competent biographer. He can appreciate from the professional standpoint a career at the Bar and on the Bench; he is an admirable historian of politics; and he is a keen and kindly student of character. Like Lord Campbell he is always readable, and unlike Lord Campbell he is conspicuously fair and accurate. It is a book which we can recommend to all in search of good entertainment.

A Chancellor stands in a different class from an ordinary judge. He is at the head of the administration of law, but he is also a great political figure,—the Speaker of the House of Lords, a member of the Cabinet, and a weighty voice in all Government measures. It may happen that he is mainly lawyer, and that his doings are writ in the law reports rather than on the ampler page of history. But he may be as much statesman as judge. Like Lyndhurst or Cairns, he may be the leader of his party in the Upper House and have the Premiership at his command. Or he may be neither lawyer nor statesman, but only a figure, like Brougham, of tireless vitality and bravado. Whatever his performances on the Woolsack, he must have had a strenuous and distinguished career before he

reached it. A cipher or an unknown quantity may enter the Cabinet, but he cannot hold the Great Seal. The man who has reached the professional eminence which makes the Woolsack possible must already have made some kind of name in both law and politics. We can, therefore, presuppose a certain level of distinction. In the Victorian era especially, when policy was in transition and the judicial framework in the melting-pot, there was no Chancellor who did not in some way stand out beyond the mass of his contemporaries. That some are forgotten and others still remembered is due more to personality than to attainments. A highly competent but colourless figure passes soon into the dusk of legal tradition. To survive, a man must have either abnormal talent or an abnormal personality. He must in some way strike the imagination of his age, for the popular imagination is the best preservative of fame.

We may group the Victorian Chancellors into those whom our generation is beginning to forget: those whom we remember as great lawyers: those who will live by statesmanship as well as by law: and those who survive as exceptional personalities. In the first class we should place Cottenham, Truro, and Cranworth, and, with some hesitation, Chelmsford and Hatherley. The first two are already little more than names. Cottenham was born with every advantage, and had an easy path to success.

He was a profound lawyer, an excellent judge, and the best of husbands and fathers: and there we leave him. Truro deserves remembrance, along with Lord Hardwicke, as an encouragement to the sons of solicitors. He made a large fortune, sat peaceably on the Woolsack, and, as his second wife, married a king's granddaughter. Cranworth, as some one tactfully told him on his resumption of the Woolsack after Westbury's disgrace, is a shining instance of how much wiser it is to be good than clever. He was perfectly conscious of his limitations, for once in the hearing of Crabb Robinson he thanked God for them. His early years at the Bar were remarkable for nothing but his popularity. Every one who met him fell under the spell of his kindly simplicity. He was making scarcely £500 a-year, when, to his amazement, he was offered the Solicitor-Generalship. After five years of modest service he became a Baron of Exchequer, which was more than he had ever hoped for. His seat in Parliament was shaky, and he had no practice to return to. In his new capacity he presided at the Rush murder case, and won many laurels, for it was precisely the kind of case where his gentleness, his patience, and his high conscientiousness were seen at their best. He found himself famous for the first time, was created Vice-Chancellor and a peer, and was talked of for the highest office. His Whiggism was unimpeachable, and, on the formation of Lord

Aberdeen's Coalition Government in 1852, he received the Great Seal with general approval. He was not a great Chancellor, and he was a very bad debater in the House of Lords, so in the Palmerston Ministry of 1859 he was passed over and Campbell appointed in his place. But in 1865, at seventy-five, he received the Great Seal a second time, and held it for a year. Lord Selborne has left it on record that "in steady good sense, judicial patience, and impartiality and freedom from prejudice," he was surpassed by no Chancellor he had known. A more famous dictum is that of Lord Westbury, who, when asked why the Chancellor always sat in the Court of Appeal with the Lords Justices, replied that it arose from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark.

Chelmsford was a splendid creature, physically and intellectually. He began life as a midshipman, and bore throughout his career something of the bluff geniality of His Majesty's navy. Then he thought of the West Indian Bar, but, like Cairns in a similar situation, was persuaded to try his chance in England. For £2000 he bought a place in the old Palace Court—the object of "Jacob Omnium's" crusade,—which made a good crutch for the young lawyer. His first great case was a brief for the defence in the Weare and Thurtell murder trial, but for long the wheels of his chariot drove slowly. Brougham, at the request of Lyndhurst, gave him a silk gown when he was forty, and

next year he was engaged in Daniel O'Connell's famous election petition. In subsequent cases of the same type he made a great reputation by the vigour with which he denounced the partisanship of the House of Commons Committees. He entered Parliament for Woodstock, became Solicitor-General in 1844, and, since Mr Attorney was a cipher, bore the brunt of Government business. In his new capacity he won high praise, and being a staunch Conservative of the old school, he was a *persona grata* to Lord Derby. When Palmerston went out in 1858, Lord St Leonards was too old to resume the Chancellorship, and it fell naturally to Thesiger. He took the title of Lord Chelmsford, a title made illustrious by his descendants in other spheres of action. He would have made an excellent Chief-Justice, but he was too little the born lawyer to be able to make up for the lack of knowledge of the equity side of his business. He held the post a second time in 1866, and in 1868 when Lord Derby resigned found himself quietly shelved. Disraeli, whom he detested, wanted the place for Cairns. He was long remembered at the Bar as a very witty and kindly judge, who never fell below the high traditions of his office. He made jokes, as Hood made puns, from a natural inability to refrain. "Halloa," a man once asked in the robing-room, "whose castor is this?" "Pollock's, of course," was Thesiger's reply.

Hatherley is not a romantic figure, but he began

life in the atmosphere of courts and intrigues. His father was the famous Alderman Wood, Queen Caroline's champion, and one of the trustees of the Duke of Kent's estates. It was due to money advanced by him personally that the Duke and Duchess were able to return to England in time for the Princess Victoria to be born at Kensington Palace. Young Wood, having been expelled from Winchester, went to study at Geneva, whence he made a journey into Italy to help to collect rebutting evidence in the Queen's divorce case. After some years at Cambridge he was called to the Bar, and began his profession with a variety of experience behind him which no contemporary could lay claim to. He married early, and his wedded life was a model of happiness. If Wood's career is somewhat unfeatured, it was very happy and desirable. His sincere piety and kindness made him, like Cranworth, one of the best loved men of his generation. In politics he was an old-fashioned Liberal, who adored the Church of England, thought Kingsley a Jacobin, and looked on the co-operative movement as a "ferocious monster." He disliked all field sports, and his recreation was theology. "He is a mere bundle of virtues," said Westbury, "without a redeeming vice." He was successively a law officer, Vice-Chancellor for sixteen years (where he was very good), a Lord Justice of Appeal for nine months, and Lord Chancellor in Mr Gladstone's 1868 Ministry. Roundell Palmer would have

had the place had he not refused to follow Mr Gladstone in his Irish Church policy. Lord Hatherley, as Wood had become, was a docile Gladstonian, and he had need of all his docility, for he had to defend some of his chief's least defensible jobs. He resigned in 1872, and died as recently as 1881. Lord Selborne's eulogy in the House of Lords was not undeserved. "He was a man who had as much purity and simplicity, as much conscientiousness and energy and sound judgment, as, taking into account the infirmity of man, any of us could hope to attain to."

Of those whose reputation will ever be green in the law reports, but to whom the ordinary man will scarcely do justice, St Leonards is the chief. The qualities which make a great judge are not always those which make a man eminent at the Bar. An advocate is carried to fortune by the natural gift of the orator, by endowments of presence, manner, or voice, by a peculiar insight into human nature and a ready sympathy, or by some pre-eminent skill of intellectual fence. But the judge is concerned with none of those things: he may have them all, and be a signal failure. The meticulous interpretation of statutes, the orderly balancing of precedents and the deduction of principles, need none of the showy endowments of successful advocacy. Of the three Victorian Chancellors who will be remembered mainly as great judges, none won exceptional fame at the Bar. There is no such tradition of their



prowess as attaches to Erskine, or Loughborough, or Scarlett, or, in a later day, to Charles Russell. Indeed St Leonards, the greatest of the three, seems, apart from vast learning and a clear mind, to have had scarcely any of the conventional qualities of the advocate. Like Lord Tenterden, he was the son of a barber, and went to neither of the universities. Amazingly precocious, and the author of standard law books while still in his early twenties, he came rapidly to the front through sheer competence. Once, after dining early, he got through thirty-five briefs before going to the House of Commons at eleven—which shows how complete was his mastery of his profession. He was respected by all parties,—by the Radicals for his efforts towards law reform, by the Tories for his unbending Toryism in all other matters, and by the Bar for his learning and his formidable temper. He was Lord Chancellor of Ireland before succeeding to the English office, and no doubt has ever been cast upon his value as a judge. He knew every case in the books, he went straight to the heart of the subject, and woe betide the counsel who tried to fob him off with irrelevancies. The reading of his decisions produces the impression of a powerful intellect working joyfully on the driest material. There has probably never been a greater judge, so far as the mere satisfactory decision of complex cases goes. What he seems to lack is that formative intelligence which we discern in

men like Mansfield and Cairns, which codifies the law as it goes along and leaves behind it not judgments merely but principles of illumination. In St Leonards the old Chancery mind, with its powers and limitations, reached its highest level. He is not such a hero of tales as some of his brethren, but there seems no doubt that his was the bitter saying of Brougham—that if he knew a little law he would know a little of everything.

The General Election of 1895, and his sudden death four years later at Washington, prevented the world from fully tasting Lord Herschell's quality as a judge. Undoubtedly he must stand in the front rank. He administered the pure law, as it was his duty to do, leaving considerations of expediency to the Legislature, and at the same time there was no trifling or pedantry in his decisions. In quickness of mind and masculine robustness of understanding he had much in common with the great Chancellor who still survives. Lord Halsbury seems to us to stand with St Leonards as the greatest purely legal mind of the nineteenth century, and in his influence on English law he is not to be paralleled since Mansfield sat at the Guildhall. He made his first reputation at the Old Bailey rather as a "bonny fighter" than as a lawyer. He has always had a certain contempt for mere learning. "Too much reading and not enough thinking" he has announced to be the source of many legal failures. He made a bril-

liant law officer, for never was man more combative and tenacious in debate. A Conservative not far removed from the Eldon type, Lord Salisbury leaned on him as Disraeli had leaned on Cairns. He went to the Woolsack in 1885, mainly owing to the representations of Lord Randolph Churchill; and his three chancellorships have covered a total of seventeen years,—a record exceeded only by Eldon and Hardwicke. Such a tenure of office means that the shaping of modern law as well as the appointment of the modern Bench have been in his hands. His legal influence has been solely for good. A master of the common law without a rival, he has clarified and enunciated its principles, and enforced common-sense rules of interpretation. His supreme merit is that he always applies to a case the appropriate method. In a subtle matter he can be as subtle as Westbury, but no man has ever been quicker to clear the ground of false subtleties and get down to the simple problem. With his mingled boldness and conservatism—the true temper of a great judge—he has kept the law of England adequate to the increasing needs of the modern world.

From the pure lawyers we pass to the men who were both lawyers and statesmen,—the figures which must rank with Peel and Gladstone, Disraeli and Salisbury, in the history of the century. The first, and the most fascinating, is Lyndhurst. The son of Copley, the portrait-painter, he settled down,

after a brilliant career at Cambridge, to make a living in the most uncertain of all professions. His rise was slow, and for years he shut himself off from the world. His chance came when he forswore the Whig principles of his youth and entered the House of Commons as the legal champion of the Tories. Thereafter his career was one long triumphal progress. He thrice occupied the Woolsack, and it is possible that, like Mansfield, he might have been Premier had he pleased. If he was not one of the greatest of English lawyers, he was certainly one of the greatest minds that ever applied itself to law. His intellectual vitality was such that no subject came under his cognisance which he did not master. He was earnest in the cause of law reform, however Tory might be his views in politics; but the truth is that he probably did not care enough about political problems to trouble to have opinions. He shaped his course from day to day, asking only one thing—the chance of exercising his superb powers of mind. “He played the game of life,” wrote Bagehot, “for low and selfish objects, and yet, by the intellectual power with which he played it, he redeemed the game from its intrinsic degradation.” He was a typical exponent of the “grand manner”—a great judge, who liked to look like a cavalry officer, and preferred smart to legal society. He was completely successful, and for long he and his wife were the most brilliant features in the fashionable world. In his attitude towards enemies

and rivals in the Press and in Parliament he never lost the air of the *grand seigneur*. He disregarded abuse, and when fate put an opponent in his power, went out of his way to treat him magnanimously. To the end of a long life he retained a boyish gaiety, and bore his honours with the same lordly ease with which he had won them. His last words were: "Happy? Yes, supremely happy." To such a man the world cannot grudge success, and jealousy among his contemporaries was soon lost in admiration. He was so overwhelmingly competent that his colleagues both on the Bench and in the Cabinet habitually deferred to him, and for long he was the real centre of the Tory party. Lord Westbury, a man not lavish in praise, once told Jowett that Lyndhurst's was the finest judicial intellect he had ever known. To the earnest world of Reformers and Chartists and Benthamites he remained a mystery. They could not comprehend the mind which, seeing all sides of a problem, had no impulse to any particular solution. The "pure" reason is not popular among devotees of the "practical." Hence, save by his intimate friends, he was never trusted. The man who made no concessions to popular sentiment, whose mind cut so cleanly through confused popular dogmas, could not be expected to win the adoration of the public. Lyndhurst's defence might well have been that which Stevenson put into the mouth of another

judge. "I have no call to be bonny," said Weir of Hermiston; "I'm a man that gets through with my day's business, and let that suffice."

Lyndhurst was unpopular, but human. Cairns, equally aloof from common popularity, had something unhuman in all his greatness. The precocious boy became the brilliant young man, and in a very short space of time the first lawyer of the day. He never looked back in his career; he never even stumbled. Member for Belfast at thirty-three; a law officer at thirty-nine; a Lord Justice and a peer at forty-seven; and Lord Chancellor at forty-nine,—no man had ever a swifter or smoother rise to power. He was fortunate in many things, and not least in his political convictions. Far too clear-sighted to be a Tory of the Eldon school, his acute, closely reasoning mind distrusted every popular emotion and saw the fallacies in every popular cry. There is no more typical Conservative in English history. Before his entry into Parliament it would have been difficult to prophesy political success. His impassive manner and his weak voice seemed ill-suited to impress a popular assembly. But opposition kindled him, and his very impassivity put his tremendous dialectical powers always at his command. He tore arguments to pieces with a fierce and yet icy vigour. Lord Blachford has left a note of the effect he produced:—

It seems as if you had never done with him. He makes a case against you—a clear, incisive case—and then when that is worked out, and you are thinking how to get out of the scrape, you begin to find that what you have heard is not the scrape, but only the beginning of it; the foundation of a series of aggravations and misfortunes which sink you deeper in the mire and close all avenues of escape.

Like all great debaters, he never mixed good and bad arguments: he went straight to the key of the opposition and battered it with horse, foot, and artillery. In the House of Lords he was perhaps less effective. He needed rousing, and when he had a polite and somnolent audience he was apt to be dull and to labour his case. Yet we question if the Upper Chamber has ever listened to a more passionate and moving eloquence than the famous "Peace with Dishonour" speech after Majuba. As a judge he must stand among the greatest. He was the philosophic lawyer, with an instinct for principles as well as a keen eye for facts. For him the law was always the real world in its formal aspect. His judgments convinced as much from their grip of reality as from their logical weight. As a statesman, his chief success was the compromise over the Irish Church, where the part he played was both wise and courageous. As a legal reformer he has, along with Selborne, the credit of the Judicature Acts. "Lord Cairns," said the late Lord Salisbury, "united

qualities not often granted to one man: he was equally great as a statesman, as a lawyer, and as a legislator." Political opponents called him partisan, but unless Conservatism is to be held a bar to statesmanship, Cairns deserved the first of Lord Salisbury's titles as well as the others. One interesting trait should not be left unnoticed: he belonged to that considerable class of Victorian Chancellors who were not only virtuous but pious. The coldest of men must have somewhere a fount of emotion, and Cairns found his in evangelical religion. The earnest Nonconformist, who worshipped Mr Gladstone and identified godliness with Liberalism, was amazed to find the Tory Lord Chancellor, hymn-book in hand, on the platforms of Messrs Moody and Sankey. Members of the Bar, desirous of rising in their profession, used to attend assiduously at religious meetings, in the hope of catching the Chancellor's eye. There was no ostentation with him, and no concealment. From his first day at the Bar he refused to work on the Sabbath, and in the stress of his busiest years he rose every morning early for an hour's prayer and Bible-reading. His intellect—the greatest pure intellect of his day—accepted and was happy in the simple faith of his childhood.

Selborne, though to our mind intellectually less masterful, is a more gracious figure than Cairns. The difference between their temperaments is the difference between the hard Calvinism of the



Ulster Scot and the gentler creed of Oxford Anglicanism. Roundell Palmer was in type the best product of the public school and university system. The stamp of Oxford was always on him, and, save Westbury and Bowen, his culture was the widest of any Victorian lawyer. When such a man gives himself whole-heartedly to law, it means a sacrifice of inclination which is a salutary discipline for character. The day comes when the stony places are past, and the forgotten interests return to embellish and illumine the legal attainments. Hence we find in Selborne a harmoniousness and grace of temperament which were wanting in his great contemporary. A few years of journalism on 'The Times' did him no harm, and he was soon in so good a practice that he could think of Parliament. In everything but Church questions he was mildly Liberal: there he was an unbending Tory, and his views were later to bar for a moment his professional advance. Like Bowen, he spent himself on his profession, and admitted once having worked from 2 A.M. on Monday till late on Saturday without ever going to bed. In 1861, when Bethell became Chancellor, he was made Solicitor-General, and many wished him to become Attorney. But Lord Westbury declined to promote him over the head of Sir William Atherton, saying genially that it was impossible, since Sir William had no head. He made his mark in the House as an advocate of Parliamentary reform,

and did much to enlarge the bounds of the Conservative Reform Bill of 1867. So distinguished a Parliamentarian did he become, that he was coupled with Gladstone as the protagonist of the Opposition, and in some quarters was considered the future Prime Minister. He differed, however, from his chief on the Irish Church question, and when Gladstone returned to power, he without hesitation declined the Woolsack—an act of self-denial which was later to be repeated by the present Lord James of Hereford. The incident brought him great popular prestige, and for the rest of his life he enjoyed a reputation for high-mindedness such as falls to the lot of few lawyers. He was senior British Counsel in the *Alabama* Arbitration at Geneva, and it was surely the irony of fate that the best advocate living, Sir Alexander Cockburn, should have sat as arbitrator, and the most judicially-minded of men appeared before him to argue the British case. On Hatherley's resignation in 1872 he became Lord Chancellor, and for the next year or two was busied with the immense labour of the Judicature Acts. There may be dispute as to the value of some of the changes he effected, but there can be no question as to the industry and ability which he showed in the elaboration of the scheme. As a judge he was quick, clear, admirably impartial, and unfailingly courteous. There was always a touch of Oxford precision in his speech, and a slight primness, which made Bowen dub him "the

pious cricket on the hearth." Like Cairns, his main interests were theological, but with a difference! The forms of worship attracted him, and he was the chief living authority on hymns. He was an old-fashioned High Churchman, who wished to preserve a beautiful ritual, and revive the old synodical organisation; but he had no more patience than Lord Westbury with the high-fliers who claimed a divine mission to break the law. His party label was Liberal, but his mind was Conservative. He thought Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign "a precedent tending in its results to the degradation of British politics"; and over the Home Rule question he broke finally with his leader. It was a new Selborne who spoke with such vigour on Unionist platforms, and no adherent lent more weight to the cause. He died at the age of eighty-three, retaining to the last his vigour of mind and body. It is pleasant to contemplate a career so strenuous and useful, so nobly sustained, and so crowned with due rewards.

There remain three figures aside from the succession of dignified and decorous Chancellors. All three were men of great ability, but each had some core of eccentricity, some twist in character or taste, which puts him in a class apart from his fellows. Of the three, Brougham is the strangest. It is the habit of Chancellors to live long, but Brougham outlived his reputation. That "surest and most voluminous among the sons of men,"

after a rise which, for meteoric brilliance, makes other careers pale, saw himself the most disliked, suspected, and disconsidered of public figures. Few characters were more strangely compounded of strength and weakness. His mind was without critical and logical power. His reach perpetually exceeded his grasp, and he became that most trying of spectacles, an inaccurate polymath. All his qualities neighboured on vices. His courage became impudence, his impressive eloquence was on the edge of bathos, his industry was scarcely distinguishable in its results from indolence, and his immense knowledge had often from its curious gaps the effect of ignorance. The first impression he made on acquaintances was overwhelming. "The first man the country has ever seen since Burke's time," wrote Grey as early as 1809. And bitterly as he offended every man who worked with him, there must have been a strange charm about his personality, for people like Grey and Melbourne and Queen Adelaide, who had every reason to hate him, all came under his spell again before their death. To a later generation he is a pure enigma. We have no materials to judge him by, since his judicial decisions are worthless, his writings reveal little but laboured inaccuracy, and his speeches, like most re-published oratory, are, in Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's phrase, no better than "mouldy wedding-cake." He will be remembered best as the hero of insane pranks and the subject of

good stories. It is almost forgotten that he founded London University, inaugurated the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and did much to reform Chancery procedure. His solid work is cast into the shade by his colossal impostures. A man who circulated the story of his death in order to find out the view his contemporaries took of him, and having scarcely a smattering of Greek published an edition of Demosthenes' "Upon the Crown" with *varias lectiones*, had no common share of audacity. From his royal progress through Scotland to his speech on the Reform Bill, when he flung himself upon his knees and, having consumed much port, was unable to rise again, his career is starred with every form of absurdity. Once at Buckingham Palace he offered to carry to his friend the King of the French any letter with which her Majesty might entrust him. He told Cabinet secrets to 'The Times,' and circulated amazing tales to his own credit, which he must have believed, for they appear in his 'Memoirs.' According to Charles Greville, he once conducted a party over Hanbury's Brewery, explaining minutely every detail of the operations, and causing the hair of the Scotch foreman to stand on end as he heard the words of the Lord Chancellor, without "one word o' truth frae beginnin' to en'." Yet, with all his faults, he is a figure of superb vitality, and behind his self-seeking burned a hatred of wrong and a love of his fellow-

men which do much to redeem the follies of his life. In the circle of doctrinaire Whigs who were his contemporaries he moves like a panther among seals—a dangerous, uncertain creature, but with a fierce life in him beyond his associates.

Lord Campbell has to the present writer an air of Sir Andrew Wylie in Galt's novel. He is one type of successful Scotsman, immensely proud of having risen from nothing, and yet inclined to forget his beginnings; vain, kindly, and innocently snobbish. Devoted to his family, and in a sense to his birthplace, he yet lamented that nothing could rid him of his Scotch accent, and as candidate for Edinburgh his wild efforts towards Anglified speech were the delight of his constituents. His was not a character with much elevation. Place, power, and comfort were his honourable, but pedestrian, ambitions. His vanity was insatiable, but it was the vanity of Boswell, and lacked neither intelligence nor humour. And like all such vanity it provided for the treasuring of every detail in his life. His diary and autobiography are as good reading as his 'Lives of the Chancellors.' We know "Jock Campbell" in every circumstance of life, in his loneliness and in his success, in the Pepysian undress of his innermost thoughts and in the rhetoric of his public utterances, till the very intimacy to which he admits us inspires a kind of affection for so human a soul. We see him in his early London days, very poor and rather friendless,

writing dramatic criticisms for a living. Being possessed of an iron frame and indomitable self-confidence, he slowly works his way into practice, filling up his time with law-reporting, and keen as a hawk for the chance which should lead to success. The law is a hard mistress, but she never denies a single-hearted votary. By the age of thirty-five he is making £2000 a-year, and dining out in society. He marries Scarlett's daughter, and, his place being assured, goes into Parliament. Very soon he is a law officer, and is counsel for the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, in the action brought against him by the husband of Mrs Norton. He was also in the famous *Stockdale v. Hansard* case on Parliamentary privilege, a case which is never out of his letters. For a short time, like St Leonards, he was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and when relieved of office proceeded to write his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' and to discuss in a curious brochure the probabilities of Shakespeare having been bred a lawyer. Campbell suffered a little from Brougham's complaint of desiring to be thought a universal genius, but, wiser than Brougham, he confined his attempts to provinces where he was more or less qualified to speak. After a short term as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he succeeded Denman as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Here there was no question of his merit, for he was an admirable common-lawyer, and had a strong masculine understanding. He worked incessantly, wore down his

puisnes, and has left thirteen solid volumes of still-quoted decisions. His contemporaries may well have thought that he had reached his highest point, but his luck never deserted him. When Palmerston formed his last Ministry he was in difficulties for a Chancellor, and Lyndhurst suggested Campbell. He received the Great Seal when he was over eighty,—a record, he tells us, unparalleled since St Swithin. For two years he sat on the Woolsack, a docile and venerable figure whom no one wished to criticise. His best-remembered achievement was the raising to the Bench, in spite of the clamour of Bar, of the future Lord Blackburn, who was then a law reporter, with neither a silk gown nor a practice. Campbell was not a judge of the first order, but his personality, in the life of his age, was certainly one of the first importance. It is easy to criticise him, for he was the most fallible of mortals. In matters of good feeling he was like a bull in a china shop, and the decencies and conventions of life go crashing as he moves. At one moment his note is false humility, as is the famous dedication to his volume of collected speeches; at another it is robust braggadocio. He had the astounding bad taste to republish in the said volume his speech in the Melbourne case. The same lack of breeding is apparent in his 'Lives,' for, as some one said, he treats his most eminent predecessors as if they were "waifs on a manor." His feelings had become blunted in his long struggle for



place, and his one criterion was success. Yet, with it all, there is much to be grateful for in the author, much to admire in the judge, and much to like in the man. He was very human in his failings, and the same humanity carried with it the virtues of courage, optimism, and a ready kindliness.

It is a pity that Mr Meredith, that mighty analyst of strange souls, was never moved to portray in fiction the character of Westbury. It would have repaid the study of a master. Like Selborne, Bethell was a devoted son of Oxford, and his Oxford manner never left him. Let it be remembered, for the encouragement of undergraduates, that his rendering of a passage in Pindar during his oral examination for his degree led afterwards to his first important brief. But there was no Attic grace, no classic mellowness, in his soul. Despising mankind, especially that portion of it which embraced his colleagues, he became the foremost scourge of fools in his generation. He was born with a gift of English style which might have made him a great man of letters. Exact, appropriate, and adequate sentences flowed easily from his lips. With this appalling clarity of thought and deftness of phrase he joined a gentle voice and a lisping, mincing accent, so that his sarcasm had the piquancy of gall in honey. His early years at the Bar were years of unremitting toil. He dined habitually in chambers off a mutton-chop and a glass of water. Passionless lucidity was the mark

of his advocacy, and no man was ever more fertile in resource, more wholly self-possessed, or more contemptuous of an adversary. He could so state his own case that any opposition seemed to involve the lunacy of the opponent. He entered Parliament as a Conservative, but he was as scornful of political principles as of other things, and calmly went over to the Liberals when their prospects seemed rosier. With his usual courage he faced alone an angry meeting of the Conservative Club while his name was being struck off the books. An Erastian in Church affairs, and of no persuasion at all in secular policy, a passion for law reform and better modes of legal education, and a deep love of Oxford, were almost his only interests beyond himself and his household. He was soon made Solicitor-General; and with Cockburn as Attorney smote Amalek hip and thigh. He bought a country estate, and became an assiduous if indifferent sportsman, occasionally peppering his friends and upbraiding some one else for the blunder. In 1861 he received the Great Seal in succession to Lord Campbell, and ascended the Woolsack followed by the admiring dislike of the whole Bar and most of the public. We know from the recently published Letters of Queen Victoria that her Majesty shared to the full in the popular view.

As a judge he gave general satisfaction, for he had Lord Halsbury's knack of getting through verbiage to facts, and through subtleties to prin-

ciples. Like Lord Young, he detested precedents, and wished that all the law reports could be burned. But his career as Chancellor is more remarkable on the political than on the legal side, for his Erastianism found full scope in his struggle with what he regarded as clerical usurpation. In his judgment in the 'Essays and Reviews' case, he "dismissed hell with costs, and took away from orthodox members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation." It was not so much what he did—for other lawyers and even prelates agreed with him—as the way he did it. His conflicts with Bishop Wilberforce were characterised by an asperity which is happily rare in English public life. He treated the Episcopal Bench, to adopt a famous metaphor, as the Almighty might treat refractory black beetles. He was sometimes in the right on the merits and sometimes in the wrong, but he was always in the wrong on the methods. The result was that when his disgrace came, few felt any compunction at his fall. It is needless to repeat a story which is not wholly to his discredit. Though a great lawyer, he was far from being worldly-wise, and he fell into the hands of people more cunning than himself. He bore his misfortune with a stoical dignity, and his farewell speech to the Lords reconciled many an old enemy. It did not reconcile Bishop Wilberforce, and we are bound to say that if the Chancellor was deficient in Christian charity he had more of that scarce commodity than the Churchman.

Mr Frederic Harrison seems to be right in attributing the bitterness of Westbury's tongue less to direct malice than to an uncanny gift of ready epigrammatic speech. Everyone thinks hard thoughts, but Westbury was bound to utter his in polished English. He was inclined, like many clever men, to be intolerant of fools, but his intolerance at once took the form of stinging and unforgettable sarcasms. He was quite impartial in the distribution of these favours. An Irish junior asserted himself in consultation. "Really," said Bethell meditatively, "this loquacious savage appears to know some law." A timid junior once congratulated him on a speech and said, "I think you have made a strong impression on the Court." "I think so too," was the answer; "do nothing to disturb it." A fellow-silk, who had a loud voice, finished his argument and sat down. Bethell arose: "Now that the noise in Court has subsided, I will tell your honour in two sentences the gist of the case." The judges were not spared. Lord Justice Knight Bruce, for example, was apt to be impatient. "Your lordship," said Bethell, "will hear my client's case first, and if your lordship thinks it right your lordship can express surprise afterwards." Once he turned to his junior in Court—"Take a note of that: his lordship says he will turn it over in what he is pleased to call his mind!" The Lords fared little better. "I perceive that the noble Duke is not listening—indeed I perceive that the noble Duke is asleep. The subject before your Lordships is an

intricate one, I admit, but if the noble Duke will lend me his attention I do not despair of making the matter clear even to his intellect." As for Bishops, he walked round their tent with a club, like the Irishman at Donnybrook, "looking for heads." "I would remind your lordships," he once said, "that the law in its infinite wisdom has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a bishop." Many of his gibes are merely rude, but we must remember that they were delivered in a dulcet voice, with a prim and measured accent, which greatly increased the effect. It is awesome to think that he once addressed a Young Men's Christian Association on the virtues of benevolence and charity, to which qualities he attributed the success of his career. Certainly he was a terrible old gentleman, and yet his bark was much worse than his bite. Hating sentiment and moral protestations, he leaned too far to the other extreme. But the virtues at which he publicly scoffed he was apt to practise in private, and many a man had to thank this rough-tongued cynic for advice and help. Whatever his faults, he was a splendid clean-cut figure, with something antiseptic and bracing in his air. One such man is no bad tonic for a generation. "From my youth up," he once said, "I have truckled to no man, sought no man's favour." His courage never failed him to the end. He died in harness, sitting as arbitrator, with a bag of ice on his spine, on the very eve of his death.

## THE FIRST LORD DUDLEY.

MR. ROMILLY is entitled to the gratitude of all lovers of good reading for having rescued from an old cupboard a collection<sup>1</sup> of the first Lord Dudley's letters to Mrs Dugald Stewart, which were always believed to have been destroyed. For not only are they excellent in themselves, but they reveal a strange and curiously attractive figure, somewhat of a mystery to his generation, and almost forgotten nowadays save by diligent students of memoirs. In the interval between his schooldays and his going to Oxford he was sent to Edinburgh to the care of Dugald Stewart, then at the height of his fame as writer and Professor. The Professor's wife became a second mother to the lonely boy, and for the rest of his life, till the cloud of insanity settled down upon it, he kept up with her a constant and intimate correspondence. The lectures of Dugald Stewart were at the time a kind of training ground for statesmen, — Brougham, Palmerston, Lansdowne, Henry Erskine, and Lord John Russell being among his pupils; for, whatever his limitations as

<sup>1</sup> Letters to "Ivy" from the First Earl of Dudley. By S. H. Romilly.

a philosopher, he seems to have been a teacher with a singular power of inspiring his hearers. After Oxford Dudley settled in London as a rich bachelor of cultivated tastes, knowing every one, going everywhere, the only man in England, according to Madame de Staël, who understood the art of conversation. He sat in the House of Commons, at first as a strong Whig, ultimately as a Canningite, till his father died. In 1827 he became Foreign Secretary, but his official career was undistinguished, being remembered only for the reputation for *finesse*, which rose from his accidentally putting letters to the French and Russian Ambassadors into the wrong envelopes. With the coming of the Reform agitation he went out of office, and soon his health broke down, his mind weakened, and he disappeared from society. The letters in this volume deal only with the brighter part of his life, when he was still a brilliant and much observed figure, about whose future men speculated, but on whose ability all were agreed.

From the verdicts of his contemporaries we know him to have been extremely accomplished, equally at his ease when capping Latin verses with Louis XVIII. or making at Metternich's table epigrams which were repeated in every salon in Europe. We know him, too, to have been admired by a large and most varied circle of friends, and to have borne an unblemished character in an age when few escaped the breath of scandal. But these

letters to Mrs Stewart show him as something more,—a correspondent with a genius for entertaining gossip and spirited sketches of men and matters, and with it all a delicate sentimentality which softens the glitter of his wit. The man who in a busy life could find time to write thus for the amusement of an old Scots lady must have had a true genius for friendship. He is perfectly candid to her, however reserved he may have been to the world, and we have a full record of his political and social prejudices. He can never have been a very enthusiastic Whig. He consistently opposed any extension of the franchise, and he shared with the Duke of Wellington the odium of an unpopular position. “A long continued and strongly expressed wish of the people,” he wrote, “ought, no doubt, to be gratified; but it is the part of a wise and strong Government to resist popular clamour, to choose the proper season for granting requests, and to wait till it has had time to distinguish between the real permanent will of the country and a mere transitory cry.” He was furious with the Whig exultation at Pitt’s death, though he hated Melville and others of Pitt’s friends, and being thoroughly uncomfortable under the banner of Grey and Grenville, lost no time in changing it for that of Canning. His dislike of Americans has the true Tory ring, and he misses no chance of sneering at them,—“he is what the American savages would call ‘an influential character.’” He shared, it is true, the



current Whig admiration for Napoleon. When that great man was interned in Elba he travelled to Italy through France, and was struck with amazement at the energy and good sense of the Napoleonic government. It was he, too, who, when asked by Metternich his opinion of the French Emperor, answered finely: "*Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu'il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la renommée future impossible.*" But that other mark of the good Whig, devotion to Holland House, he was sadly lacking in. He thought Lord Holland a comic figure, and he detested his wife "for the extreme badness of her heart." She "hates a Court where she is not presentable, and a town where she is only partially visited." The Hollands have had so much of their own way in literature that it is refreshing to have the other side of the picture.

Lord Dudley wrote at an epoch when English style was suffering from a flood of neologisms and semi-philosophic phrases. "Opposition is very strong," he writes, "but I am not sure (to use the modern dialect) 'that it contains in itself the principle of success.'" He did not greatly like the fashion, and his own style has something of the simplicity and vigour of the great letter-writers of the eighteenth century. He tells admirable stories about his friends with just a spice of mischief in them,—about Lord Grenville's manners, and Brougham's prowess in field sports, and the

banalities of Rogers. Here is an example. "Among the papers of Doctor Davies, the late Provost of Eton, have been found several of the best exercises of his favourite pupils—Lord Grenville, Lord Wellesley, and Canning. Lord Wellesley's verses are chiefly upon *religion*; Lord Grenville's upon *love*; and Canning's favourite topic is the charms of retirement and the renunciation of ambitious pursuits." His comments are rarely without vigour and point. "It is vastly unlucky that the axiom of political economists—viz., 'That demand is the mother of supply'—does not hold good with respect to a Parliamentary leader. A Select Committee should be selected to inquire into the reasons which prevent this valuable article from appearing on the market."—"The county gentlemen don't think much about the 'Edinburgh Review,' or if they do they believe it to be the production of some individual Scotch atheist, or Scotch clergyman, or both under one."—"I shall be glad of peace, and yet I own I have a pleasure in seeing this confounded people [the French] that have tormented all mankind ever since I can remember anything, and made us pay ten per cent upon our incomes, to say nothing of other taxes, plundered and insulted by a parcel of square-faced barbarians from the Wolga." But he is at his best in his descriptions of his contemporaries; for outside art, where he confessed himself "descended in the female line from the Consul Mummius," there was scarcely a type of

intellectual distinction with which he was not familiar. Of George III. he writes with some malice that he is "so old, has had such a large family, and has been such a regular attendant upon divine service that the greatest part of his subjects think there could be no evil so dreadful as that of shocking any one of his prejudices." He is not above scandal, for he has much to say of Lady Caroline Lamb and Mrs Clarke, and a new piece of gossip about Brougham and Lady Rosslyn. Of Miss Berry, that talented lady, we are sorry to say he reports that "she has a loud harsh voice, and is unacquainted with grammar." How far he was in spirit from the Whigs is shown by his judgment of Fox as "a very bad man," and his ever-recurring sneers at Whitbread. "The Brewer" is never out of his letters; he calls him an "uncourtly tradesman," and admits reluctantly that he "stands firm upon a butt of his own Entire." Towards Madame de Staël, who was a devoted admirer of his, he is a little unfriendly. He wished to pair her off with Sir James Mackintosh to talk abstractions; but perhaps to the finical Dudley the root of her offence was, as Miss Stewart reports, that she appeared "so detestably dirty." As to Mackintosh, he writes: "If I were a king I should make an office for him in which it should be his duty to talk to me two or three hours a-day. . . . He should fill my head with all sorts of knowledge, but, out of the great love I should bear towards

my subjects, I would resolve never to take his advice about anything." Macaulay, who appears at the end of the letters, did not please him,—a *very* clever, *very* educated, and *very* disagreeable man." Curiously enough, he is friendly to Perceval, whom few of the wits could endure, and he does justice to his almost forgotten talents and his singular urbanity of disposition. "If he had not been bred a lawyer he would probably have risen to the character of a great man." But on the whole Wellington is the figure who stands out most clearly in these pages. When Dudley first met him after Vimiera he was immensely attracted by him, and when he served in his Cabinet he came to admire still more the unique qualities of the man. One of his most pleasing stories is of the Duke's methodical ways:—

The other morning I went to him early. He was employed in the drudgery of transcribing a monstrous long letter. . . . It must have cost him near three hours. While he was finishing a sentence my eye was caught by a scrap of paper that lay open on the table before me, so that I had read it before there was time to think whether it was right to read it or no. It was from his house steward, with whom he communicates in writing, and was in these words: "Will your grace be pleased to have some fresh tea ordered in, as we are now making use of the best canister?" Is not this characteristic? Poor Canning! They might have consumed all the Hyson, Souchong, and Pekoe in the house without his having the smallest suspicion of what was going on.

## MR BALFOUR AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THERE is no doubt that Mr Balfour is a representative Scotsman. In many ways he is *the* representative Scotsman. But he is also a hard nut for Scotsmen to crack, for a reason obvious to all familiar with the psychology of peoples. He has every characteristic with which the world at large credits the Scot and which the Scot flatters himself that he possesses. He is a very capable administrator, and in no way amenable to sentiment. He is an admirable dialectician, and loves controversy as other men love peace. He is desperately metaphysical, and it is likely that theology interests him more than any other subject. Write down these qualities, and you have a list of the attributes which are commonly credited to those born north of the Tweed. And yet the average Scot is a little shy when he sees a living epitome of these qualities, for he knows that their owner is not typical of him and his kind. The average Scot, let it never be forgotten, is incorrigibly sentimental; at heart he would rather be "kindly" and "innerly" than "canny," and

his admiration is rather for Burns, who had none of the reputed national characteristics, than for Adam Smith, who had them all. Mr Balfour reveals to him the vast gulf between the Scot of legend and the Scot of fact. He is the legendary Caledonian, and therefore a little disconcerting to his countrymen. They perfectly understand his habit of mind, they know they ought to admire it, but they are far from certain that they do. In theory they are all for dry light, "a hard, gem-like flame," but in practice they like the glow from more turbid altars.

A statesman, especially if he have an original cast of mind and a clearly marked personality, must always stand at some slight disadvantage when he enters the world of letters. It is difficult to dissociate the writer from the debater or the administrator; half unconsciously we look for and find in his book the very qualities we read of every day in the newspapers. If Mr Roosevelt were to produce to-morrow a volume of hymns for infant minds, we should for a certainty find echoes of Trust Reform and the strenuous life in every quatrain. Mr Balfour is bound to suffer specially in this respect, for the personality revealed to us in his works is the identical personality we know in politics, appearing through another medium, and we are apt to judge of it, not on literary grounds, but according as we happen to like or dislike the statesman. And yet it is a pity, for we have no figure in

modern letters of quite the same curious quality. Mr Balfour's literary baggage is not heavy. The 'Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' the more portly and more popular 'Foundations of Belief,' and the little volume of studies called 'Essays and Addresses,' which was first published about a dozen years ago, and is now enlarged and brought up to date,—these, with his unreprinted speeches, make up the whole tale. But, so far as our personal preferences are concerned, we should rate Mr Balfour higher than any other literary statesman of to-day. He has many of Lord Rosebery's qualities, but possesses a weightier equipment and a stronger mental grasp; while he writes English of a purity to which Lord Morley has always been a stranger. If he has neither the golden eloquence of the one nor the perfervid earnestness of the other, he has rarer gifts of style and thought,—rarer, at any rate, in these days. For Mr Balfour, the author, is like some *revenant* from the eighteenth century who has imbibed the latest modern knowledge, and applies the cool and urbane irony of an elder school to our turgid civilisation. This true conservative is not enthusiastic, but he is no pessimist. He "thinks nobly of the soul," though very poorly of some of its manifestations. He is interested in the game of life, keen in exposing mistakes, apt to be contemptuous of the pretentious, but on the whole a kindly spectator. His

logical organon is a destructive weapon ; but he is no vulgar iconoclast, for he will suddenly stay his hand and reflect that after all the illusions of mankind have a merit of their own. It is the eighteenth century's own authentic voice.

The dominant quality of his work is its toleration. He is tolerant even of the intolerant provided it is sincere, and is perpetually finding a core of goodness in unpleasant things, if only they are unpretentious. This tolerance dislikes the iconoclast, who is the foe of conservatism. It is interested in new things, but a little suspicious, and is fundamentally opposed to heresy. In economics, says Mr Balfour's prophetic soul on p. 225. of the 'Essays and Addresses,' "ancient heresies, long thought to have been dead and buried, are beginning to revive." It is chary of enthusiasm, preferring intelligence and self-restraint. "It is true that without enthusiasm nothing will be done. But it is also true that without knowledge nothing will be done well." Mr Balfour's brilliant Rectorial address on "Progress" is the best expression of this point of view, which is a little averse from any rose-coloured dreams. "The best efforts of mankind have never been founded upon the belief in an assured progress towards a terrestrial millennium." He dislikes the seventeenth century because of its religious wars, which were more than half political, and its political wars, which were more than half religious : he owns



no allegiance to any of the intellectual dynasties of the nineteenth century; he is avowedly of the eighteenth. And one eighteenth-century quality he has in perfection, that logic, penetrating thought and style, which is far more than a formal avoidance of fallacies. "Argument is all I have to offer," he wrote in his 'Philosophic Doubt'; but it is the very perfection of argument—ratiocination, perhaps, rather than dialectic—with no ugly gaps, no false purple, but all things apt, lucid, well-ordered. It is common-sense glorified by style, never a frequent conjunction. His logic is the basis of his humour, which is often in its essence a platitude or a paradox, ironically phrased in a semi-philosophical form, but which dovetails so perfectly into the argument that we are startled and delighted. "The science [of sociology] has been planned out by some very able philosophers, much as a prospective watering-place is planned out by a speculative builder." "The cultivation of emotions at high tension towards humanity, deliberately dissociated from the cultivation of religious feeling towards God, has never yet been practised on a large scale. We have so far had only laboratory experiments. There has been no attempt to manufacture in bulk." Why, he asks Dr Clifford, should conscience forbid the payment of rates towards denominational schools, and yet permit the payment of taxes? "Can we seriously believe in this pre-established correspondence between the frontier

which eternally separates right from wrong, and the transient line which technically distinguishes local from national taxation?"

The other main quality is sincerity. He has a strong sceptical honesty, which refuses to accept the old clothes of philosophy or theology without seeing if the brocade is gold or tinsel. He will not attempt to guide till he is quite sure of the way, and he admits the difficulties of belief with a reassuring frankness. He dislikes anything second-hand, and, in consequence, the class of people who are made drunk with words, and fall willing victims to their own rhetoric. "I admit," he says in his Rectorial address on "The Pleasures of Reading," "that there is an enormous quantity of hollow devotion, of withered orthodoxy divorced from living faith, in the eternal chorus of praise which goes up from every literary altar to the memory of the immortal dead." Mr Balfour will have none of this lip-worship; if a man cannot feel freshly and think clearly, he had far better remain a Philistine. But because he is critical about pretence, he is appreciative of honesty, however unadorned; like a true conservative, he comes back always to the "ordinary consciousness" as his sheet-anchor. Politicians who fall into rhetorical ecstasies are, to his mind, radically insincere, and therefore fair subjects for his ironical wit. "They need never find difficulty," he writes in his essay on Cobden, "in placing their conduct in an interesting light,

whatever view the public may happen to take of it. Are they the popular favourites? Then are they the representatives, the tribunes, of the people, and speak almost with the voice of inspiration. Does the people burn them in effigy? It is a mere sign and measure of the extent to which they are ahead of the public opinion of their time." Mr Balfour is, as a rule, a gentle satirist, his wit does not wound, and he never on any occasion loses his temper; but there are moments when he can be relentless, and the letter on Dr Clifford's pamphlet is as pitiless a piece of satire as we have read for years, the more pitiless because it is in manner so reasonable and gentle.

In politics Mr Balfour is always sincere with himself; indeed, he would be more effective could he sink his love for dialectics and fine distinctions, and shout crude war-cries with the rest of them. But in philosophy he is sincerity incarnate. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at his philosophy as that of the talented amateur. In many senses, no doubt, it is the work of an amateur. He eschews jargon and *clichés*, and he tries to present philosophical difficulties in the form in which they confront the average man. On this side Mr Balfour has a true feeling for the ordinary consciousness. His attitude is that of the candid, reflective mind which is a little disgusted by the pretensions of scientific philosophy. He does not offer an alternative system; he only suggests doubts as to the

validity of certain theories which he dislikes, and it is to be noted that these theories are equally disliked by the average man. Mr Balfour philosophically is the prophet of common sense and common humanity. His first and best book, 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' is a very original and subtle exposure of the logical difficulties of Spencerianism. His 'Foundations of Belief' is a defence of religion by means of a revelation of the inconsistencies of its critics. Mr Balfour, it will be noted, is always destructive when he is at his best. He has no need or desire to preach a brand new doctrine of his own. He finds a vital spark still alive in the old traditional faiths, and he is quite content with this. It is his business to show how blunderingly its opponents make their assaults. From such an attitude we do not expect any strong inspiration. He has little poetry and no rhetoric; but he is always clear, candid, scrupulously sincere with his readers and himself. These are not the characteristics of a supreme philosophical talent, but they mean a rare and original temperament, which must always charm and often convince.

"Berkeley's early work," says Mr Balfour, "is distinguished not only by the admirable qualities of originality, lucidity, and subtlety, but by a less excellent characteristic, which I can only describe as a certain *thinness* of treatment." The criticism is self-revealing. Thinness, as of a too dry wine, is the defect of Mr Balfour's finely critical spirit.

A little more warmth, colour, and body would not be amiss in that chilly style. Strangely enough, though his talents for speculation are remarkable, there is no hint of the rapture of the metaphysician. He is so shy of rhetoric that his imagination has become slightly atrophied. This is clear in such a study as that on "Handel," where the writer is dealing with music, and therefore with vast vague emotions. Appreciative though he is, the work is not adequate to its subject; it fumbles and guesses, and the strong lucidity of the critical organon is lost. This, as we have said, is the defect attached to his qualities; but when he is only attempting the work for which his powers are entirely adequate, then there is no trace of defect. His style is a model of what a dispassionate style should be,—simple, vivid, perfectly clear, memorable in its strong rhythm and the perfect welding of the sentences. He writes, perhaps, the purest prose of our day, prose untinctured by emotion or colour, but strong, nervous, and clear as crystal. He is original in the rarest sense, for the originality is not a trick of language, but inherent in the thought. Any one who condescends to paradoxes and epigrams can acquire a look of novelty; or freshness, again, may be attained by writing on bizarre matters. But far greater is the originality of a man who deals with common matters in simple language, and yet forces the reader to a new point of view. This quality may be seen in his 'Found-

ations of Belief'; but it is at its highest in some of his 'Essays and Addresses.' To the true lover of good style an apt illustration is far more attractive than a flowery metaphor. To the possessors of an austere literary taste Mr Balfour must always be an attractive writer from the pure pleasure which they get from finding an argument put with mathematical accuracy and yet with perfect urbanity and ease. Take such an illustration as this, which is at once simple and final :—

Do they follow, I mean, on reason *qua* reason, or are they, like a schoolboy's tears over a proposition in Euclid, consequences of reasoning, but not conclusions from it ?

Or again :—

The right of any individual to judge for himself is like the right of any man who possesses a balance at the bankers to require its immediate payment in sovereigns. The right may be undoubted, but it can only be safely enjoyed on condition that too many persons do not take it into their heads to exercise it together.

And, as a last instance, here is an argument, not incapable of answer, yet put in the most perfect form :—

Mr Spencer, who pierces the future with a surer gauge than I can make the least pretence to, looks confidently forward to a time when the relation of man to his surroundings will be so happily contrived that the reign of absolute righteousness will prevail ; conscience, grown unnecessary, will be dispensed with ; the path of least resistance will be

the path of virtue ; and not the "broad," but the "narrow way" will "lead to destruction." These excellent consequences seem to me to flow very smoothly and satisfactorily from his particular doctrine of evolution, combined with his particular doctrine of morals. But I confess that my own personal gratification at the prospect is somewhat dimmed by the reflection that the same kind of causes that make conscience superfluous will relieve us from the necessity of intellectual effort, and that by the time we are all perfectly good, we shall also be all perfectly idiotic.

His dialectical skill is itself almost a literary grace, the sequence is so exact and exquisite. There are moments, too, when a kind of glow seems to pervade the argument, and, though Mr Balfour is never intentionally a moving writer, there are passages, such as the following, where the simplicity kindles into something not far from eloquence :—

The "religion of humanity" seems specially fitted to meet the tastes of that comparatively small and prosperous class who are unwilling to leave the dry bones of Agnosticism wholly unclothed with any living tissue of religious emotion, and who are at the same time fortunate enough to be able to persuade themselves that they are contributing, or may contribute, by their individual efforts to the attainment of some great ideal for mankind. But what has it to say to the more obscure multitude who are absorbed, and wellnigh overwhelmed, in the constant struggle with daily needs and narrow cares ; who have but little leisure or inclination to consider the precise *rôle* they are called on to play in the great drama of "humanity," and who might in any case be puzzled to discover its interest or its import-

ance? Can it assure them that there is no human being so insignificant as not to be of infinite worth in the eyes of Him who created the heavens, or so feeble but that his action may have consequences of infinite moment long after this material system shall have crumbled into nothingness? Does it offer consolation to those who are in grief, hope to those who are bereaved, strength to the weak, forgiveness to the sinful, rest to those who are weary and heavy-laden? If not, then, whatever be its merits, it is no rival to Christianity. It cannot penetrate and vivify the inmost life of ordinary humanity. There is in it no nourishment for ordinary human souls, no comfort for ordinary human sorrow, no help for ordinary human weakness.



## JOHN BUNYAN.

## I.

PURITANISM in its day produced many noble figures of men, but Cromwell and Bunyan were its most typical representatives, and therefore, in a sense, the most characteristic Englishmen in our history. For the creed, when stripped of its extravagances, held the true genius of England; its code of life and thought came from the very fibres of our national character. One of the two, being a man of action, is still a living figure to our minds, but the personality of the other is hidden behind his immortal book. To many of us Bunyan is no more real than the uncertain authors of some of the books of Scripture. We know vaguely that he was a tinker by trade, that he led on his own confession a stormy youth, that he lay for some time in gaol, that he was the soberest of politicians, and that in the end he became a noted preacher in his denomination. History, indeed, gives us few details, but we have enough to frame the portrait of a remark-

able man, remarkable though he had never written a line. The life of Bunyan read in the light of his works, and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' with its author's career as a commentary, are human documents beyond praise. The pious labours of Dr Brown of Bedford have made many details clear, and in the present volume<sup>1</sup> we have an epitome of the life in the light of recent knowledge as well as a subtle and searching study of the man. No more perfect biographer could have been found for Bunyan than the author of 'Mark Rutherford.' There is something Puritanical in the simplicity of his style, his high seriousness, his keen sympathy, which is saved from partisanship by the breadth and philosophy of his outlook. Understanding the hidden deeps of Bunyan's spiritual life, he has expounded his character, not in the formulas of a sect, but in the eternal phrases of humanity. To understand and value Bunyan we need "not theological learning, nor in fact any kind of learning or literary skill, but the experience of life, with its hopes and fears, bright day and black night." Like Cromwell, he was compact of weakness and strength. Tortured by doubts, burdened with the fear of the Lord, both went forth to encourage and comfort others, and to show fear of nothing mortal. Both were practical mystics, adding to their spiritual wistfulness the keenest, clearest insight into human nature, and a strong common-sense to lay hold on facts. "At the

<sup>1</sup> John Bunyan. By the Author of 'Mark Rutherford.'

day of Doom," said Christian, "men shall be judged by their fruits. It will not be said then, 'Did you believe?' but 'Were you doers or talkers only?'" In religion it was the direct experience on which Bunyan based his faith. In 'Grace Abounding' his atheism departed, not because it was disproved, but because "God and Christ were continually before my face." His religion was a concrete thing; the life of the saint was not an abstract growth in grace, but a pilgrimage; his hero was not a disputant, but a soldier. It is this intense love of fact and deeds, joined with his visualising power, which makes him the great allegorist. He sees the spiritual life in a picture, and he sees that picture so distinctly that he makes every one else see it. "Religion," says his biographer, "is dead when the imagination deserts it. When it is alive, abstractions become visible and walk about on roads." And because he was not only an observer, but a poet, realism and idealism join hands in the simplest, directest, and profoundest of tales. In his biographer's words—

He is the poet of Puritanism, but also of something greater, that is to say, of a certain class of experiences, incident not especially to the theologian, artist, or philosopher, but to our common nature. He was enabled to become their poet because, although he was shaken to the centre by them, he could by Grace abounding detach himself from them and survey them. This is his greatest

service to us. He takes us by the hand and whispers to us, *Is it thus and thus with thee?* and then he tells us he has gone through it all and by God's mercy has survived.

This directness of vision is joined to a curious profundity. He not only sees clearly, he sees deeply; but he looks, not in cynicism, but in pity and charity. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is full of little touches, as unexpected and as certain as Shakespeare's. Take such a figure as Mr Fearing, who escaped from the Slough of Despond by accident "one sunshine morning." He cared nothing for the lions or the Hill Difficulty, but he was ill at ease in the House Beautiful. The Valley of the Shadow and the River were quieter than they had ever been in the memory of man, but Mr Fearing was in awful straits. Yet he was very wakeful in the Enchanted Ground, he was desperately quarrelsome with the folk of Vanity Fair, and in the Valley of Humiliation he was as well, said Old Honest, "as ever I saw a man in my life, for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last. Yea, I think there was a kind of sympathy betwixt that valley and him." Take, too, the sketches of Mr Worldly Wiseman; of Mr Bye-Ends of Fair-Speech, whose great-grandfather was a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and whose mother was a virtuous woman, my Lady Feigning's daughter; or Obstinacy; or such exquisite

studies in ethical discrimination as Faithful and Hopeful; or Old Honest, who came from the Town of Stupidity which lieth four degrees *beyond* the City of Destruction; or Mr Haughty in 'The Holy War,' who, like Hal o' the Wynd, considered not what cause he fought for so long as he bore himself well. Hardly a figure in his tales but sums up a temperament or a philosophy, as familiar to our generation as to his. Ignorance still cries loudly in the market-place, Pliable still sets out on great undertakings and returns home after the first mile, and if we have changed some of the wares in the Fair of Vanity, the market-laws are the same. There are still silver-mines about, with Demas standing by, "gentleman-like, to call to passengers to come and see." Greatheart demolished Doubting Castle, but it has been built again, and its locks, as of old, "go damnable hard"; and there are still Delectable Mountains, with blind men walking among the tombs below. If the ladies of the House Beautiful are harder to find, Mercy still goes about her work, and any day you may meet the deplorable young woman, "her name was Dull." And who does not know Mr Fearing, the high-strung, diffident, courageous soul, who suffers greatly in his spiritual combats, but cares little for lions and giants and the townsmen of Vanity? But if Bunyan's knowledge and charity are world-wide, his logic is inexorable. He will be faithful to truth, and surrender nothing to sentiment. He knew

that the wicked do not come to sensational ends, but die in their beds, greatly respected: so in the 'Life and Death of Mr Badman' he makes that gentleman enjoy a quiet old age. His stern realism will not give his saints one unlikely virtue, or his fools any monopoly of vice, or allow him to paint the pilgrimage in anything but the colours of life. "Some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over, but *the way is the way, and there is an end.*"

Yet the whole tale is steeped in an atmosphere of romance and poetry, which the illustrations to Mr Byam Shaw's edition very beautifully reproduce. The artist has mixed together medieval and Jacobean conventions, so that now we have a Puritan maid, and now a Crusader, and now one of Chaucer's pilgrims; but the result gives that effect of catholicity and enduring truth which belongs to the story. He has caught, too, the mysterious simplicity of the landscape,—russet mountain paths with little glimpses of a green country beyond. For Bunyan has a keen eye for Nature, and can describe it in haunting words,—witness the "meadow curiously beautified with lilies," or "the delicate plain called Ease," or the description of the Land of Beulah, or, above all, that wonderful account in the Second Part of the Valley of Humiliation, than which there is no nobler

prose in the language. Much of the scenery is, no doubt, Biblical, but there is more than a hint of the Forest of Arden, and of that hill-country of Surrey through which still runs the "Pilgrim's way." As to Arden, is it permissible to guess, with Mr Froude, that in his unregenerate days he may have seen "As You Like It" performed in some country booth? Christian speaks of making religion a stalking-horse, a metaphor which belongs to the play, and in Valiant-for-Truth's song, "Who would true valour see?" there is an echo of the catch sung by Amiens. Bunyan is so true a poet that, while his sense of truth is never allowed to give way before romance, yet when romance comes naturally in his tale he rises to its height. The man "of a very stout countenance" at the Interpreter's House is an unforgettable picture, as is the crossing of poor Much-Afraid, the daughter of Despondency, who "went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said." "My sword," said Valiant-for-Truth at his departure, "I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who now will be rewarded." And when Mr Standfast hears his summons and goes down to the River in a great calm, the epic of human life rises to a noble and adequate close. The secondary applications of allegory are forgotten; we are moved as by some

great deed witnessed by ourselves ; for, indeed, the drama we have watched is our common life seen by the transforming eyes of genius.

## II.

The book in which Bunyan wrote down the story of his life's crisis can never appeal to the world with the same universal force as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The language is too much that of technical theology, and it is not always easy to recapture from the strange maze of symbolism the facts of the spiritual conflict. Moreover, it is a piece of pitiless realism, lacking the romantic interest of allegory. Yet 'Grace Abounding' is not inferior to the other in its sudden lantern-flashes into the deeps of the human soul. First published in 1666, it is a record, written in prison, of the author's conversion, and the temptations which assailed him before he found his feet firm on the rock of truth. There is no such human document known to us in any literature. The "Confessions" of other saints seem spectral and dim compared with this plain narrative of fiery trial and hardly won assurance. For Bunyan was not one of those who come easily to peace. His vivid imagination, his scrupulous candour with himself, and his strong and stiff-necked spirit made the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Humilia-



tion no easier to him than to his own Pilgrim. In reviewing his struggles he thought that his fault lay in not having recourse constantly to prayer, and the conclusion is illustrative of his temperament. Peace is only won by such souls after they have tried the battle in their own strength and grievously failed. The merits of the book are its complete honesty, the clearness with which every detail of the contest is remembered, and the profundity of the issues, for it was no shallow or half-witted being who was thus tormented. Literature can show many pictures of religious conflicts, such as Hogg's wonderful 'Confessions of a Fanatic,' but in most of them there is something crack-brained and morbid about the protagonists. But Bunyan's common-sense and sanity are as strong as his imaginative insight. In 'Grace Abounding' we have the spectacle of a mind of the first order struggling with a literal interpretation of the most terrible words of Scripture, groping among vast and half-understood conceptions with no guide but its own honesty, and all the while goaded by the knowledge that the quest was a matter of life or death, that "above Elstow Green was heaven and beneath there was hell." He may speak sometimes in strange tongues, and use a dialect which is out of date, but the interest of the facts is eternal.

"From a child," wrote Bunyan, "I had but few

equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." These vices must not be taken too seriously; they are the faults of an imaginative man, and loomed up in the retrospect larger than they probably were, while from what he calls "the lusts and fruits of the flesh" we know by his own testimony that he was conspicuously free. Even in his unregenerate days he trembled when he saw wickedness done by "those who professed goodness,"—scarcely the mark of a gross sinner. He was addicted to swearing, and to be reprov'd even by loose livers put him in great trouble about his soul. He tried church-going as a cure, but "Mr Two-tongues, parson of the parish," had no comfort to give him. He began to hear voices, warning him of death and judgment, and soon lost pleasure even in innocent games, and became the victim of his uneasy conscience. Then came a period of outward reform without inward conversion. "Our neighbours did take me to be a very godly man, . . . though yet I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope. . . . Had I then died my state had been most fearful." The real struggle now commenced. He plunged into the Scriptures, and found more matter for fear than for hope. His first temptation was to the wild creed of the Ranters, but from this his wholesome good sense saved him. Then came the desire for some material assurance of his faith, the old propensity to test

God by calling for a miracle. He was tormented by the thought that for him the day of grace might be past and gone; and it is worth noting that it was a text from the Apocrypha which first brought him a ray of comfort. "Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?" But the terrible problem of election and predestination remained. The clean and unclean beasts of the Mosaic law provided him with strange and disquieting parallels. He longed for assurance of grace, but could not convince himself that he was numbered among the elect. "But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a *Christian's calling!* as when the Lord said to one, *Follow Me*; and to another, *Come after Me*: and oh, thought I, that He would say so to me too: how gladly would I run after Him!" In his intense spirituality it seemed amazing to him to see old people "hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always," and "professors much distressed and cast down when they met with outward losses." Then came a very modern temptation. "Every one doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews and Moors and Pagans; and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures should be but a think so too?" Bunyan had no answer to these early efforts of the historical school of criticism; "only by the distaste they gave my spirit, I felt there was something in me that refused to embrace

them." The doubt abode with him for a year, and relief came partly through the ministrations of Mr Gifford, partly through what must seem to us a crude symbolic interpretation of a text in Revelation, and largely through the reading of Luther's 'Commentary on Galatians,' a book "most fit for a wounded conscience."

But the crisis was not passed. He fell into a sort of religious *folie de doute*. Strange voices whispered in his ear bidding him deny Christ, and to his unquiet mind it seemed that he acquiesced. These voices, like those of Joan of Arc, were probably the hallucinations caused by an imagination so vivid as almost to materialise its creations. The awful thought came upon him that he had sinned the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. He fancied himself like Esau, who could find no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. An "ancient Christian" whom he consulted agreed with his view, but, adds Bunyan, "I found him, though a good man, a stranger to much combat with the devil." A foolish fellow this ancient Christian! This was his fiercest trial; for long he suffered under it; and in the end his doubts disappeared, as all such doubts must, not before rational proofs, but from a living sense of the divine presence. "God and Christ were continually before my face." His feet were now on firm ground, and being essentially a man of deeds, he must needs become a preacher and

dispel the doubts of others. He professed himself no theologian, and never cared "to meddle with things that were controverted," but only "to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith." The rest of 'Grace Abounding' is taken up with a description of his arrest and trial. He was a loyalist and a law-abiding citizen, but no man of his experience and temperament could obey a command to be silent when he saw the world perishing for lack of the true light. His argument with the Justices is brilliant dialectic, and the scene was obviously the source of the wonderful trial at Vanity Fair described in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' His case is formally perfect, but had Bunyan been set in authority he would no doubt have acted like his Judges towards Ranters and Quakers, and the same case might have been made out against him. When men are in desperate earnest toleration seems only another name for indifference.

The book is one of the most remarkable in our literature. Doubtless many of the problems discussed have small reality for modern days. We are less hag-ridden by Scriptural precedents, the symbolism which terrified Bunyan has small power to affect us, our language is less theological, we state our difficulties more scientifically and correctly, and what to him were living realities have become to us only counters in a rather antiquated controversy. But the problem remains the same:

the Way is still the Way, narrow and hard and comfortless. Let us quote the comment of Bunyan's most eloquent biographer :—

The dialect may alter [wrote Froude], but if man is more than a brief floating bubble on the eternal river of time ; if there be really an immortal part of him which need not perish ; and if his business on earth is to save it from perishing, he will still try to pierce the mountain barrier. He will still find the work as hard as Bunyan found it. We live in days of progress and enlightenment ; nature on a hundred sides has unlocked her storehouses of knowledge. But she has furnished no " open sesame " to bid the mountain gate fly wide which leads to conquest of self. There is still no passage there for " body and soul and sin."

## COUNT TOLSTOI AND THE IDEALISM OF WAR.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S denunciation of war must have set many people thinking on the grave question which it raises. Abstract idealism, stated in its extreme logical form, is a strong intellectual stimulant. It compels thought by the very extravagance of its terms. Making nothing of the considerations which govern life—the possibility, the expediency of a project—it raises the whole discussion into a rarefied atmosphere; and the ordinary man, not accustomed to move on such a plane, gasps for breath. Idealism can only be met by a counter-idealism, just as a false affection can only be displaced by a true. Like is the antidote to like, and to answer fanaticism with prudential maxims, or attempt to check enthusiasm by an appeal to experience, is as hopeless a task as to try to quell a popular revolution with an epigram. Count Tolstoi repeats many of the threadbare pleas against war, but, being a man of genius, he does not plead on the lines of a M. de Bloch. For him there is no prudential half-way house. Much of the argument, indeed, is irrelevant to his main contention, as when

he sneers at the politicians who sit at home while soldiers fight their battles, and when he attempts to support his case on economic grounds. But his main thesis is simple, and of universal application. War, he says in effect, is a sin against God's law and against the moral well-being of mankind. But the collective conscience of the world is deadened: the individual conscience must be aroused. He therefore calls upon all concerned to halt and "bethink themselves." The Czar must say to himself: "I have promised to fulfil what is demanded of me by the Higher Will which sent me into life. These demands I not only know, but feel in my heart. They consist, as it is expressed in the Christian law, which I profess, in that I should submit to the will of God, and fulfil that which it requires of me, that I should love my neighbour, and serve him and act towards him as I could wish others to act towards me. Am I doing this?" The soldier, the Minister, the journalist, must each put the same questions to himself. The moment all classes examine themselves in this way, war, Count Tolstoi thinks, will cease of itself. "The most effective and certain deliverance of men from all the calamities which they inflict upon themselves, and from the most dreadful of all—war—is attainable, not by any external general measures, but merely by that simple appeal to the consciousness of each separate man, which, one thousand nine hundred years ago, was proposed by Jesus,—that every man bethink himself, and ask himself, who is



he, why he lives, and what he should and should not do." This is the true idealism, an appeal to a spiritual tribunal, a plea for a spiritual transformation. It is not met by any of the ordinary forms of military advocacy. It is not even met by the argument that human life is a series of compromises, and that if this pitiless examination were applied to the details of life, man would give up the business and sit like a Buddhist contemplating a riddle he was powerless to solve. Count Tolstoi is unswervingly logical. Is it the truth and the right? Then at all costs man must follow it or suffer moral shame.

The answer must come from other sources. War, too, has its idealism, an idealism so old, and so firmly rooted in the foundations of human nature, that it is rarely expressed. "Enlightened men," says Count Tolstoi, "cannot but know that occasions for war are not worth one human life." This is the axiom of his idealism, and it is this axiom that our counter-idealism resolutely denies. Mankind possesses, individually and in nations, certain old beliefs and loyalties — love of home, religion, patriotism, justice, mercy — often enough contradictory loyalties when set against each other, but living creeds to the man who holds them. So long as such ideals have dynamic force there must be war. To say this is not to argue that in each campaign right is clearly on one side. Common ideals held with a difference are, unhappily, as strong disruptive

forces as clear opposites. The point is that for the man and the nation one particular form seems the whole truth, and while it has this credence it makes its votaries crusaders. In all true wars each side has been convinced that it has been in the right. To prohibit men to fight for a cause in which they believe—that is, to devote to it their most valuable possessions, their lives—is to strike at the root of faith. It is no answer to say that religion is an exploded folly, and patriotism a shallow prejudice. For such an argument we are prepared with other answers: it is Count Tolstoi we are dealing with, who makes it an affair of conscience only, and to conscience also we appeal. Let us by all means examine ourselves. If the soldier fights only for lust or plunder, he will fight ill; if he fights like the armies of the Revolution for a civic ideal, or like the Cromwellians for a pure creed, he fights well because he fights the battles not of the flesh but of the spirit. When ideals become faint war may cease, but while they are living creeds to their followers war is inevitable. It is the conflict between the real and the ideal, an attempt on the part of man to hasten the work of time, and by his sacrifices to realise his dreams. To deny its value is to cast doubt upon the highest instinct of our mortal nature.

The truth is that this denunciation of war rests at bottom upon a gross materialism. The horrors of war are obvious enough; but it may reasonably

be argued that they are not greater than the horrors of peace. There can be no sacrifice without a price, no spiritual conflict without material suffering. To see only the horrors, and to see in them the be-all and end-all of warfare, is to be guilty of that singular blindness, *le vulgaire des sages*, which is possible only to the morbidly intelligent. Pain, on this theory, is the one great evil; to avoid pain any sacrifice of honour, self-respect, and wholesome ambition is justifiable. It is a repulsive doctrine when set down explicitly in words, but it underlies much of the so-called "humanity" of the apostles of peace. Is our self-examination to result in the confession: "There is nothing in the world worth the deaths of our fellow-men and the tears of women and orphans"? The ordinary conscience is, happily, above such a creed. While the world remains what it is, nothing of value can come into being without a struggle, and war is the colossal form of this dire necessity. Limit the chances of strife as much as we may, and mitigate its atrocities, we must face its ultimate certainty; and the true way in which to ennoble war is not to declare it in all its forms the work of the devil, but to emphasise the spiritual and idealist element which it contains. It is a kind of national sacrament, a grave matter into which no one can enter lightly and for which all are responsible, more especially in these days when wars are not the creation of princes and statesmen but of

peoples. War, on such a view, can only be banished from the world by debasing human nature; for war implies seriousness, and if the human race is only made frivolous enough, the Saturnian era will no doubt begin. Count Tolstoi appeals for support to the "sincere, serious, rational man"; but his appeal is more logical if addressed to the trifler. Let militarism, which is the degeneration of the fighting spirit, once become a power in the land, and we shall have a guarantee of peace, because the ideals which support war will have been destroyed, and the last appeal of humanity turned into a game. In a world of overgrown armaments and huge lifeless armies there will be neither the impulse to fight nor any real machinery to fight with. If we can imagine Europe in the kind of military strait-waistcoat which adorned the forces that were scattered at Jena, we should have the soundest guarantee of a sodden and hideous tranquillity. Or let the nations become incurably frivolous, incapable of honest ambition, and therefore of honest sacrifice, and we shall get the same pleasing result. Any word of war would be promptly hushed up, for would not war disturb the great international motor-race next week, or the inter-European wrestling match which is fixed for the summer? The truth of the matter is that until nationality and national ideals are abolished, and all the races and States are fused

into one, to make war impossible you must destroy, not the baser desires of man, but his essential idealism. If reformers are prepared to go thus far, they have logic on their side, whatever we may think of their wisdom ; but to counsel a universal apathy in the interests of truth and righteousness seems to us neither logical nor wise.

## THE HEROIC AGE OF IRELAND.

WHO were the Fianna, and at what epoch they lived, whether their epic is later or earlier than the Cuchulain cycle, and what historic fact is woven into their strange web, are questions which are still at issue among scholars. Happily the lover of good literature can take Lady Gregory's book<sup>1</sup> as it stands, without vexing himself with conundrums. And a very noble collection of stories it is, noble both in style and substance, for the saga of Finn and his men and the fairy-tales of the Tuatha de Danaan are the fountain-head of many fancies and legends which have played a great part in the literature of Western Europe. Lady Gregory has discovered a perfect medium for retelling these old histories, a limpid, effortless style, austere simple, and yet with the rhythm of poetry and the delicate colloquial air which comes from many pleasing Irish idioms. It is the nearest approach to the spoken word, and because the

<sup>1</sup> 'Gods and Fighting Men: the Story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland.' Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats. London: John Murray.

peasant can understand it and the scholar delight in it, it is the true manner for the telling of stories which owed their life to wandering rhapsodists. Many races, doubtless, had a share in their making, but they stand as distinct from the Saga and Eddic poetry as from Homer, being not only typically Celtic in their inspiration, but essentially Irish in their accent. They are the tales naturally fitted to the soft landscape of mists and green woods and the infinite Western sea. It is the folk-lore of a sensitive and imaginative people, in whose everyday life reality could not be kept separate from dreams.

The first part of the book tells of the strange race who came out of the North and the rule of the elder gods. It is a remarkable cosmogony, where every being is divine, and life is a fantastic affair of hunting and fighting and love-making in a Druid mist. There is nothing of the grave dignity and moral profundity of the Norse Valhalla among these fairy folk who dwell in a world where effects never follow causes, and no hard Destiny broods over their pleasant life. But their very whimsicality makes them the most perfect of fairy-tales. Natural magic, a love of the hills and waters from which they were not wholly distinct, trans-fuses the songs and speeches of the actors, and they have a tenderness towards Nature and her more secret charms which no proud god of the Iliad or the Sagas would have deigned to show. The prin-

cesses are all like Etain, beings who have caught the colour and loveliness of the natural world :—

Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan-tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even as the walk of a queen.

The finest tales are of the pilgrimages to the islands of the West, to Manannan's country, the land of the Ever-Living Ones. It is a story common to all Celtic peoples, but here it has its most perfect form. When Tadg set out on his long voyage he passed the Island of Sheep and the Island of Birds, and came at last to the beautiful Island of Apple-Trees, "having red apples in it, and leafy oak-trees and hazels yellow with nuts," where he found Connla and Cliodna and many heroes and princesses living in immortal youth,—“a beautiful and a strange thing,” said Tadg, “and a thing to wonder at.” But finest of all, perhaps, is the tale of the four children of Lir, who were turned to swans by the enchantments of their stepmother, and lived out their banishment among the wild seas of the Hebrides. When they came back to Ireland they heard the church bells ringing, and found that the faith of Christ had come to the land and that the old world was gone. Their bird-skins fell off,



and they became "three lean withered old men and a thin withered old woman"; whereupon they were baptised and died, and "heaven was gained for their souls."

The second part tells of Finn and his men, a great fighting brotherhood from which may have come the Round Table and the whole conception of knightly societies. "Every man of them was bound to three things: to take no cattle by oppression; not to refuse any man as to cattle or riches; no one of them to fall back before nine fighting men." No man could join the brotherhood till he knew the twelve books of poetry. Though they were mortal heroes, the fairy world bulked largely in their lives. Finn himself had the knowledge "that came from the nuts of the nine hazels of wisdom that grew beside the well that is below the sea." They had the blood, too, of the gods in their veins. "There is not a king's son or a prince, or a leader of the Fianna of Ireland, without having a wife or a mother or a foster-mother or a sweetheart of the Tuatha de Danaan." Their life is full of hunting and fighting, but in a fantastic world, where a deer may change at any moment to a queen of the Sidhe and the gods will not let heroes die in battle till their time is fulfilled. "They have no asceticism," says Mr Yeats in his admirable preface, "but they are more visionary than any ascetic," for asceticism requires a sub-structure of grossness, and these people are of a

spirit too rarefied and elusive for grossness. "The best music," says Osgar, "is the striking of swords in a battle;" but it is not real blood which flows or real blows which are struck in Finn's great fight with the King of the World or Diarmuid's slaughter of his pursuers. It is not the honest downright fighting of the Norse or Greek heroes, which affects us with something of the reality of war. When Diarmuid in his meeting with the King of the Plain of Wonder slays single-handed three thousand four hundred men in seven hours we know that it is a fairy exploit, and has nothing to do with human life. We ask with Major Bellenden: "Why, how the devil can ye believe that Artamines, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won, and I never knew any one who cared to take that, except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d——d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance." "I am but a fighting man," says Diarmuid, "walking the world by the strength of my hand and by the hardness of my sword." But we know he is nothing of the kind, but a fairy prince in a world of enchantments, invincible till the gods call for him.

The brotherhood of the Fianna did not end, like the Round Table, in a great battle, but slowly vanished as times changed in Ireland. One after another of the heroes went off on strange quests; the others found their strength and names going

from them, and "lay down on the side of the hill at Teamhair and put their lips to the earth and died." No man knows the end of Finn, but about him, as about Arthur, there is the tale that he is sleeping with his warriors in a cave, with the Dord Fiann beside him; and whoever has the courage to sound the horn thrice will bring him and the Fianna to earth again. Some say that he has come to earth in the shape of some of the later heroes of Ireland; and there is also the story that the Fianna wander about the world, huge misty shapes of men, listening to the poets chanting their deeds. We know more of the fate of Oisín, the most attractive of all Celtic heroes. It has been wrought into a thousand songs, but no repetition can stale its matchless beauty. Niamh of the Golden Head, the Princess of the Country of the Young, came out of the West for him, and carried him away to her father's kingdom. There he lived happily for many ages, till a desire to see Ireland again came over him, and he returned on his white horse, from which he dismounted in a moment of forgetfulness, and found himself an old and broken man. The Fianna had long gone, but Patrick and the religion of Christ had come to Ireland, and it was a strange world which the dying hero saw around him. He had sad thoughts of the Country of the Young. "There is no lie in that name, O Patrick," he said; "and if there are grandeurs in your Heaven the same as there are there, I would give

my friendship to God." But his regrets were chiefly for the Fianna, of whose certainty of Heaven Patrick would give him no assurance. "I will cry my fill, but not for God, but because Finn and the Fianna are not living." Patrick laboured to convert him, but the new world of crooked croziers and church bells had no charm for one who remembered the old life of fighting and hunting. And so we have the lament of Oisín, the finest of pagan hymns, and the last passionate cry of the natural man who finds his fair world crumbling at the touch of a strange metaphysic.

## RABELAIS.

THE "Tudor Translations" have aimed at reprinting those wonderful Elizabethan versions of foreign classics which have in themselves the merits of original literature. In Sir Thomas Urquhart's 'Rabelais' we have the most original and brilliant of them all, and lovers of the Knight of Cromartie will find this edition of his masterpiece a book which satisfies every desire. The heaven-born translator is generally in character a minor copy of his master, and Urquhart was an inferior Rabelais with a Northern accent in his mind. A scholar, a fervent patriot, a dabbler in politics and war, and the *grand seigneur* of a little parish,—there was a touch of craziness in all his activities. He had a thousand good qualities, but it is in his absurdities that the man reveals himself. Intense pride of family, stupefying intellectual vigour, perfect intellectual honesty, all went to make up a luxuriant, perfervid nature, which aimed high and had sad catastrophes. Style, in the chastened anæmic sense, he had none, but he had a fulness of

language as great as his master's. Like Rabelais, he had humour, too much, perhaps, for his sad time, and he died of laughing at the news of the Restoration. Like Rabelais, he loved mythical genealogies, and in his 'Pantochronocanon' he quite seriously traces his own descent from Adam in a tree more fantastic than Pantagrue's. Like Rabelais, he hated cant and jargon of every sort; but, like Rabelais, he loved the eccentric, and his translation of Pantagrue's argument with the Limousin is as wonderful a piece of word-twisting as the original. Finally, translator and translated had one root-quality which was the sum and substance of their being. Both preach the gospel of the active life, hating sloth and darkness with all their hearts, and, in the way of preachers, push a little beyond discretion in their enthusiasm.

The current and false conception of Rabelais in this country has grown up from reading him in prurient extracts, and taking such fragments too literally. It is necessary to realise that we are dealing with the most versatile and chameleon-like of great men, one who, like the philosophers, constantly provides his own refutation. He is allegorist, romancer, moralist, physician, and buffoon by turns, and if from the whole we can piece together a consistent figure of a man, it is only from the whole and not from any selections. To begin with, he is a superb romancer. Standing at the close of the Middle Ages, and himself the prophet of the new

learning, he summed up the old romances of chivalry, and gave them the colour of his times. As a fairy-tale it would be hard to beat this story of Grangousier and his descendants. A riotous invention delighting in the immense and the incongruous for their own sake was at the bottom of the wars of Gargantua and the revels of Panurge. But it is a fairy-tale with a meaning and a sting, for, if on one side it is close to 'The Heptameron,' on the other it claims kin with 'Utopia' and 'The New Atlantis' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The vision of hell which Epistemon saw in his trance is not only superb invention, but superb satire, and the Abbey of Theleme is far more than a beautiful fancy. For, in the second place, Rabelais is a lover and a student of human nature. In his day he had known every rank of society. He had Villon's knowledge of the taverns and the back streets of life, without Villon's heartlessness. The preacher in him made him raise his figures all a power too high; they are types, but colossal types, and yet they have the reality which only a direct and subtle observation can give. Pantagruel, the wise King, and Panurge, the vagrant, whom "he loved all the days of his life," Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnel,—it is a gallery of very human giants, who have every fault but cowardice and meanness, and every virtue but austerity. Such are those who eat of the herb Pantagruelion (a lost plant, we fear), "which is

sown at the first coming of the Swallows, and is to be plucked out of the ground when the Grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse." No finer companionship has ever been imagined than that of the Abbey of Theleme, where all were—

"Lively, jovial, handsom, brisk,  
Gay, witty, frolick, chearful, merry, frisk,  
Spruce, jocund, courteous, furtherers of trades,  
And in a word, all worthy gentile blades."

But if he is the humanist he is also the moralist. And his ethics are not a single dogma, but a whole, rich philosophy of life. His high spirits rarely lack tenderness; like Bacon's sage, he "has the face of one who pities humanity." It is highest injustice to believe that he did not recognise the serious side of existence, the writing on the wall at every banquet. Here is Gargantua's advice to Pantagruel in his letter: "Because that knowledge without conscience is but the ruine of the soule, it behooveth thee to serve, to love, to feare God, and on Him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity to cleave unto Him, so that thou mayst never be separated from Him by thy sins." The man who wrote that profound sentence was no buffoon. Or take that other famous passage, Gargousier's advice to the pilgrims, beginning: "Go your wayes, poor men, in the name of God the Creatour, to whom I pray to guide you perpetually, and henceforward be not so ready to undertake



these idle and unprofitable journeys." This passage, along with the defence of the active life in the preface to Book III, is the clue to Rabelais as a moralist. In all his jesting there burns an implacable hatred of the monastic ideals which had hagridden medieval thought. "You will not (quoth Pantagruel) with all your Jestings make me laugh; I know that all Monks, Fryars, and Nuns had rather violate and infringe the highest of the Commandments of God, than break the least of their Provincial Statutes." And it was not only the system in its degradation that he detested, it was the ideal at its highest. Asceticism was to him a synonym for weakness. Any command, "Thou shalt not," was an intolerable impertinence in a world where one burning positive outshines a thousand misty negatives. Let a man be up and doing, and his errors will be forgiven him,—such was the tenor of his creed. He sums up the energy of the Renaissance in a way peculiarly his own, and with this in mind we can find a meaning in his ribaldry. Coleridge's defence of him was based on this view, and on this view it is difficult to see how any sane man can be irreconcilably offended by his indecencies. Partly they were the manners of the time, partly a cloak for his trenchant criticism, partly in themselves a direct satire, and, perhaps most of all, an exaggeration of his doctrine of freedom. The joy of life is a difficult passion

to paint in rose-water, and it was not easier in the sixteenth century.

He represents, then, a theory of life in itself noble and rational, and yet we cannot regret that he has found his opponents. Humanism is a fine creed, but it is insufficient, for it has its limits as much as the old monastic shibboleths. The most illuminating comparison of Rabelais is with Erasmus. Both represented culture, humour, the fine sentiments of life, a high and generous morality, and a real seriousness. Compared with this shining creed, the other side, Puritanism, Calvinism, whatever we care to call it, looks at first sight a drab and melancholy dogma. But it was the latter which the world needed, and still needs, and it could afford to keep the former as a plaything for its leisure. Admirable as humour is, it is of minor importance in morals. The man who has a clear eye and an excellent heart and a great zest for the pleasures of life will in the long-run go down before the man who sees all things in a grim alternative, sin and death on the one hand, and life everlasting on the other. The active life is not enough, if one merely lives for the activity, and it was towards this materialism that all the humanists tended. So, while their work has eternal value as a corrective, it is as the corrective and not as the staple. But in literature it is triumphant, for while Puritanism

was overturning thrones and moulding the character of nations, the true Pantagruelist, with his mellow wisdom and infinite humour, was weaving his fancies about Theleme and that far-off land of good fellows, where it is possible to be both virtuous and merry.

## THEODOR MOMMSEN.

At his death Theodor Mommsen occupied a unique position in contemporary Europe. By common consent he was the foremost scholar, both by virtue of the extent and variety of his attainments, and the extraordinary literary value of one or two of his works. He was also the accepted *savant* of the German people, the tutelary intellectual genius of his country. For many years it had been his business to expound German ideals, and to give voice to racial ambitions. His verdict on any question, whether of the day or of all time, was accepted by the large proportion of his countrymen. He may rank with Savigny as one of the greatest of academic lawyers, who have brought into the sphere of legal maxims a constructive historical spirit, and shown us the great edifice rising out of the swamps of primitive society. The *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, for which he was chiefly responsible, laid the foundation of a scientific study of the most important of original authorities, and classical epigraphy owes more to him than to any modern scholar. But his great achievement is

to be found in the work which he wrote less for the student than for the ordinary reader. He wrote the history of Rome, not as a mosaic of painfully deciphered facts, but as a story of living men, a drama of the rise of the greatest of human peoples. Only a laborious scholar can know what a deep foundation of scholarship underlies the vivid narrative; but the most prosaic of men can feel in the tale something of an epic magnificence. Mommsen carried the same vitality into his politics. An enthusiastic Liberal from the first, and a strenuous opponent of Bismarck, he remained to the end a keen critic of policies and politicians. Whatever our verdict on his work, all must feel that a great figure has departed from the world.

Being a man before he was a scholar, he carried into scholarship a profound sense of the importance of the man of action. Like Freeman, he always insisted upon the unity of history, and refused to change his attitude towards the protagonists merely because they had been two thousand years in their graves. He was as keenly interested, and, let it be said, as violent a partisan, in the quarrels of Sullans and Marians as he was in the debates of the Reichstag. For him there was no distinction in nature between 1805 and B.C. 90. Hence we never find in him the severely-balanced judgments and the scrupulous impartiality of calmer historians. He wrote his history with certain fixed presuppositions in his mind, but happily they are so very clear on

every page that the student can detect them and allow for them. In the first place, he was a democrat, rejoicing in the strength of the people, and when he found a man capable of leading the masses, ready to fall down and worship him. But the democracy must be a militant one. The ineffective philanthropist gets from him nothing but contempt. It is the strong man, the Cæsar or Napoleon, who can discern the power of the "body-guard from the pavement," and use it to shatter effete institutions, that commands his admiration. That Teutonic characteristic, which is found in different degrees in such very opposite people as Bismarck and Nietzsche, is very strong in this historian's mind. He believes in and preaches the gospel of strength, and the strong unjust man seems to him more worth having than a century of the ineffectual good. Hence his democracy is a fighting force, and only one step removed from a tyranny. For constitutional fictions and beliefs which have outlived their usefulness he has a complete scorn, and the upholders of an old *régime* rarely get justice at his hands. It cannot be said that he has stated the Senatorial case fairly, or done that justice to the old Republicans which he has done so amply to the iconoclasts. Liberal though he calls himself, his sympathies are far more with Sulla than with the Gracchi, who discovered a truth which they had not the courage to develop logically; with Catiline and "those terrible energies,

the wicked," than with Cicero and academic virtue. No one can forget that portrait of Cicero, which, bitten in with vitriolic energy, has so biassed the world that there seems small chance of that excellent man of letters getting justice for many a day. But it is in his account of Cæsar that Mommsen's imagination carries him to the plane of creative literature. In the main it is no doubt correct, though for some of his more sensational theories, such as the motive with which Cæsar undertook the Gallic Wars, there seems scanty warrant from the authorities. The great epic of the career of the aristocrat, who passes from a negative iconoclasm to a profoundly constructive policy, and at last lays down his life as the seal on the task he has finished, has never been surpassed by any historian. Mommsen had always a good deal of the dramatist's art, and the way in which the narrative leads up to the climax, the crossing of the Rubicon, is moving drama as well as great history.

But if he so carried his politics into his history that he seems to give his narrative a contemporary interest, there was a reflex action, and he imported from his history certain principles which determined his attitude to questions of his own day. His conception of civic freedom was rather Roman than modern. For the cast-off rags of feudalism and clericalism he had nothing but contempt, but in discarding one set of bonds he imposed another.

He was at all times a thorough-going Individualist. He detested slavery, and the war between North and South in America seemed to him a holy crusade. But his conception of freedom, like that of most Individualists, was narrow and abstract; and he was prepared to submit to other bonds. He was nominally opposed to the doctrine of Imperialism, but in practice he was an enthusiast for the domination of his own Teutonic race. His nationalism was strong enough to make him a violent critic of the policy of other peoples, as in his ill-judged comments on the Boer War, but it was a nationalism quite inconsistent with itself. The old democratic cult of the "strong man" is always somewhere in the back of his mind. The people are the only source of power and of political wisdom, so ran his creed; but they must be led, and their leader should tolerate no malcontents. He was so like Bismarck that we need not wonder that he quarrelled with him. The truth is that no Conservatism is so unshakeable as a certain kind of Liberalism which professes a small number of Liberal dogmas, but is by temperament bureaucratic and absolutist. To Mommsen the Hague Convention was merely a misprint in history, Socialism a dangerous heresy, and popular liberties an uncertain growth which should be blessed but also jealously curtailed. His honesty and political courage were remarkable, and were so recognised by his countrymen that towards the end of his life he was granted a kind of in-



dulgence for free speech, and held a position of whimsical independence. But the net result of his teaching seems to us to have been the riveting of militarist and bureaucratic shackles upon his compatriots, and the encouragement of every grandiose racial ambition. Like the Republican Whigs of the eighteenth century, he showed how reaction can masquerade in the cap of liberty.

## THE APOCALYPTIC STYLE.

THE student who from some far-off epoch looks back upon our twentieth-century life, will find one phenomenon to perplex him. The age, he will decide, was more critical than constructive, more expository than original. But when, being learned in precedents, he looks for the familiar traits of a rational and pedestrian era, he will be amazed to discover something very much the contrary in several important departments. He will find sections of the Press and groups of politicians thinking, speaking, and writing in a style which he will correctly describe as "apocalyptic." It is not false rhetoric, or vulgar derelictions of taste: for these in any democracy he will be prepared. The phenomenon will be rather a tremendous solemnity in trivial things, a never-ceasing appeal to the most grave and ultimate sanctions, the swinging of the prophet's tattered mantle from inadequate shoulders. In all ages great men on great occasions have used such appeals. The distinction of our age is that little men on little occasions see fit to parody the practice. In the

phrase of Burke, the extreme medicine of the Constitution has become its daily bread. Our observer will be a little puzzled by it all. He will find our journalists and politicians dragging in high Heaven to arbitrate in some petty social problem, which is rather one of administration than of ethics. He will find a contest between Mr A and Mr B at some bye-election presented in colours which would befit the strife of Ormuzd and Ahri-man. Some tremendous ultimate issue for human nature will appear to be cloaked under the prosaic surface of a struggle between two statesmen for office, or two religious sects for a privilege. The men who make these appeals are in the main sincere; judging from other evidence, they do not lack intelligence; they are not playing a part, with tongue in cheek, but acting in some kind of way on some kind of principles. Their disease is more subtle than grandiloquence: it is not quite what the French call *grandeur*; perhaps it may be best described as a suburban sublimity. All the essentials of the sublime are there, except the great occasion and the commanding character. The observer, comparing it with other journalistic and platform vices, will probably describe it with Plato as the "lie in the soul" as against the more venial lie on the lips. And, having some knowledge of history, he will wonder how we have so completely forgotten the teaching of our own eighteenth century.

It was the fashion in Victorian days to say hard things of the eighteenth century, since every era is apt to underrate its predecessor. The age in which the British Empire was created: which produced Marlborough and Rodney, Clive and Wolfe: which was dominated by Chatham: which saw the Highlanders march to Derby and the hopeless loyalties of Culloden,—that age was condemned as lacking in romance. The truth is that in no epoch in our long history has the romance of deed and fact been more conspicuous. The eighteenth century saw that for the romantic to flourish it must be nourished and strengthened by what we are accustomed to call common-sense. The true Romantic is not the vapouring young gentleman with odd clothes and exuberant hair, but some such type as those Georgian sea-captains who wore woollen under-clothing and loved food and wine and the solid comforts of the hearth when they were not about their business of fighting. This spirit of high enterprise based on sound calculations, of chivalry without pose and eloquence without gush, is the romance which is peculiarly eighteenth-century and peculiarly English. Our forefathers are said to have distrusted "enthusiasm," and they would have gladly admitted the charge. They did distrust whatever was opposed to good sense and sane human instinct. They were not afraid of the intellect, and saw no cause to forego the exercise of their native wits merely because a dogma was

presented with Sinaitic solemnity. They did not respect earnestness unaccompanied by intelligence, and why should they? The lesson of the eighteenth century both in literature and politics was that for every matter there is an appropriate style. It could admire the heroics of Chatham while it laughed at the rhetoric of Beckford. We call a man well-bred whose manners are nicely adapted to the varying situations of life. The eighteenth century demanded breeding—which is to say that it asked for a manner adequate to the substance, and rejected what fell short or exceeded.

The so-called Romantic Revival is often described as a revolt from eighteenth-century standards. It was, more correctly, in its best form a natural development. It demanded an expression in literature for a side of life which had never been forgotten by the plain citizen. But the danger of a movement which is mainly literary is that it is apt to go beyond the justification given by the living world. Romance now and then forgot reality, and instead of being a tremendous fact became a literary pose. Dellacruscans and Spasmodics revelled in wild verbiage; emotion turned to sensibility; idealism slipped into transcendentalism; the truths of democracy became the whimsies of revolution. We are not attempting a history of the pathology of literature, so it is sufficient to note the fact that that great and splendid movement, the Romantic Revival, which has so profoundly influenced our

modern thought and expression, tended also to make the world forget a truth which is essentially romantic, the eighteenth-century doctrine of the appropriate style. The doctrine is old as Aristotle, and indeed is no more than the belief that facts are the foundation of everything, and that literature as well as statesmanship must keep close to them. It asks for a style organically related to the facts, and maintains that sublime imaginings and exalted rhetoric, being addressed to a human audience, must be in accord with the ancient human sense of fitness.

The degeneration of the romantic movement is one source of the apocalyptic style, but many other springs combined to fill the channel. One was the influence of Mr Gladstone, for foolish things come frequently from splendid origins. To Mr Gladstone a grave and prophetic style was the natural medium of thought. He had the great character and, repeatedly, the great occasion which we have laid down as the necessary preliminaries for the exercise of this manner. But he had no humour, and in consequence he would expound the trivial in a style which only his amazing gifts of voice and presence saved from being comic. His devout followers imitated him in his vices. A certain type of Gladstonian donned the giant's robe with sad results. It was easy to copy his solemnity, his incongruous appeals to morality and religion, his lack of common perspective. What could not be

copied were the fire, the imagination, the withering passion which accompanied them. There being but one Gladstone and many Gladstonians, the foibles of a great personality became the eagerly sought virtues of a political school. Much is due, also, to the conditions of our modern cheap journalism. Half-educated writers in the better sort of cheap paper, having to deal with matters about which they are imperfectly informed but more or less sincerely convinced, fall into the apocalyptic style as the easiest. When you are short of arguments it is so much simpler to fulminate and prophesy. But the main source is to be found, perhaps, in the considerable part which Nonconformity has played of late in both literature and politics. In dissent the pulpit and the platform have rarely been distinguishable. The fashion which began with the Puritans of making the august words of Scripture the counters of ordinary conversation has been maintained, perhaps out of a belated sense of romance, by those who believe themselves to be their spiritual descendants. The process is that which we have already observed. Stern men engaged in a contest of life and death may fittingly use the speech of high tragedy; but the same accent becomes comic on the lips of comfortable persons busied with some less vital struggle.

Whatever the cause,—and we leave the analysis to some pathologist a few centuries hence,—the fact is before us. We do not believe that England

has lost her traditional phlegm. A Continental observer from a brief study of some of our newspapers might imagine that the nation to a man had been converted to the worst kind of Rousseauism. Of course it is not true. The average Englishman is as solid and sensible as he ever was. But he has got as his official interpreters a number of gentlemen who are resolved to make the world believe that he is a feckless neurotic being, living in a whirl of confused primary emotions. Let us be very clear, however, about what we mean by the apocalyptic style. It is not the ordinary exaggeration of party warfare. Politicians must always put their case, as a mathematician would say, several powers too high. The fashion has been recognised since first men herded into communities, and the exaggerations, being known for what they are, are innocuous. Wilkes once told Lord Sheffield that he thought Lord Bute a good statesman, but that it was his game to abuse him; and if Wilkes's virile libels were conceived and taken in this spirit, how much more the decorous depreciations of our own day! The men who thundered against Mr Fox dined with him at Brooks's and willingly pocketed his losings. It is allowable to describe every measure of the Government to which you are opposed as the last word in human folly, and every amendment of your own party as a shining instance of human wisdom. It is perfectly fair for one class of paper to portray Mr Asquith as a



brigand without a redeeming virtue, and for another class to show us Mr Balfour in colours which would have shamed Iago. It is the rule of the game, and nobody takes it seriously. Every one is aware that the much abused public man is as respectable a citizen as the rest of us. The fashion is harmless, because each side knows that it is exaggerating and that the other side knows that it knows this. The sin is only against good taste, and that is not very important.

Nor is the apocalyptic style the false emphasis and gross rhetoric which disfigure so much of our modern journalism and oratory. That incurable romanticist, the public, hankers after splashes of colour, and those who cater for its taste provide them. The young lions of 'The Daily Telegraph,' with whom Matthew Arnold was so angry, were very innocent people after all. They murdered the King's English and jangled the nerves of Culture, but in their own crude way they ministered to an ancient and honourable craving. We can still find their "lithe," "sinewy," and "nervous" style, their dubious purple, their slipshod heroics, in most columns of the popular press. In literary criticism the thing is rampant. Buoyant gentlemen dispense praise or blame in resounding *clichés* which have long since lost any meaning. In politics it flourishes still more, for there is greater scope for the fancy of the writers in a debate than in a book. One newspaper in especial deals with our sober Parlia-

ment in a style which would not be out of place in chronicling the disputes of the Girondists and the Mountain. A murmur of dissent becomes a "low growl of earnest wrath." A bored Minister gets up to reply to an attack, and is no doubt much surprised to learn that "there was something indomitable in his even, fearless gaze." A very bad joke is made: "Liberals were convulsed," runs the comment. There are rules in the game, which must be followed. We used to talk of "the nation," but the correct phrase is now "the popular heart," and the correct epithets for the organ are "deep," "rough," and "holy." You must never by any chance speak about the "working men"; the right phrase is "the toilers," and you will greatly increase the effect if you manage to refer to their "dumb strivings" and "passionate discontent." These examples come from one side of the House, but you can get nearly as good from the other. In the days when Imperialism was prominent on platforms and in newspapers, there were many striking examples of dithyrambic prose. There is very little harm in it all. Its only faults are vulgarity and silliness, which can do small mischief to readers already steeped in these qualities. It might even be argued that the writers in their odd fashion are doing a public service. They preserve the glamour of politics for the average man. Just as a reporter in the Press Gallery maintains the dignity of Parliament by straightening out a stut-

tering incoherent speech into some semblance of argument and grammar, so the people who write so flowerily of representative government encourage the desirable belief that there is something in it. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

The apocalyptic manner has some kinship with what we have just described, but it differs from it in one important point. Its offence is not only against good taste. It is not used solely for popular effect or as a convention in party warfare. There is in it always an appearance of conviction, of desperate earnestness, which distinguishes it from the merely literary vices we have glanced at. Its vice is not literary, but moral. Let us repeat its definition. The apocalyptic style means the habitual use of the most solemn appeals on behalf of trivial, or at any rate inadequate, causes. Its favourite counters are conscience, honour, patriotism, morality, righteousness, and religion. It seeks to raise every question to that exalted plane where the ultimate battles of humanity are fought. It cannot discriminate between pedestrian matters which belong properly to the sphere of opportunism and common-sense and those grave problems which are in their essence spiritual, and to which no consideration of expediency or practical wisdom can ever apply. It is a misplaced seriousness, which stales by foolish use the weightiest sanctions of life.

It will be at once retorted by some devotees of

the manner that to serious eyes all things are of the most serious, and that it is only to a shallow analysis that there is any separation between the finite and the infinite. As a proposition in metaphysics this is indisputable. No doubt to the poet and the philosopher a flower in the wall contains the universe, and our most trivial problem, when pushed to its final issue, involves the laws which keep the planets in their courses. There is a school of writers who win a cheap originality by harping on this truism. A little easy dialectic can break down all our current definitions and show that every quality shades into its opposite; that black is only black because it is also white; that the comic is more tragic than tragedy; that progress is backward and reaction advance. It is largely a trick of words with a thin philosophical justification behind it, and when used in its proper place the trick is harmless, and even pleasing. But the grasshopper becomes a burden when he carries its antics into the practical sphere. The world is conducted by means of certain definitions in language and thought on which we consent to agree. To be perpetually upsetting these definitions is to make yourself for practical purposes a nuisance. A lawyer who, instead of interpreting the law as he finds it, endeavours to expound the anomalies of all human justice, will make a very bad business of his case. It may be perfectly true that to the seeing eye a pot of beer contains all the stars, but this is not

a relevant argument for or against a reform of our licensing system. The truth is that we are beginning to be cursed in the practical business of life with belletristic jargon. We are losing our sense of relevance, and importing into the practical sphere considerations which have no meaning there. There is a danger, in a word, of our forgetting common-sense—which we may define as a wise appreciation of the working rules of human society. To drag those alien immensities into a prosaic argument is to be guilty not only of silliness but of impiety. At Oxford, in the days when appeals to the Divine were more common in philosophy than happily they are to-day, a certain examiner is believed to have set as the first question in a philosophy paper, "Write down what you know of God, and do not mention Him in any subsequent answer." To speak with all reverence, Heaven has no more to do with formal logic than formal logic has to do with Heaven.

The writers of the apocalyptic school, to do them justice, would not adopt this flippant line of defence. Their justification is that they are in earnest, that they believe in certain truths, and think it right to testify to the belief at all seasons. They are men of some intelligence and numerous convictions; but the two things are divorced in their minds. Their creed, being largely based on emotion, forbids them to weigh fully the meaning of their tenets. Having reached their belief by

some kind of rational process, they prohibit reason from any further activity. They wield the fine weapon of faith like a bludgeon, and use it for servile tasks for which it is wholly unfitted. If a Toledo blade is used to poke the fire or stir the pot, it will soon lose its temper and may haply damage the fingers of those who degrade it. For the purpose of argument we assume that the convictions, of the use of which we complain, have been honestly reached and are fervently held. We credit the apocalyptics with both intellect and morals. What we wish to show is that by these methods they are doing their best to degrade the sanctities in which they believe.

Let us take as our first instance the use which is made of the patriotic appeal. It will show us the vice in its least harmful form, and yet undeniably a vice. A fashion has grown up among some writers of arrogating to themselves the defence of national wellbeing, and treating their opponents as traitors to this cause. Now mark what the accusation means. A man who is not a patriot does not merely blunder in his views of national policy: he blunders intentionally, for he wishes the nation ill. It is a comparatively rare temperament, and in its mingling of vanity and inhumanity it is the most detestable temperament on earth. The unpatriotic man is born without the homely instincts and faltering loyalties which ennoble human nature. The spectre of his bloodless self stands between him and

his kin, his race, and the whole world of men. His first thought is for his own posturing figure, and his last dwells in the same dismal region. To call a man unpatriotic, therefore, is to saddle him with an awful charge. Liar and debauchee are less damning accusations. But when the term "unpatriotic" is flung about casually, all that the writers mean is that the object of their attack is mistaken in his views of national policy. It may be A's conviction that the safety of Britain requires the addition of ten millions to the naval estimates and compulsory military service. It may be B's conviction that we should economise on service expenditure so that wealth may fructify in private pockets, and that any form of compulsion on the citizen weakens his ultimate force of resistance. But both aim at the same thing—the security of Britain: they differ only in the means. Neither of them is unpatriotic, and to scatter that charge lavishly is to weaken one of the most appalling terms of condemnation in the language. A man who loves his country may be wrong-headed and dangerous, but he will never be unpatriotic. There have been unpatriotic men in our history: they exist to-day; they will continue to exist till they are wiped out at Armageddon. If we are to preserve this weapon of attack—the patriotic appeal—sharp and bright, let us be very careful how we use it for irrelevant purposes. To call a man unpatriotic when you mean that he is stupid, is to be guilty of the central fault of the apocalyptic

style. It is to use a solemn appeal on an inadequate occasion. Those who toss about an ultimate sanction so lightly are open to the charge of deficiency in serious passion. The man who loves his country best cannot be apocalyptic in his tone. He is modest in the presence of so great a cause—a cause which is certain and simple, however complex be the rest of his creed. The words of the most moderate patriot will be those of Halifax, the father of all moderates: "Our trimmer is far from idolatry in other things; in one thing only he cometh near it. His country is in some degree his idol. . . . For the earth of England . . . there is divinity in it, and he would rather die than see a spark of English grass trampled down by a foreign trespasser."

This misuse of the word "patriot" has been admirably exposed by the critics of a school which on all other matters is sworn to the apocalyptic. The vice is confined, as we have said, to no single party; but as with one side it is associated with false appeals to national pride, so on the other it may be known by its false moral fervour. The humblest of the questions of the day is turned into a case of conscience. By a strange and most short-sighted intolerance, difference of opinion is assumed to involve a difference of moral code. At a recent bye-election the successful candidate received a wire from a club of supporters congratulating him that the "forces of hell had not prevailed against him." The phrase is typical of the whole apocalyptic



attitude. To these writers the world is a device in ink and snow—the radiant child of light and the scowling sons of darkness. The audiences at Pleasant Sunday Afternoons are enjoined to ask themselves what their Lord would have done had He been in their case—and their case is probably a County Council election. The advocates of the feeding of school children at the public expense enforce their appeal with the text “Suffer the children.” Take any half-dozen contemporary measures, and you will find wonderful specimens of apocalyptic hysteria. The opponents of Old Age Pensions, for example,—honest gentlemen, as sincerely anxious as any one to find some remedy for the condition of the poor,—are described as aged Giant Popes gnashing toothless gums as they see the Christians and Greathearts of progress breaking into their dark citadels. Those who refuse to sanction a rash scheme to relieve unemployment are, in this fashion of speech, monopolists who gloat over human misery. There is no need to multiply instances. Sometimes the tone is that of the street preacher, sometimes that of the decorous moralist in his study, but the essential quality does not change. In it all there is the same prostitution of sacred things to trivial purposes. It is not the ordinary rhetoric of politics. That may be often vulgar, but it is never impious. That confines itself to mundane things, and does not paw the ultimate verities. The apocalyptic manner declines to deal with questions on the plane

to which they naturally belong. It declines to give them, therefore, their logical and legitimate consideration. It insists on elevating them to a moral or religious plane with which they have, for the practical purposes of life, no earthly connection. Do its votaries, we wonder, never stop to consider that a case must be bad indeed when for its defence they appeal to conscience rather than to reason ?

One such appeal has been so prominent of late years that it is worth fuller notice. Under the Education Act of 1902, Nonconformists of various persuasions were compelled to pay rates, part of which went to the upkeep of Church Schools. These ratepayers did not "hold with" the teaching in Church Schools, and very naturally they disliked paying for it. Let us be very clear as to the nature of this objection, for it is important to the argument. The Nonconformist did not regard Church doctrine as definitely immoral; he merely thought his own better, as he had every right to think it. What he objected to was that one religious faith was getting preferential treatment from the presumably impartial State, and if this annoyed him seriously he was entitled to seek redress by every means in his power. Passive resistance may have been bad policy, but it was at any rate straightforward and intelligible. But unfortunately his lay and clerical leaders saw fit to describe their revolt as one of conscience, and to lay claim to the title of martyrs. Yet there was no suggestion of con-

science in the matter. If they had considered Church teaching as something really wicked, then it would have been their conscientious duty not to rest till they had abolished the Church root and branch. By continuing as citizens of the State they would have been sharers in its iniquity. But of course they had no such view. What they asked was "their rights," as a London cabman does when he is underpaid. A cabman who protests in intemperate language against the smallness of his fare and is promptly arrested is as much a sufferer for conscience' sake as any passive resister. It is a mere accident that the subject-matter of the dispute was concerned nominally with religion. The point at issue for passive resisters was as purely secular as the cabman's. We have no desire to minimise the Nonconformist grievance. Let it be all they claim for it, and it still has nothing to do with conscience. A noble appeal was degraded when a political agitation claimed the sanction which sent a Latimer to the stake and a More to the scaffold.

The strife about indentured labour in South Africa saw the climax of the apocalyptic style,—at least we would fain hope that such amazing heights of extravagance could not be exceeded by a sane people. To a few honest souls, who were incapable of looking squarely at facts, and were at the mercy of words and their emotional associations, Chinese labour may have really appeared

to be a monstrous thing, wholly outside the pale of argument. But it is perfectly certain that such people were few in number, and too unimportant to influence opinion seriously. The apocalyptic writers had sufficient intelligence to appreciate the difference between such a form of labour and slavery; but the distinction which they could make in thought they could not or would not embody in words, because of the style to which their souls were in bondage. There were weighty arguments against the experiment—political arguments, social arguments, economic arguments; even, in a limited sense, moral arguments. But few of these were brought forward either by press or platform. The whole question was treated in a curious vein of pulpit eloquence. It was a "stain upon the honour of Britain," a "prostitution of human dignity," a "gamble in human lives," a "living sacrifice to Mammon." A remarkable anthology of apocalyptic abuse might be compiled on the subject. It is easy to slip from honesty once the restraints of good sense are withdrawn. It was only a short step from such appeals to the picture of Chinamen in chains, with its most logical companion piece of bloated Celestials jeering at emaciated British workmen, with which for a bad season the hoardings were garnished. It was another short step to a public repudiation of such methods when their work was done, and a belated return to accurate speech. We would credit the

writers of this school as a rule with earnestness and honesty, but it is an honesty which in its very nature must be separated by only a narrow line from cant.

Our argument is directed only against the abuse of such appeals, not against the appeals themselves. We object to their becoming a method, because in their very nature they are exceptional and abnormal. Given the adequate occasion, and they constitute the most moving type of human eloquence. The great masters of oratory have used them at critical times in the history of the nation. You will find them in the speeches of both the Pitts. Burke, at the height of his great argument, has metaphors and appeals which

"tease us out of thought,  
As doth eternity."

Disraeli had moments when the glitter of his fireworks seemed to change to the lightnings of heaven. Bright, pleading against war, could summon to his aid the invisible company of angels; and what man alive in the last forty years does not remember passages when Gladstone seemed to forget the party leader in the prophet? With the greatest the manner is frequent, for the great occasion is common; but even with lesser men, the occasion may give the inspiration which warrants the manner. If we had to select a perfect instance, we would take Chalmers' reply to a foolish

critic who recalled the early days when he was busied with mathematics rather than the care of souls. "Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity." Another instance is Lincoln. He transacted the business of life in phrases of a home-spun simplicity. He never fell into the turgid heroics which disfigured most of the Northern oratory. But when the great occasion came, as in the Gettysburg speech, he could reach a height of sublimity to which the nineteenth century saw no equal. It is the same in literature as in oratory. Carlyle, living at white heat and seeing far into the foundations of society, can wear the mantle of Isaiah with dignity, but those who have nothing of Carlyle except his lack of nice discrimination appear only as mountebanks in the garb. Ruskin had the trick of looking at everything *sub specie æternitatis*, but he was a master of prose, and he had the imagination and insight of a poet. Besides, the eternities were his business: he was professedly writing a kind of philosophy, and attempting to show how metaphysics were intertwined with the thread of our common life. He was apocalyptic, but apocalypse happened to be his aim, and the manner was therefore in season. It is of the Carlyles without grip and the Ruskins

without poetry that we complain. That fatal phrase *sub specie æternitatis* has fallen into a use of which Spinoza never dreamed. It is capable of an easy emotional interpretation, and cheap culture has taken it to its heart. Half the fools who muddy the waters of argument will quote it to justify their treasons against sense.

The trouble is that the thing is not a vice of vulgar people with sordid aims, but of men endowed with a certain degree of character and intelligence. The apocalyptics are in earnest, and they have wits enough to keep them straight if they cared to exercise them. We are all familiar with the type of popular paper—and for that matter of popular speech—that dances attendance on the mob, and will give it any food its capricious appetite may seek. Such performances are bad enough, but after all they only heighten the vulgarity of what is already vulgar, and debase what is already beyond hope. They appeal to common and trivial passions, and put the instincts of the gutter into gutter language. We call those responsible for them frivolous, and the reproach is deserved. But is there not a far more dangerous frivolity in those who prostitute the most solemn appeals to trivial purposes? The first vice is only vulgar, for it uses degraded weapons; but the second degrades the finest weapons in our mortal armoury. The apocalyptics offend against light, which is recognised by theology as the unpardonable sin.

There are three consequences which must flow from the manner. The first is the mental and moral degradation of its practitioners. The style is a kind of spiritual dram-drinking. The writers have forgotten what Stevenson has aptly called the "piety of speech." The world of facts in time will cease to exist for them. The powers of observation and thought which depend upon a spiritual *ascēsis* will become atrophied. Just as certain poets are said to have seen landscape in ready-made blank verse lines, so they see all problems in the shape of a few well-worn emotional *clichés*. The appeals themselves lose all meaning for the appellants. Their solemnity departs, and they become lacklustre tricks of speech doing duty in a mechanical round. A second consequence is that the business of criticism is badly done. Useful criticism must be *in pari materia* with the thing criticised. It would be absurd to condemn a romance because it had not enough of the Gospel in it, and it is equally ridiculous to criticise a policy from a standpoint which has no relation to it. Every human institution is in need of criticism, but to be effective that criticism must be relevant. The case for the attack or the defence needs to be put, but it cannot be put by means of a harmonium or even a dignified organ. Finally, the apocalyptic style must lead to the cheapening of serious things in the public mind. If the ultimate appeals are used for common matters, there will be no further appeal left when



the matters are uncommon. It is conceivable that some day we may have to fight an anti-social monopoly, but who will listen to men who have clapped the name of monopoly to a dozen types of legitimate enterprise? The old love of liberty is declining, and some day a new form of slavery may arise, but the cry of slavery will have grown meaningless from farcical use. Honest men may yet have to band themselves against unpatriotic forces, but how weak will be the patriotic appeal! Conscience—the right of the individual to his own sacred things—may once again have to be defended, but a new word must be found, for the old will have lost its majesty. Those who busy themselves in denouncing differences in policy as lack of patriotism, breaches of public honour, or stains upon national morality, are spoiling the weapons of attack against real disloyalty, real dishonour. This is, indeed, the gravamen of the charge. That the writers are demoralising themselves is their own look-out; the relevant criticism which they decline to give will be provided elsewhere; but the degradation of a weapon of the first importance concerns us all. Stimulants do not long keep their potency, and people reared on them are not only spoiled for wholesome fare but become insensible to the stimulant itself. The result must be that when something of desperate import has to be said and a problem is before them for which no language is too high, the apocalyptic school will find that

nobody pays the slightest attention. They may plead their hardest, but the public, dulled to such appeals, will remain smiling and apathetic. The cry of "Wolf" will have been raised too often, and familiarity will have begotten its proverbial offspring.

THE END.



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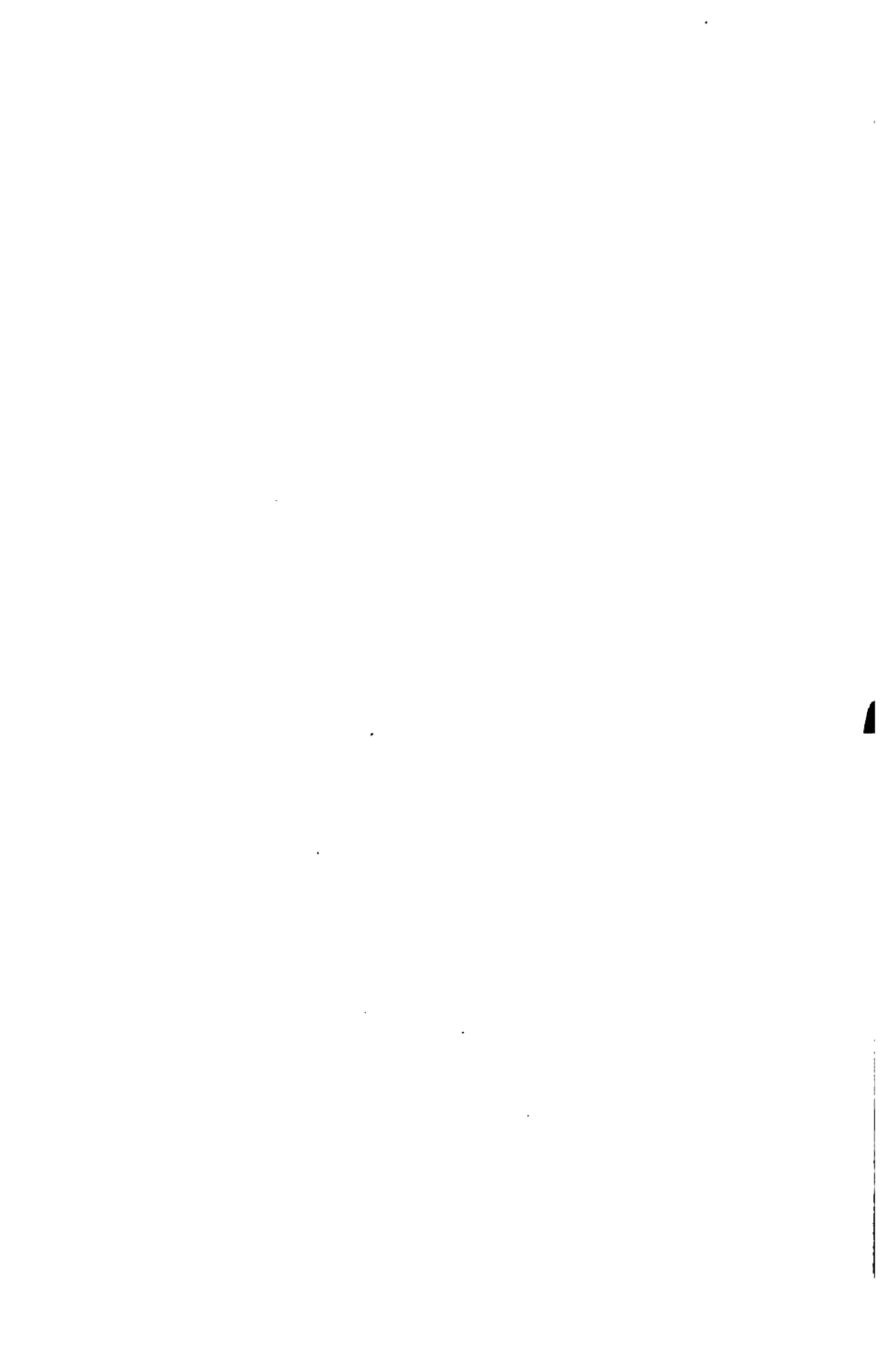
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